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**M 25.32

Gaiety Theatre. "The Royal Middy," the English version of Rudolph Genée's "Der Seekadet," was revived last evening at this theatre by the Emelie Melville Opera Company. Those persons who remember last year's performance of this comic opera by Miss Catherine Lewis and others as rather dull, must have been very agreeably disappointed last evening. Genée's music, which is essentially in the spirit of light opéra-comique, as distinguished from opéra-bouffe, is charming from beginning to end. The composer's melodic inspiration is facile and graceful, often sparkling the accompaniments are treated with conspicuous care, and the general style of the work betrays the hand of the skilled musician. The fact that many numbers were curtailed somewhat unduly last evening (a proceeding for which more august stages than the Gaiety have set the unfortunate example), prevented Genée's skill in effectively developing his musical ideas to well worked-up climaxes from making its whole effect. But if the musical form of some pieces suffered, their spirit was hardly impaired, and persons who did not know the original score could not feel the lack of more extended development, for which, upon the whole, the public at large has little appreciation. The performance last evening showed Miss Melville's company in even a more favorable light than "Patience" did. The actors both were, and felt themselves to be, easily at home in the bright, flashing fun of the libretto, and we can remember but very few performances of anything on our stage in which all the parts were so capitally taken. Mr. Max Freeman, as Don Januario, the impulsive Brazilian, easily leads in excellence. The more we see of Mr. Freeman the more firmly does he establish the first impression he made upon us, of being a very remarkable actor. The fact that he, a German, speaks English with so marked a French accent (for there is not the faintest Teutonic tang to his speech) seems to point to his having acquired his very finished histrionism in France. His Don Januario is not quite such an elaborate piece of work as his Bunthorne, and his conception of the part would offer nothing out of the intellectual range of many another actor were it not for occasional flashes of humor of very exceptional keenness and delicacy. But it is by his personal force, above all, by his unfailing elegance of bearing, speech, gesture and physiognomy, that he rises superior to almost every actor in his department whom we have seen here for years. His singing, too, considering his slight vocal means, is something extraordinary. Mr. Tom Casselli's Mungo (the Don's colored servant) was a revelation, after his somewhat poisonless Grosvenor. With no chance of displaying his voice in singing, Mr. Casselli gave us a thoroughly capital piece of character acting. Would that he had been better painted; his red lips were somewhat too ludicrously improbable. Mr. Macrery was very good as Don Lamberto, if showing no especial individuality of conception or style; his singing was excellent. Miss Melville acted the part of Fanchette charmingly, and her singing would have been wholly good were it not for a tendency she has to flat on high notes. Miss Post's Maria Francesca is an immense advance upon her Lady Angela, and she looks and acts the charming young queen to the life. Her singing is also extremely good. Miss Delaro's powers are rather hidden under a part by no means worthy of them, and Mr. Henderson acts Don Domingos for pretty nearly all it is worth. The Misses Tillie and Kittie Valerga deserve a word of high praise for their admirably spirited singing of the quarrelling duet of the two middies. Chorus and stage setting are excellent, albeit the game of chess, played with live chessmen, struck us as being not quite worth the whistle.

"THE ROYAL MIDDY" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE. Nov. 1881

The last impersonator of the charming Fanchette, if our memory serves us aright, was Catharine Lewis, a somewhat weak and deficient vocalist and actress. It was a failure, and all owing to the fact that the lady in question could not fill either the bill or the house.

Today we have to consider the performance of the Emilie Melville Opera Company, in this thoroughly melodious work of Richard Genee's (not Rudolph Genie), and chief among those who call upon us for recognition, is the charming lady who heads the company with her name and talent. Miss Melville is not only a thorough actress, but, what is more desirable, is a conscientious singer—great she can never be, save in the line of comic opera—in this she is queen paramount. Her assumption of the character of the bewitching little Parisian soubrette, who, through force of circumstances, has been compelled to don the habiliments of the sterner sex, in order to save her life, was the most charming thing she has done, and her bright, vivacious acting atoned for whatever was lacking in the distribution of the other characters. She was the life of the evening, and her bright smile haunts many a mind yet. In all she had to do she succeeded to perfection, she sang the music of her *role* charmingly, and imparted fresh grace at every turn of the fast changing tide of life and frivolity. She was, in a word, the most charming of all those who have appeared here in comic opera.

As to the support—collectively—we have only words of praise. Miss Lillie Post gave no evidence of possessing any ability above the average in "Patience," yet, in the "Royal Middy," she proved that she was a thorough artist in her line; she has an excellent voice and sang prettily. Mr. Macrery was hardly at his best, but he was excellent even at that. Max Freeman acted the part of Don Januario exceedingly well, while Tom Casselli, as Mungo, having no opportunity to sing, made up for it in acting; his impressions on the softer sex were not so pronounced as when he pleased us so well as the idyllic poet. Mr. Dungan had nothing to do, neither did Miss Delaro, yet they were never out of place. The balance of the principals and the chorus were well adapted to the exigencies of the opera. The children, in the game of chess scene, did well. The orchestra was well trained, and did some good work, thanks to the drill maintained by Mr. Reiff. The costumes were elegant, especially those worn by Miss Melville and Miss Post. The scenery was charming and appropriate, the set in the second act receiving, as it deserved, a hearty burst of applause.

Bush

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MAX FREEMAN.... ...

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Dom Lamberto.....
Dom Januario Paraguassa
Dom Domingos De Barros.....
Captain Norberto.....
Mungo.....
Dom Francesco.....
Dom Joaquino.....
Roderiques.....
FANCHETTE.....
Maria Francesco.....
Donna Antonina.....
Diego.....

TEATRO SANTA RADEGONDA

Milano maggio 4. 1887

Questa sera alle ore 8 1/4 prec.

La Comp. d'Operette e Fiabe, diretta dal dott. A. SCALVINI, darà la

Sesta Rappresentazione

dell'Opera comica in 3 atti,

LO SCACCHIERE DELLA REGINA

Musica del Maestro R. GENÉE

(Successo del Teatro AN DER WIEN di Vienna). Riduzione di A. SCALVINI.

Partita a Scacchi giuocata da 32 pezzi viventi.

Il Bianco in 4 mosse dà scacco-matto al Nero.

Maria Francesca, regina di Portogallo	L. Landini	Diego	C. Gori
Don Domingo Borgos de Barros	G. Miano	Antonio	G. Bizzarri
Donna Antonia, sua moglie		José	G. Magnani
I. dama di Corte	A. Gorilla	Eusebio	G. Palatini
Lamberto di Saint Quelonde (segretamente ammogliato alla regina)	G. Bianchi	Enrico	G. Cianchi.
		Sebast.	E. Gori
		Vasquez	L. Magnani
Don Gennaro de Sonzo Silva y Fernanbuco	L. Balacchi	Gonzales	C. Paoli
		Mungo, servo negro di Don Gennaro	T. Salani
Franchette Mischel, attrice Francese	L. Rosselli	Rodrigo, vecchio servo di Lamberto	C. Landini
Norberto	R. Cianchi	Un guardaportone	G. Larzollo
Francesco Ribeire	T. Bizzafri	Un Sacerdote di Marina	C. Landini
Gioac. Rila Durao	G. Marzollo	Primo Araldo	G. Stocchi
		Secondo Araldo	L. Spaghetti

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Il Giuoco degli Scacchi è rappresentato da 32 fanciulli.

Ufficiali di Marina — Soldati — Cadetti di Marina — Paggi — Dame di corte — Supplicanti.

Quanto prima: **CESARINA**

Opera comica in 3 atti MAX WOLF. — **Nuovissima per Milano.**

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IN

Rudolph Genée's Celebrated Opera Comique, In Three Acts,

THE ROYAL MIDDY,

With the following powerful **Cast of Characters:**

FANCHETTE, {a Parisian Soubrette, afterwards a Royal Middy, } EMELIE MELVILLE

DON JANUARIO DE PERNAMBUCO DE PUMARIEGA, a rich Brazilian.....MAX FREEMAN

MUNGO, his colored servant.....TOM CASSELLI

MARIA FRANCESCA, Queen of Portugal.....Miss LILLIE POST

DON LAMBERTO DE QUERONDA, Admiral of the Fleet, WALLACE MACRERY

DON DOMINGOS, Master of Ceremonies.....AL HENDERSON

ANTONIA, his wife.....Miss ELMA DELARO

DON NORBERTO, Officer of the Marine Academy.....CHAS. DUNGAN

DON RODRIGUEZ.....
DON HENRIQUEZ..... } ....Officers.... { .....R. VALERGA
.....F. HOWARD

DIEGO.....
RUIZ.....
GOMEZ.....
HENRIQUEZ..... } Royal Middys {
GILPELO.....
MANUEL.....
JOSE.....

.....TILLIE VALERGA
.....KITTIE VALERGA
.....LULU EVANS
.....KITTIE AYERS
.....HATTIE SWIFT
.....MAY STEVENS
.....MAGGIE WALKER

HENDERE.....ROSE BEADET

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The Flag Raising!

The Royal Game of Chess! Using 32 Little Children for Chessmen.

The Brazilian and His Mungo!

MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....ANTHONY REIFF

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"THE ROYAL MIDDY."

"Le Cadet de Marine"—music by Richard Genée, text by F. Zell—was first produced at Brussels in the Theatre des Fantaisies Parisiennes on the 28th of last January. The piece met with much favor in Belgium and in several European cities, and was not long in reaching New York. The version presented at the Boston Theatre last night, under the name of "The Royal Middy," is said to be Mr. Augustin Daly's, Mr. Fred Williams having reproduced the text and Mr. Edward Mollenhauer the music from the original sources. Considered as a musical composition, the work shows a great deal of skill and considerable invention,—much more of the former, however, than of the latter. The orchestration is remarkably fine and effective, and the author shows his scholarship by a lavish employment of a method elaborate enough for a "grand" opera of the most serious style. The melody is abundant enough in quantity, and not a little of it is elegant, gay and spirited. At the same time, we must say that the music as a whole seems to us deficient in charm, the trouble lying in the quality of the melody, which lacks in spontaneous and expressive beauty. The spoken text is not distinguished by marked merit or fault, and, like that of most other translated and adapted librettos, is quiet and inoffensive intellectually,—and also, we are glad to say, morally. The story has some touches of romance and some familiar elements of fun; now and again it curiously resembles the narrative of "La Grande Duchesse." How good the text of the songs is we have no means of knowing. It was quite impossible to understand the syllables which dropped from the singers' lips last night. The action is not lively all the time, and there are some long reaches which might be called stupid.

The performance was good in a general way, showing abundant practice in most of the principals, and a careful drill of chorus and supernumeraries. The cast included Miss Catharine Lewis as *Fonchette*, Miss May Fielding as the *Queen of Portugal*, Mr. Alonzo Hatch as *Don Lamberto*, Mr. Joseph E. Brand as *Don Januario*, Mr. John Hart as *Mungo*, Mr. Charles Fisher as *Captain Norberto*, Mr. Charles Leclercq as *Don Domingos*, Miss Sara Lascelles as the *Queen's Confidante*. Not one of these performers can be called by any stretch of courtesy a a fine singer, though Miss Fielding may pass for respectable, and Miss Lewis has some very sweet and pleasant lower notes. But all contrived to get through their music respectably well, and the familiarity which most of them showed with their work made it all tolerable. The acting had the same general quality of even and well-trained respectability without distinguished merit. Miss Catherine Lewis appeared, as was said above, in the part of the heroine, who in this version is described as a gypsy, instead of a theatrical soubrette from Paris as in the original. Miss Lewis's performance may be succinctly described as comical, and as free from any definite idea and plan as the pranks of a kitten. It was equally impossible to resist the drollery of many of her kicks and wriggles and winks and ponts, and to say what they meant; and we have no doubt they might have been mixed up and distributed at hazard to any parts of her text without the slightest loss in dramatic effect. Mr. Hart was effectively droll as the negro *Mungo*. The chorus was large, and its young ladies were pretty and elegantly attired. A large part of the scenery was new and in Mr. Getz's own admirable style, the marine view of the second picture being particularly beautiful. The audience was large and generally well pleased, though the performance dragged out to an unconscionable hour and the last act was rather slow.

June 1. AMUSEMENTS. 1880 Times

"*The Royal Middy*," an adaptation of Genée's opera "Le Cadet de Marine" (first produced at Brussels last January), made by Mr. Fred Williams, formerly of this city, for Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, was brought out successfully by the company of that theatre at the Boston Theatre last evening. The music is exceedingly smart, gay, melodious and well constructed, with seemingly more of substance and individual character to it than Von Suppé's graceful, but too often vapid, conventionalities possess. Genée is the same, we suppose, whose "Italian Salad" has been heard so often in our part-singing club concerts; indeed one song in this opera is composed on the very same idea. Many bits of musical effect and orchestration suggest the influence of "Carmen" upon the composer, and the whole is fresh and vigorous writing by an able musician who has something to say. The scene is laid in romantic "cloak and band of the queen has b gypsy maid (a town act the gypsy inconvenient court, good-naturedly s rassment which her pr the garb of a midshi school. Her experience teasing schoolfellows, q a savagely-doting Brazi queen herself, make up matic plot. The rich tumes of the Portugues bewildering beauty of chorus of the pretty mi ors' trousers, with care ually escaping over the ing sailors' bats, sup of the gayest, mo appropriate kind. The capable artists, well s production has had a and by the original cho in the principal rôle, d icate question of her charms and all her a singer she is one of the complished artists of liciously pure and be vated; as an actress sh fresh beauty, her ove animal spirits, and he for the slow, incohe larcical manner of ization with infantil without a particle of a swan coming out to v from singing into spea Alonzo Hatch, the ten the Queen, Mr. J. E Brazilian, are all good sic with good effect, w of middies is among th troops the new English which is saying a grea Ethiopian drollery by done. Mr. Edward Mo ed" the music to some tra, and the general p ting are of the first el

Corner

THE R

The adaptation of the stage of the Boston The history of this ple it was, we believe, a F and Dumanoir, being its authors. A translation into German was made by F. Zell, set to music by Richard Genee and produced with success at Vienna, if our memory is trustworthy. M. Gustave Lagye retranslated the text back into French, and it was then brought out under the title of *Le Cadet de Marine*, at Brussels, last January. But it has not yet been possible to perform the operetta on French soil, and probably never will be as long as the present French copyright laws are in force. Mr. Augustin Daly's English version of the piece—his by right of purchase—is the work of Mr. Frederick Williams, and enjoys the title of *The Royal Middy*. The scene of the piece is laid in Lisbon, the time is two centuries ago, and the plot is made up of the adventures of a gypsy girl, who, having once been concerned in a love affair with the queen's royal consort, Don Lamberto, comes to the coast at a most incouvenient time, but, at the suggestion of her former lover, disguises herself as a member of the corps of royal midshipmen. The mistakes and confusion which grow out of this procedure give abundant opportunity for lively action and fun. We have no means of knowing anything about it, with any certainty, but we can believe that the original, French or German, is much more lively as to the text, than this English version. Perhaps it has some of the objectionable features which are only too common in modern comic operas by Continental authors, in which case we readily pardon the flatness of much of the English text. The music is of a higher type than the French opera-bouffe writers give us, especially in the orchestration. Some of the latter shows a masterhand. How much of the instrumentation is the work of Genee and how much is by Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, who is credited with an arrangement from the original score and with some augmentation, we have no means of determining. Some of the scoring, however, is coarse and commonplace, and, as a rule, the brass is employed in a style which savors more of the circus than the opera house. The opera was played by the members of Mr. Daly's company, from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, where it has enjoyed a run of nearly a hundred nights, during the current season, the cast being as follows. Fanchette, the gypsy, Miss Catherine Lewis; Queen, Miss May Fielding; the queen's confidante, Miss Sara Lascelles; Don Lamberto, Mr. Alonzo Hatch; Don Januario, Mr. Joseph E. Brand; Captain Norberto, Mr. Charles Fisher; Don Domingos, Mr. Charles Leclercq. So far as the acting was concerned, the piece was given in fine style, but the singing was never first rate. Miss Lewis's voice has some pleasant tones, and her style shows good training. Her acting was vivacious and appeared to be modelled on the opera-bouffe pattern, having a large and varied assortment of nods, winks, ogles and kicks. Had the assortment been less extensive and diversified the general impression would have been quite as pleasing if not more so. Miss Fielding also showed some vocal skill, and about so much may be fairly said of Mr. Hatch. It is but simple charity to avoid mention of the vocal efforts of the others. Mr. Mollenhauer should also be credited with the excisions made as well as with his augmentations. The former were rendered necessary, we may be permitted to assume, in consequence of the poor vocal material at his command. The chorus sang pretty well. The best played part in the piece according to the views of the majority of the audience was that of the negro slave, Mungo, by Mr. John Hart. The costumes and scenery were of the most elegant description, the mounting of the piece being quite equal to anything, in point of artistic merit, ever produced on the Boston Theatre stage. Each set has a single scene, as follows: Act I. Interior of the palace with view of harbor; Act II. Esplanade in front of the Naval Academy with view of the sea; Act III. Staircase and apartment in the palace. The same thorough supervision of details which had accomplished so much in costumes and scenery was shown in all the accessories and in the management of the stage, the groups being formed and placed in a manner to produce the best artistic effect. Mr. Daly supervised the performance, and Mr. Mollenhauer officiated as musical director. Everyone's enjoyment of the opera would have been materially heightened if the players had been taught to speak and sing their lines with something like distinctness.

THE ROYAL MIDDY.

The tendency of the stage, in this period, to frolic and laughter has often been observed. Everybody likes to be amused. The tone of the time is a tone, not indeed of levity, but of sportive carelessness. Serious dramas and serious artists are just as much enjoyed and respected as ever, but their continual presence is not desired. The public of play-goers turn to the stage for a relief from business cares and the [illegible] of everyday life. The managers have [illegible]d this drift of the popular sentiment, and for [illegible]g time now their scenes have been hung with garlands. Thalia, scattering roses, is the goddess of the hour and queen of the mimic realm.

The new piece brought forward last night in Daly's Theatre is still another response to the general desire for mirth. It is a musical farce, composed and treated in the comedy manner, and equally charming in felicity of plot, methods and sprightliness of numbers, and comic extravagance of character and incident. Coleman's "Inkle and Yarico" was one of the earliest of works of this class; "The Pirates of Penzance" is one of the latest. It need not be said that this is a delightful species in dramatic literature; but it is not a new one. It seems new because it has been so long in disuse—for it enjoys greater prominence and favor now than it has for sixty years.

"The Royal Middy" is a frolic in a palace. The scene is the royal residence of the Queen of Portugal, and the adjuncts, accordingly, are stately in style and rich in color. The persons are the Queen, the Prince Consort—unavowed—the Prime Minister and his wife, a gypsy girl, and an old millionaire. The action is propelled by a spirit of innocent intrigue but very earnest jealousy on the part of all the persons. The incidents, though not particularly fresh—since the dramatic machinery is suggestive of the entire large class of fictions typified by Shakespeare's "Merry Wives," "A Wonder," and "Don Cæsar de Bazan"—are yet well chosen, bright and well managed. The plot turns upon the Queen's jealousy of her consort, who has to hide a Gypsy Girl in his closet, from which, to his great relief, she emerges as a Royal Middy, and the subsequent jealousy of the consort, when the Queen has hidden this same Royal Middy in her closet, from which, to her obvious comfort, he emerges as the Gypsy Girl. Incidentally, the Prime Minister's jealousy of his spouse, and the millionaire's perplexity over the disappearance of the Gypsy Girl, whom he wishes to wed, and the advent of the Royal Middy who so closely resembles her, are made both to help the action and enliven the comicality of the situations. These are very comical indeed, as may be surmised. They occur in rapid sequence, they are animated with brilliant raillery and set off with crisp and taking songs, and they provide occasion for much of that sort of acting which is like the flash of the rapier and the quick glance of velvet black eyes through lace and moonlight, when Summer nights are fragrant and love is young.

The welcome which was accorded to "The Royal Middy" last night, at Daly's Theatre, was hearty to the pitch of enthusiasm. The audience was very numerous, and it presented an appearance of sparkling animation that bespoke its high relish of the merry spectacle before its eyes, and which was good to see. Miss Catherine Lewis, acting *The Royal Middy*, exerted her extraordinary charm of childlike grace and demure coquettishness, with the best effect. No one, surely, better understands than this actress the enticing grace of artful negligence in dress and manner, the studied disorder which is perfect beauty, the wooing spell of a mischievous innocence, the bewildering force of a careless gayety which mantles over the rosy exuberance of youth and loveliness. Her performance of *The Royal Middy*, viewed rather as an effort in acting than in vocalism, is a perfect type of all that is meant by fascination in a woman's nature and piquancy in dramatic art. The piece met with unequivocal success. It is not a case of more ambition than talent. It does not aim too high for its marksman. It is an instance of a feasible purpose adequately accomplished, and it merits a long continuance in popular regard. Mr. Daly and Mr. Fred Williams have adapted the work, from the German original, and the liberal manager has given it a splendid scenic dress, while his admirable company afford it, in almost every respect, a complete illustration. There is some weakness in the vocalism, but not enough seriously to mar the bright effect of the whole work. The text is not of that silvery, finished and crackling kind which is made by such a writer as Gilbert, but it is clear, fresh and serviceable. The music is remarkable for extreme delicacy and for a sweetly sympathetic spirit. It is sometimes purely poetic, dreamy, and sad,—sometimes fluent as a mountain stream with dash and sparkle. The duet "Thro' the Night," sung by Mr. Hart Conway and Miss Lewis, may be named as one of the gems. Miss May Fielding was obviously very ill, and quite hoarse—yet she struggled bravely against these obstacles. The performance lasted till a late hour, and it is only possible to record, in these few hasty words, its glittering beauties and its marked success. Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, who has colabored in the adaptation, directed the music with characteristic energy and taste. The dressings and stage groupings constituted a series of pictures of rare loveliness. This is the full cast:

Don Lamberto, Governor of the Royal Naval Academy, Rear Admiral of the Portuguese Navy, formerly a poor Lieutenant in the German Army, secretly married to the Queen ..... Alonzo Hatch

Don Januario Paraguassa Calobrio, Marquis of Itapicuro and Papagayo, Pernambuco, the wealthiest of five Brazilian brothers, all millionaires. Hart Conway

Don Domingos Domingos de Barros, Master of Court Ceremonies, very short sighted and very jealous. Chas. Leclerq.

Captain Norberta, Master of Fencing at the Royal Naval Academy—"the very butcher of a silk button." ..... Chas. Fisher

Francese ..... } Officers of the } ..... Walter Edmunds
Joaquin ..... } Queen's Guard. } ..... E. M. Smith

Mungo, confidential valet and receiver of cast-off dia-

THE MIMIC WORLD.

DALY'S HAPPY FAMILY.

C. Arfwedsen is the husband of Miss Catherine Lewis, and Miss Catherine Lewis is the Fanchette of "The Royal Middy." C. Arfwedsen not only frequently gives other people away but very often gives himself away body and breeches. Unwittingly he did so to a newspaper man the other night. Said he, alluding in a mysterious way to the internal organization of the company—Daly's company—"I could a tale unfold."

The newspaper man smiled knowingly upon Arfwedsen as if he knew it.

"Why, he isn't contented with one—he must have six!"

"Who?" inquired the journalist.

"Daly, of course. Do you know he offered a prize of a gold bracelet for the lady in the company who would eat the most meals with him during the tour?"

"Well?"

"Well, the result has been a regular scramble a every hotel along the road."

"Among who?"

"Why—don't you know?—among six of the ladies in the troupe. He is the Grand Turk—so they have dubbed him. He treats them tenderly, however. Whenever Miss Rehan is off the stage there he stands over her with a fan—"

Just at this point Arfwedsen saw his mistake and skipped.

GLOBE THEATRE.—(Last Night.) 1880

On Saturday, March 27th, at Eight o'clock precisely, will be presented, First Time in England, an Adaptation of the Celebrated Opera Comique, in Three Acts, entitled "THE NAVAL CADETS"

The Music Composed by Richard Genée.

Inez Maria Estrella (the young Queen of Portugal)	Miss Violet Cameron
Dolores (Wife of Don Prolixio and Confidante of the Queen)	Miss St. Quinten
Cerisette (Singing Soubrette of the Theatre des Alienations Musicales, Paris	Mdme. Selina Dolaro
Don Florio (Governor of the Naval Academy, Captain of the Fleet, and Favourite of the Queen)	Mons. Loredan
Don Miguel, Don Luis, Don Pedro, Don Pascal (his Friends—Officers of the Marine)	Messrs Wilson, Hill, Savidor, and Reeves
Januario (a Peruvian Exquisite, on a visit to the Portuguese Court)	Mr W. E. Gregory
Garlic (Servant to Don Florio)	Mr Mitchell
Don Mauritio (a young Scapegrace, Nephew of the Governor of the Brazils, and at Lisbon for his Naval Education)	Mr Denbigh Newton
Paz (a Bourgeois Bridegroom)	Mr Baron
Vaz (his Best Man)	Mr Moroanti
Don Prolixio da Frutti Porto (Tutor of the Queen, Remembrancer of the Court, and General Authority on Etiquette)	Mr Harry Paulton
Guava (Indian Page to Januario)	Miss K. Abrahams
Sebastiano (Page to the Queen)	Miss Harwood
Gomez and Gonsalvez (Pages to Don Florio)	Misses Kate Poletti and Montelli

After a career of extraordinary briliancy, *Les Cloches de Corneville* came to an end on Saturday week, having delighted crowded audiences for no less than seven hundred and four nights, a remarkable run for a comic opera. It required not a little consideration in the choice of a work to follow one which had been so favourably received. We think the selection of *The Naval Cadets* was wisely made, as it will be seen in the course of our notice that it has many elements of attraction. Adapted from a popular French vaudeville and set to music by Richard Genée, it has met with great success in Germany and also in America. The story upon which the libretto is founded was used by an English dramatist as far back as 1842, when it was played at the Adelphi Theatre as *Captain Charlotte*. The German name *Der Seecadet* was transformed to *The Royal Middy* on the occasion of its being presented to a New York audience at Daly's Theatre some months since. The opera has been the subject of some dispute in America, as Madame Cottrelly, of the Thalia Theatre, had made arrangements with the German author and composer, and produced the opera in German with considerable success; after which she sold her rights to Mr Daly for an English version; whereupon a number of claimants came forward, and other versions were announced at various Theatres. It seems our "smart" American Cousins wrote down the libretto during the performance, and in this manner claim to have evaded the law. The period of *The Naval Cadets* is the seventeenth century, and the scene is at Lisbon. Don Florio, Governor of the Naval Academy, and favourite of the Queen of Portugal, receives a party of his brother officers in the old Moorish Palace at Cintra. Assisted by the pretty young wife of a jealous old courtier, Don Prolixio, young Florio has ingratiated himself with the young Queen, when Mademoiselle Cerisette, a charming Parisian actress, with whom he had formerly been fascinated, suddenly appears at the Court, and insists upon renewing the old flame. Don Florio tries by every possible means to get rid of this inconvenient visitor, but signally fails, when a young Peruvian exquisite, Januario, arrives at Court, and at the first glance falls deeply in love with Cerisette, who has ascertained her former lover's passion for the Queen. Her Majesty coming secretly to his apartments at this juncture, suspects by Florio's agitation that something is amiss when Cerisette conceals herself, and speedily adopts the disguise of a naval cadet in order to spare her old lover from the Queen's anger. The disguise she assumes happens to be the uniform of Don Mauritio, son of the Governor of Brazil, who is coming to Lisbon to study as a naval cadet. The intrigue of Florio had been, meanwhile, a great mystery to Don Prolixio, the Queen's Remembrancer, who, being a very jealous old boy, is led to suspect his wife, so between the mystification of the Don, the disguise of Cerisette, the latent suspicions of the Queen, and the various plots of Don Florio to get rid of his old sweetheart, a very amusing complication is made, and the interest is so well kept up as to thoroughly delight the audience. A new element of perplexity appears in the shape of the real Don Mauritio, who has been such a thorough scapegrace that when Don Florio offers to get him secretly away from Lisbon again he is quite willing to accept the opportunity. But Don Prolixio, knowing something is wrong, though he cannot tell what, warns the Queen in the course of a visit her Majesty pays to present the Naval Cadets with new colours. Don Prolixio has by this time become frantically jealous, fancying his pretty wife is the culprit, and the Queen, warned as to Cerisette, will not allow the disguised actress to quit her presence. Open war is declared between the actress and Don Florio, and the Queen is advised, if she will proceed to a certain rendezvous the "Three Crowns," on the Linden-walk, she will there have the solution of the mystery. Meanwhile, however, the Peruvian lover meets Cerisette again, and so successfully does he urge his suit that the pretty actress consents to give up her faithless lover Don Florio, who is only too happy to make his peace with the Queen; while Don Prolixio is equally delighted to find that his suspicions respecting his pretty wife were quite unfounded. Thus all ends happily, the audience having the satisfaction of following a very bright, characteristic, and animated libretto, which never flags for a moment. There are so many amusing situations, and the dialogue is so bright and lively, that there is not the slightest chance of weariness. There is not, as in so many comic operas, an excess of dialogue. Only sufficient is given to carry on the story gaily, and all goes merrily as a marriage bell. The music of Richard Genée, if occasionally suggesting echoes from familiar composers—Verdi, Offenbach, and others—has, however, the very great advantage of being admirably suited to the subject. The tenor air in the first act "Yes, fortune's but a woman," with its animated refrain "Yet on the land or on the sea," is heard more than once in the opera, and may be called, after the Wagner system, the "leading motive." It is pretty and catching, and the duet following it, for the Queen and Don Florio, is very graceful. A vocal waltz, written as a solo for the Queen, was received with immense applause, and the tuneful character of the music was enhanced by the brilliant singing of Miss Violet Cameron, who has probably never been heard to such advantage. The bolero for the Peruvian Grandee, "I am Don Januario," is cleverly written; and the half-singing, half-chattering quartette "Ah, you are there," was, like many other pieces, vociferously encored. A lively *finale* closes the first act, and the Indian Hammock Song was much applauded. Choruses of a very animated character are heard in the second act, and in the third there are some exceedingly effective pieces—a duet and air for Cerisette and the Peruvian, another duet for the Queen and her confidant, the wife of Don Prolixio, with several other sparkling pieces full of melodious phrases, sufficiently indicate that the musical element in *The Naval Cadets* is attractive enough to give the opera every chance of a long life and a merry one. The manner in which it is placed upon the stage has certainly never been surpassed. The dresses are absolutely gorgeous, splendid in design, and lavishly rich in material, and the brilliant contrasts of colour make the various *tableaux* exquisitely beautiful. An ideal perfection of elegant design and graceful combination is reached more than once during the progress of the opera, and some very beautiful scenery completes the stage illusion, and renders *The Naval Cadets*, even as a spectacle, one of the most charming productions ever placed upon the stage. We are enabled also to speak of the acting in terms of hearty commendation. Miss Violet Cameron particularly distinguished herself as the Queen. Her singing was extremely artistic and brilliant, and her acting was full of grace, ease, and dignity. Miss St. Quinten as the wife of Don Prolixio and confidant of the Queen merited great praise for her animated rendering of the character. Madame Dolora, as Cerisette, could hardly have been better fitted with a part, and her success in it was in every respect complete. Many of her songs were encored, and her acting was full of spirit and vivacity. M. Loredan, although his high notes were at times tried rather severely, deserved much credit for his bright, effective acting. Mr Gregory, as the Peruvian Exquisite, sang very well indeed, his voice being agreeable in quality and his style finished. Mr Denbigh Newton was an excellent representative of Don Mauritio. Mr Harry Paulton, as the bewildered old Don Prolixio, was in great force. He had some of the wittiest lines in the libretto, and Mr Paulton can deliver a funny phrase with an amount of drollery few can equal. He never was greeted with heartier laughter, and never earned applause more legitimately. A host of minor characters appear in the principal scenes, all efficient and zealous; indeed, the representation was, for a first night, quite remarkable. The success of the opera was never doubtful for a moment.

June 1880 Times

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.

The Summer season has been begun, under the management of Mr. Max Strakosch, with an English version of Genée's "Sea-Cadet," which was so well presented under the title of the "Royal Middy" at Daly's Theatre last Winter. The first performance last night attracted a large audience, in which the regular first-night attendants were well represented. It is always an ungracious task to make comparisons, but it must be said that the version of this opera at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre suffers by contrast with that with which the public are already tolerably familiar. Allowances should be made for the inevitable lack of smoothness incident to a first performance. Certainly, a kindly indulgence was required last evening. From a purely musical stand-point, all charity was requisite to make the

COOK.—FIRST CLASS; BY A COMPETENT AMER. or waitress; can be most highly recommended by her present employer, at No. 9 East 45th-st.

CHAMBER-MAID.—BY A RESPECTABLE Protestant young woman; excellent City reference from last place. Address M. M., Box No. 283 Times Uptown Office, No. 1,258 Broadway.

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PUT OUT OF A THEATRE.

Mch 24. 1880 — Tribune

SIGNOR OPERTI EJECTED FROM DALY'S.

TAKING NOTES OF THE INSTRUMENTATION OF "THE ROYAL MIDDY" — ASSAULTED BY AN USHER — UNPLEASANT PERSONALTIES — BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.

It was rumored last night that Mr. Daly was to be arrested on a charge of having caused the violent removal from his theatre of a person who had every legal right to his seat. The rumor, however, proved to be incorrect. Up to the present no legal action has been taken in regard to Mr. Daly, but one of his ushers, who, it is claimed, acted under his orders, is to be arrested to-morrow morning on a charge of assaulting and robbing Signor Operti. The facts of the case, as clearly as they can be ascertained, are as follows:

Signor Joseph Operti, who is well known as a musical composer and as an orchestra leader in opera, went to Daly's Theatre on Saturday evening to see the play of "The Royal Middy," and purchased a ticket for an orchester chair, for which he paid $1 50. Throughout the first act he occupied this seat and had on his knees the piano score of "Der Seecadet," of which "The Royal Middy," so far as the libretto is concerned, is an adaptation. At the first fall of the drop curtain he went out, and on returning did not go back to his seat in Section C, but contented himself with a chair near the entrance, and again took out his score of the music. Very soon an usher broke in upon his meditation with the abrupt question:

"What are you doing here?"

"Eh, what am I doing here?" repeated the surprised impresario; "have I not a right to be here?"

"You know you haven't," said the usher, at the same time snatching at the music score, of which he captured a portion.

Signor Operti jumped up and a slight tussle ensued, but the man made his way into the vestibule, and the argument took place there, and consequently no interruption of the play resulted. A little crowd, however, followed the contestants, and watched with interest the unrehearsed play enacted outside.

"Let go my coat!" yelled the infuriated Signor, at the same time aiming at the usher a blow with his cane. Another usher clutched the cane from behind, and Operti was released. Then he demanded his score. Mr. Daly, Mr. Duff, his manager, and Mr. Duff's son were watching the proceedings. The latter came forward and said:

"You cannot have your score, Mr. Operti, and you must leave the theatre." Mr. Operti vehemently protested against such treatment, and a policeman was called to remove him. "Take me in charge if I have done wrong," said the Signor. The officer refused to do this, but advised the gentleman to leave the theatre. He did so, but before he went two gentlemen stepped forward and handed their cards to him, stating that they had seen the whole occurrence, and would be glad to testify for him. One was Dr. C. H. H. Sayre, of No. 285 Fifth-ave., and the other Emile Colette, of No. 209 East Fifty-first-st. Then James C. Duff came up to him again at the door, and said:

"Mr. Operti, I am sorry for what has occurred."

"Come and have a drink," said the artist. "Cider! No you shall not drink cider. Waiter, a champagne cocktail for this gentleman. Yes you shall—you shall, I say. Waiter, bring a bottle of Mumm. Oh, don't fear, I can pay. I pay now, but your father he pay me. He pay me for this $5,000, this, $20,000. You drink, and don't be a goose. You are being basted now with your own gravy. It's all right; your papa will pay."

On Monday evening, a TRIBUNE reporter had a conversation with Mr. Duff in regard to the matter, Mr. Daly, as it appeared, being unwilling to speak about it. At first Mr. Duff did not know anything about it, but finding that the reporter was already in possession of the facts, he spoke freely.

"You see," he said in course of the conversation, "that we have had a good many attempts made to steal our libretto, and we thought it was time to put a stop to it. Operti came here with the score, and was acturlly writing our libretto to it. Somebody informed me of the fact; so I at once told the usher to take the score from him, and he did so."

"And he dragged him from the theatre?"

him out to recover it."

"Are you sure he was taking notes?"

"Certainly. We have a portion of his score which proves that. There has been no talk of arrest to my knowledge, and I don't believe he has taken any legal proceedings. I do not see how he could. He is the conductor of a company formed to play 'The Royal Middy' under another name, and they are now under an injunction. It was a contempt of court for him to come here in that way."

"Have others endeavored to steal your libretto?"

"Oh yes, lots of them. Professional people come here and ask for the courtesy of the house in order to study the different characters. I have got so that if a man who looks like a professional comes in, I feel inclined to throw him over the rail. 'Do you recognize the profession?' they ask. 'Yes, outside of that door, quick!' I reply."

"Has any one stolen your libretto?"

"They have tried to, I tell you, and I dare say some have succeeded. Mrs. Alice Oates had the impudence to write and ask for a lower box. She could not have one, so she took an upper one. Well, she came here with a very 'swell' gentleman and went to her box. Very shortly afterward another gentleman came and asked to be shown to her box. I don't know why I didn't ask him for his card, but somehow I didn't. It would have made no difference if I had. During the last act Mr. Daly sent me word that Mrs. Oates had a stenographer in her box, who was taking down the libretto. I at once spoke to the agent of Mrs. Cottrelly to the effect that we paid them for the use of their property, 'The Seecadet,' and by their contract they were bound to protect us. I did not feel called upon to get myself into a legal tilt with anybody. He declined to do anything, and as the play was nearly over it did not seem worth while then to interfere. Mr. Daly, who is very impulsive, was for having the party turned out of the house. Mrs. Oates got the whole play and offered to get it up for Poole & Donnelly, at the Grand Opera House. Donnelly told me about it, and intimated that he knew the piece she offered was stolen from us, and that therefore he refused to have anything to do with it."

"And do you think Signor Operti had a similar object in view?"

"Of course he had. He is the leader of a company playing the music of the 'Seecadet' under a different title, and he wants our libretto."

"Do you intend to take any legal action against him?"

"Yes, when the proper time comes."

Signor Operti was found at Clarendon Hall yesterday morning busily engaged connecting a rehearsal of "The Merry, Merry Mariner," which is claimed to be the score of "Der Seecadet" with a free translation of the original German libretto. When asked about the occurrence at Daly's Theatre on Saturday evening, he appeared pleased to have an opportunity of recounting his adventure. His statement in regard to what occurred in the theatre accords with the account already given, except that he strongly denied that he was attempting to take notes.

"When in the vestibule," he continued, "Mr. Duff and his son, James C. Duff, came to me and said I had no right in the theatre. I said I had every right, and Mr. Daly came up and said, 'You entered the theatre on a dead-head ticket.' This made me very mad. 'Never, since I have been in this free country,' I said, 'have I ever approached your theatre in that way, because I know you are not the man to extend courtesy to artists.' To which he replied:

"'Did you pay for your ticket?'

"'I did. I paid a dollar and a half.'

"He goes to the box office, and shouts, 'Give me a dollar and a half'; and then he says to me, 'Here is your money.'

"'I don't want it,' I said. 'I will give you $10 to pay your rent if you like.' Then he showed me a ticket, a new one, not torn. 'Can you read?' he said. 'I cannot read at present,' I said.

"There was a policeman present, and he said I had better go away. 'What have I done?' said I. 'If I have broken any law take me in charge.' I wish he had taken me in charge. I asked him three times, and he refused each time.

"'Why you came here to steal my opera,' Mr. Daly shouted.

"'Your opera?'

"'This is my opera, and I don't allow people to come here to crib it!'

"'Your opera! it is a burlesque. The 'Seecadet,' if you mean that, is common property, there being no international copyright between this and the old country. I have a right to come here and take notes of the orchestration if I choose.'"

"Were you taking notes?" asked the reporter.

"I was not taking notes of the libretto. We don't want it. We have a good one of our own. I was marking down a few points in the instrumentation; that was all."

"And did the usher snatch your score away?"

"Yes. I did not know at first what he was going to do. You know they do so many things here. I thought it was some thief, so I dropped the book and placed my hand on my vest pocket. I have a chronometer in there.

I value it much. When rainy days come it is a good friend. Then, when it was all over, I took a drink with young Duff and went home. The Signora asked why I was so late, and I told her I had had a fight and all about it.

"'My!' she said, 'and have they broken your hat?' She said not one little word about my head."

"What legal action have you taken, Mr. Operti?"

"Mr. Bien, my counsel, has taken action against the usher for assault and robbery, and I shall sue Mr. Daly for $10,000 damages afterward."

THE "SEE-CADET" AND THE "ROYAL MIDDY."

An Amicable Termination of Signor Operti's Proceedings for Assault.

On March 20 Signor Operti, was ejected from Daly's Theatre by Richard Dorney, one of the ushers, who accused him of copying the instrumentation of the "See-Cadet," or "Royal Middy." Signor Operti got a summons for Dorney at Jefferson Market. The case was called and adjourned till yesterday afternoon, when both parties were in court. The score which Signor Operti had in his possession was taken from him. On the margins of the leaves were various notes in pencil. Justice Duffy advised both parties to try and settle the matter between themselves. Counsel for the defense said that the main point in the case, the ownership of the "See-Cadet," was now

RIGHTS TO A LIBRETTO.

IMPORTANT DECISION BY JUSTICE DONOHUE CONCERNING THE MUSIC AND DIALOGUE OF A PLAY.

In the action of Leo Goldmark against John H. French, Florence Ellis and others, Justice Donohue granted an injunction several weeks ago restraining the defendants from performing the opera "See Cadet" under the name of the "Very Merry Mariner" or any other name. On the argument of the motion before Justice Daniels, it was conceded by the counsel for the plaintiff that the authors having published a piano score of the music, an orchestra score made independently from such printed piano score by one skilled in the art could not be enjoined; but that the libretto and entire dialogue, not having been published in any form, remained the exclusive property of the owner and his assignees, and if they were used without authority such use might be enjoined.

Justice Daniels gave his decision yesterday, holding that the libretto and dialogue are separate and independent from the music, and as such can be protected; (this has never before been decided in terms); that the libretto never having been published, the defendants must be enjoined from using it; that lithographing or autographing a manuscript is not printing or

Queen's Confidante. ..... Miss Sara Lascelles

Though there were many pleasing things in the performance, it was, as a whole, a disappointment, the music proving to be of a very commonplace character, and the company, so far as most of the members of the

and last evening's audience appeared quite pleased with many portions of the work. It will be repeated every evening this week and at the Saturday matinée.

SOUVENIR

OF THE

OPENING NIGHT

OF

AUGUSTIN DALY'S

ROYAL MIDDY,

To be produced under Mr. Daly's personal direction at the

BOSTON THEATRE,

Saturday Evening, June 5th, 1880.

—WITH—

MISS CATHARINE LEWIS as FANCHETTE.

With the following Cast, also from Daly's Theatre, New York.

Miss MAY FIELDING,	as	THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL
Mr. ALONZO HATCH,	as	Dom. LAMBERTO
Mr. JOSEPH E. BRAND,	as	Dom. JANUARIO
Mr. JOHN HART,	as	MUNGO

(By kind permission of Thos. Donaldson).

Mr. CHARLES FISHER,	as	CAPTAIN NORBERTO
Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ,	as	Dom. DOMINGOS
Miss JESSIE GREVILLE,	as	THE QUEEN'S CONFIDANTE

AND

THE ORIGINAL CHORUS OF MIDDIES.

INCLUDING

Mlle. Milvina,	Miss Sallie Williams,	Miss Emma Hickley,
Miss Delano,	Mary Tucker,	Isabella Evesson,
Kitty Maxwell,	Dora Knowlton,	Annie Knowlton,
Bessie Justice,	Lillie Vinton,	Nellie Howard,
Gussie Lang,	Ella Remetze,	Miss McNeil.

and Sara Lascelles, also

THE ORIGINAL GUARD CHORUS.

INCLUDING

Messrs. MacDonough, E. M. Smith, E. Sterling, Perring, Percival, Lawrence, Burnham, Milton and Murphy, assisted by

AN AUGMENTARY CHORUS OF THIRTY EXTRA VOICES

The Haines Upright Pianos used by this Company.

Augustin Daly's New Theatre,

IN NEW YORK CITY.

(Situated on Broadway, corner of 30th Street.)

Is the most Sumptious Drawing Room Theatre in the World.

Its spacious Lobbies, Promenades and Foyer; its cost'y Draperies, Stained Glass effects, rich carpettings; its unique conveniences in the shape of Ladies' Toilet Rooms, Gentlemen's Smoking Rooms, Etc., Etc., its luxurious seats, wide aisles, and parlor like effects, all tend to make Daly's New Theatre

THE MOST UNIQUE

place of amusement in this Country. Although only open one year ago it has already become the standard Theatre of this metropolis for Original Comedy, and for Musical Comedy in its Perfection, for Society Dramas and for

STAGE PICTURES OF RAREST BEAUTY.

It is a notable fact that the *only new plays* produced in New York during the past regular season, which have been successful enough to find their way to other Cities, have been the plays originally produced at Daly's Theatre. The record of the new house therefore, has been one of repeated successes!

A TRIPLE COMPANY

is one of the strong feature of Mr. Daly's new management; a company for Comedy, a Company for musical pieces and a Company for Emotional Society plays. The Combination which is now making a tour of the States, and which *can play perfectly* a gorgeous musical pageant like The "*Royal Muddy*," and a rare Comedy of society life like the "*Arabian Night*," and "*The Way We Live*," in different Theatres on the *same night*, will give strangers some faint idea of the

MASSIVE ENTERPRISE

and perfect organization which Mr. Daly now directs in New York City.

Beyond and above, and before all else—Daly's Theatre is a place where never a line or situation is permitted on the stage in any play, that can bring a blush to the most modest It is a Family Theatre as well as a Fashionable Resort in every sense of the word.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY

ON THE HAINES' NEW UPRIGHT PIANOFORTE.

TO THE MESSRS. HAINES.

GENTLEMEN:—Having had an opportunity of using your "NEW CONCERT UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES," at the Concert given by HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY, at the Madison Square Theatre, we beg to compliment you upon your great success. Your NEW UPRIGHT surpassed our expectations. You can justly claim a superiority over any Pianoforte we have hitherto seen for Concert purposes which is equally as well adapted for accompanying the voice. Wishing you a continuance of the great success already achieved as manufacturers of the FIRST RANK.

We remain, very truly yours,

ITALO CAMPANINI, MARIE MARIMON, ANNA DEBELOCCA,
ANTONIO F. GALASSI, SIGNOR BISACCIA, EMILE AGRIO,
ALFRED H. PEASE.

THE EMMA ABBOTT GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY

TO THE MESSRS. HAINES.

GENTLEMEN:—During our rehearsals of "Paul and Virginia," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Carmen," at your warerooms, we had every opportunity to [illegible] your NEW UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES and found them singularly adapted [illegible] as well as the lightest music, combining therefor great power with sweetness of tone, and in every respect SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS. Their tones likewise are [illegible], rich and clear, and sustain the voice most admirably.

Appreciatively yours,

EMMA ABBOTT, MARIE STONE, TOM KARL,
ZELDA SEGUIN, PAULINE MAUREL, A. E. STODDARD,
WM. MACDONALD, ELLIS RYSE, WM. CASTLE.

MESSRS. HAINES BROS.

We have used your "NEW CONCERT UPRIGHT," on our recent tours, [illegible] peculiarly successful manner in which it stood the severest tests, such as have [illegible] been applied to the Grand Piano only, commands our unqualified endorsement. Appreciating your great success as manufacturers of the FIRST RANK.

We remain, very truly,

OLE BULL, PIETRO FERRANTI, MAURICE STRAKOSCH,
EMMA C. THURSBY, A. TORRIANI, JOSEPHINE CHATTERTON-BOHRER,
P. BRIGNOLI, JULIA CHRISTIN, ALFRED H. PEASE.

WAREROOMS, 124 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

Hunt Bros., Agents, 608 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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"I have no feeling of bitterness against Mr. Dorney and I am perfectly willing to have a settlement," said Signor Operti. Justice Duffy sent them all into a private room. Signor Operti there demanded that his score be returned to him. Defendant's counsel offered to give back the score without the notes, or to substitute another score. "I took no notes then," said Signor Operti; "the pencil-marks on the margin were placed there three weeks ago. As proof of this I will show you a few pages of the last act, which had not been played when I was ejected. I happened to retain these few pages." He then showed them.

The defense examined the leaves and then retorted, "Yes, but these notes are not of instrumentation; the others were."

"Those notes of instrumentation were not made by me anyway," rejoined Signor Operti. "A friend took them three weeks ago. They were not made in the theatre, but if they had been taken there it would have been all right."

With regard to the assault Signor Operti said that on the day it took place he went to Broadway to see some mocking-birds which he had put to be sold in a bird store near the theatre. He happened to drop into the theatre, and after the first act went out, bought some sugar and cake and fed his birds. He was talking to two friends in the theatre when Dorney insisted on his going out.

After further discussion an agreement was drawn up between the parties which was satisfactory to Signor Operti, and he consented to withdraw his complaint against Dorney. The agreement is as follows:

"It is hereby consented that the score of the 'See-Cadet' taken from the possession of Signor Operti and used as an exhibit by the plaintiff before Judge Daniels on a motion to continue the injunction herein, shall be delivered to the Clerk of the Court and duly sealed in the presence of S. H. Olnen, attorney for Augustin Daly, and Frankin Bien, attorney for Operti and Leo Goldmark, and left in escrow with said Clerk; said score to be used in the suit in the Marine Court of 'Operti vs. Daly,' and said Clerk of this Court to forward said score, duly sealed, to said Marine Court on an order from any Justice of said Court. Either party to the action in said Marine Court may apply for such order on a notice of four days to the other side so to do."

BOSTON HERALD.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1880.

AMUSEMENTS.

Boston Theatre—"The Royal Middy."

The long-anticipated production of "The Royal Middy" (an adaptation, by Mr. Fred Williams, of Genee's "Der Seekadet") occurred at the Boston Theatre last evening, with the following cast:

Anchette.....Miss Catherine Lewis
Queen of Perugia.....Miss May Fielding
Don Lamberto.....Mr. Alonzo Hatch
Don Januario.....Mr. Joseph E. Brand
Prince.....Mr. John Hart
(By kind permission of Mr. Thomas Donaldson.)
Capt. Norbeto.....Mr. Charles Fisher
Don Domingo.....Mr. Charles Leclercq
Queen's Confidante.....Miss Sara Lascelles

Though there were many pleasing things in the performance, it was, as a whole, a disappointment, the music proving to be of a very commonplace character, and the company, so far as most of the members of the cast was concerned, entirely unsuited to a proper rendering of the work. The greatest liberality has been shown in putting the opera upon the stage. Mr. Getz has given his best work to the scenes called for in the three acts, and the costuming and other effects combine to make the closing scenes of each act stage pictures of rare beauty. The plot of the opera has been given in these columns, and is substantially that of the old comedy "Captain Charlotte," dealing with the supposed adventures of one Fanchette. She is a gypsy girl who causes no end of trouble to the Queen of Portugal and her unacknowledged husband by alternately being discovered in the private apartments of each, in her real character, and in the assumed disguise of a royal middy. Much of the success of the opera rests upon Miss Catherine Lewis as Fanchette, and, with sufficient vocal abilities, her assumption of the dual rôle would be a very strong one. As it is, she artfully uses all her fascinating graces of face and figure to good effect, and, in this way, largely compensates for her shortcomings as a singer. Of the support, Miss May Fielding is the only one who appears suited to the work, and, in the numbers assigned the Queen, she made the best efforts of the evening, her voice proving a pure soprano of good volume and quite flexible, while (with the exception of indistinct enunciation) her singing and acting were both artistically graceful. Mr. Hatch, the tenor of the company, has a very limited vocal ability, and does not excel in dramatic action, but Mr. Brand deserves credit for his presentation of the rôle of Januario. Mr. John Hart's Mungo was a happy hit, and his vicarious action was quite a relief to the dulness of the opening scenes. The chorus of middies was composed of pretty, graceful young ladies, who sang the few numbers in which they took part in a bright and spirited way. The one glaring defect of the vocal efforts of the whole company was the utter lack of any attempt to articulate clearly, and the larger part of the book might have been written in Choctaw so far as any knowledge gained to the contrary last evening. The song, "To thee my Queen," is one of the gems of the opera, and with the whispering quartet, "All we seem to agree," and the song for Fanchette, "Who is the woman," makes the notable exception to the general lack of character in the music of the work. There are many pretty bits of orchestration, and the band, under Mr. Mollenhauer, gave a very satisfactory rendering of their portion of the score. The opera is enjoyable as a spectacular production, and last evening's audience appeared quite pleased with many portions of the work. It will be repeated every evening this week and at the Saturday matinee.

RIGHTS TO A LIBRETTO.

IMPORTANT DECISION BY JUSTICE DONOHUE CONCERNING THE MUSIC AND DIALOGUE OF A PLAY.

In the action of Leo Goldmark against John H. French, Florence Ellis and others, Justice Donohue granted an injunction several weeks ago restraining the defendants from performing the opera "See Cadet" under the name of the "Very Merry Mariner" or any other name. On the argument of the motion before Justice Daniels, it was conceded by the counsel for the plaintiff that the authors having published a piano score of the music, an orchestra score made independently from such printed piano score by one skilled in the art could not be enjoined; but that the libretto and entire dialogue, not having been published in any form, remained the exclusive property of the owner and his assignees, and if they were used without authority such use might be enjoined.

Justice Daniels gave his decision yesterday, holding that the libretto and dialogue are separate and independent from the music, and as such can be protected; (this has never before been decided in terms); that the libretto never having been published, the defendants must be enjoined from using it; that lithographing or autographing a manuscript is not printing or publishing equivalent to a dedication; that an author has a right to duplicate his manuscript in such a way for representation on the stage; that the defence that the "Very Merry Mariner" is a different work from "Seekadet" is untenable, for the reason that Sidney Rosenfeld, the alleged author of the "Very Merry Mariner," in a letter to Augustin Daly, stated that it was taken from the German libretto of "Seekadet; and that "Seekadet" and "Captain Charlotte" are different works, the former not being taken from the latter; that the fact that Florence Ellis is a minor is no defence—a minor can be enjoined from doing a wrong. He, therefore, continues the injunction in full as against the libretto and dialogue, and dissolves it so far as the injunction restrained the defendants from using a "Seekadet" score made independently from a published piano score.

A. J. Dittenhoefer appeared for the plaintiff; Howe & Hummell and Franklin Bein for the defendants.

"THE ROYAL MIDDY," an English version of Genee's operetta *Der Seekadet*, was produced, for the first time in America, at Daly's Theatre. It was a decided success, and will unquestionably have a run. The music is "catchy" and characteristic, and original withal. The story is amusing, and furnishes some excellent situations of a laughable nature. The piece was first produced about four years ago in Vienna, where it ran for over a year. It was successfully brought out in German at the Thalia Theatre in this city some time ago, the management having acquired from the authors, Messrs Genee and Zell (the latter being the librettist), the sole right to represent the piece in America. Mr Daly has purchased from the management of the Thalia Theatre the right to present the English version. The adaptation is the work of Mr Frederick Williams and Edward Mollenhauer, the former reproducing the libretto, latter the arrangements of the score. The scene of *The Ro Middy* takes us back to the time when the Portuguese Na was in its glory. The royal midshipmen were pupils at National Naval Academy, over which presided a Govern usually some celebrated sea-dog, grown grey in the servi Dom Lamberto, a young soldier of fortune, has, however, be promoted by the Queen to this responsible post. His rapid r from the rank of lieutenant to his present high position is d to the fact that he is secretly married to the Queen. preference shown him by his royal mistress renders h equally an object of envy and adulation. The sole c fidant of the Queen is one of her ladies of hono Donna Antonina, the young, pretty, and coquettish w of Dom Domingos, the old and fussy master of co ceremonies. The aged courtier becomes very jealous account of the frequent visits paid by his wife to the you and handsome Governor of the Royal Middies. Of course, visits are made on behalf of the Queen. Dom Doming however, puts the worst construction on the matter a resolves to watch the supposed guilty pair. The Quee apartments and those of the youthful Governor communic by a secret door and passage-way. The pair enjoy sto interviews, while Donna Antonina stands guard. One day young Governor, while expecting the arrival of the Queen, surprised by the appearance of Fanchette, a gipsy girl, w years previously, he has delivered from the brutal treatme of her people. Being ordered away to his regiment, they separated. But Fanchette never forgets her deliver gratitude begets love, and she wanders over Europe in sea of Lamberto, gaining a livelihood by singing. This charac is evidently modelled upon that of the Mignon of Goet Fanchette arrives in Lisbon to find that her lover is the r and powerful favourite of the Queen. Bitterly disappoint she endeavours to arouse in Lamberto's mind the recollectio of the past, but he is fearful that the Queen will find her his apartment. He entreats her to leave him. Enter at t moment Dom Januario, an immensely wealthy Brazili whose peculiarity is this:—He bestows precious stones a Negro slaves upon all to whom he takes a fancy. He falls love at first sight with Fanchette, and resolves to marry he a plan which Lamberto and Donna Antonina eagerly embr as the best means of getting rid of Fanchette. An elopeme is arranged, but by the contrivance of Fanchette D Januario and Donna Antonina are driven away in a cl carriage, the latter believing that she is taking Fanchette meet the Brazilian, and the former thinking that Don Antonina is Fanchette. Thus the latter remains, upon t discovery of which Lamberto—the Queen's husband—desperate. He tells her the truth and that he will be utte ruined if she is found there by the Queen. But it is too l for her to leave the palace as the royal lady is heard j outside the secret entrance. As the Queen comes in at door, Lamberto pushes Fanchette into an adjoining room the opposite side and closes the door. The pair now sit do to supper. There now enters Dom Domingos, the master ceremonies, fired with rage and jealousy, in search of missing wife. He declares that her masked majesty, surpri alone with the young Governor, is his wife, Donna Antonina, and demands that she remove her mask. The Queen complies. Sensation. Then Dom Domingos insists that he saw some one else enter the apartment; he is convinced that his wife is hidden in the other room. Jealousy and suspicion are now roused in the Queen's breast. She orders the apartment to be searched. Lamberto is at his wits' end. The door is opened, and a young man, in the uniform of a royal middy, comes out, It is Fanchette, who has hit upon this device to save Lamberto. She introduces herself as Dom Mauritio, a young nobleman, a candidate for the Royal Navy. A file of midshipmen arrive, and she is ordered to fall into the ranks, on which the curtain falls. Fanchette becomes a great favourite of the Queen's. She is still in man's attire and known as Dom Mauritio. As such the Queen promotes her to be Master of the Horse, and orders her to live at the palace. There seems now to be no possibility of her resumption of the character and garments of her sex. To effect this consummation a plot is concocted between Lamberto and Fanchette. The former pretends to be jealous of the new Master of the Horse, and upbraids the Queen. Fanchette and the Queen are alone. Lamberto is announced. The Queen, fearful of the consequences should she be found alone with the handsome Dom Mauritio, conceals Fanchette in an adjoining room, whence she comes forth at the right moment, dressed as a woman, and announces herself as the sister of Dom Mauritio. The Brazilian is thoroughly charmed with the new comer, offers her himself, his diamonds, and his slaves; the Queen announces her marriage; the master of ceremonies is satisfied that his wife is faithful; and everything being lovely and everybody delighted with everybody, the curtain descends on a very entertaining operetta. The costuming, stage-setting, and last, though not least, the acting and singing, are exceedingly fine. The Fanchette of Miss Catherine Lewis was a very clever piece of work, and was the hit of the evening. The Queen of Miss May Fielding was excellent, and Miss Ada Rehan did very well as Donna Antonina. Mr Alonzo Hatch as Dom Lamberto, Mr Charles Leclercq as Dom Domingos (a finished, if a somewhat broadly marked portraiture of a fussy, punctilious, short-sighted old courtier), and Mr Hart Conway as Dom Januario, are deserving of very high praise. *The Royal Middy* seems likely to hold the boards for some time. It will be succeeded, according to present arrangements, by *Matrimony*, a new comedy by Mr Bartley Campbell.

Oct 28, 1879

THALIA THEATRE.

On Tuesday night the comic opera, "Der Seecadet" ("The Naval Cadet"), had its first hearing in America, and the honor of having made us acquaintsd with one of the latest works of Richard Genée belongs to the management of the Thalia Theat which claims to have purchased the sole right of representati for the United States from the composer. The American public knows much more of Offenbach, Lecocq, Johann, Strauss and Hervé, but in Germany Genée holds a very respectable position among the composers of the light *genre*. As the taste of a German audience differs from that of the French public, the manner of writing among the composers of the two nations is entirely different. While the French composers are light and sparkling, the Germans are deeper and heavier. Real opera bouffe has never been written in Germany, and even their opera comique is of a more sedate character. The German wants to show his studies, and will not sacrifice his studies to the more catching melody, while the public, on its part, only cares for the catching melody. Richard Genée's "Seecadet" is no exception. The score contains many beauties, but has too much of the real operatic character to be thoroughly enjoyed unless sung by artists of high rank. Some couplets and a quartetto in the first act belong to the best numbers of the work, and if the vocal abilities of the German singers at the Thalia Theatre had been more prominent, the opera would have been more impressive. Nevertheless the public were amused, and gave vent to their enjoyment in vociferous applause; the singing was not always up to the requirements of the work, but the acting was excellent, and showed the members of the troupe to the best advantage. Fraülein Cottrelly, the directress of the theatre, took the rôle of *Fanchette* (who becomes the naval cadet), and gave proofs of her rich talent. Miss Filbach, as *Queen of Portugal*, did her best to comply with the wishes of the composer, and Mr. Lube, the low comedian, made a delightful impersonation of a foolish, near-sighted *Master of Ceremonies*. Mr. Adolphi is the best singer of the company, and represented the *Brazilian Nobleman* effectively. The *mise-en-scène* was brilliant, and the Second Act surprised the audience with a game of chess, played with living figures. The chorus sang in an animated manner, rather loudly, as Teutonic choristers generally will do, and the orchestra, under the direction of Henry Greiner, was precise. We are told that the opera has been translated into English, and is going to be performed shortly in one of our uptown theatres.

DALY'S (New) THEATRE, B'dw'y & 30th-st.

The only Theatre under the management of
Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY.

No performance on Monday and Tuesday Evenings,

NO MATINEE on WEDNESDAY.

1880

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, January 28,
FIRST production on any stage of an original musical comedy from the German, by AUGUSTIN DALY and FRED WILLIAMS; the music from the original score of RICHARD GENEE, adapted and augmented by EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, and to be produced after months of elaborate preparation under the title of THE
ROYAL MIDDY,
ROYAL MIDDY,
ROYAL MIDDY,
ROYAL MIDDY,
ROYAL MIDDY,
in which Miss Catherine Lewis, Miss May Fielding, Miss Ada Rehan, Mr. Alonzo Hatch, Charles Fisher, Charles Leclercq, Hart Conway, F. Bennett will appear, with
A CHORUS OF NEARLY SEVENTY VOICES.

A Living Chess-board of thirty-two Children.

*** BOX SHEET open daily from 8 to 6, and seats may be secured for the first month.

Mit brillanter Ausstattung, neuen Dekorationen und Costümen.

Der See-Cadet.*

Komische Oper in 3 Akten von F. Zell. Musik von Richard Genée.

Regie.....Herr Adolfi | Kapellmeister.....Herr Greiner

I. Akt. „Unerwarteter Besuch." II. Akt. „Das Schachspiel der Königin."
III. Akt. „Der neue Günstling."

Personen:

Maria Franziska, Königin von Portugal.....Frl. Fiebach
Don Domingos Borgos de Barros, Ceremonienmeister.....Herr Lube
Donna Antonia, seine Gemahlin, erste Hofdame.....Fr. Lube
Lambert du Saint Guerlonde (mit der Königin heimlich vermählt).....Herr Schnelle
Fanchette Michel.....Mathilde Cottrelly
Dom Januario de Sonzo Silva e Pernambuco.....Herr Adolfi

Matrosen: Franzesko Bernardino Ribeiro.....Herr Loe; Joaquinco de Rita Durao.....Herr Rohbeck; Norberto de Cunha Alvarenga.....Herr Wagner; Lelario de la Castel Nuovo.....Herr Weinacht; Ricardo de Venezuela.....Herr Schliemann; Dom Silvio de Rosalva.....Herr Lenoir; Dom Contreras de Campecci.....Herr Krenzberg; Dom Ruiz de Cervantes.....Herr Pege; Arthuro de Sevilla.....Herr Rothschild; Dom Filippo de Cardeno.....Herr Herz; Umberto de Santa Cruz.....Herr Wilke; Dom Luiz de Portorico.....Herr Menges

Offiziere: Diego.....Frl. Ahl; Antonio.....Frl. Schlag; José.....Frl. Spitzner; Frederigo.....Frl. Camara; Agosto.....Frl. Grothhusen; Bernardino.....Frl. Bischoff

Seekadetten: Henriquez.....Frl. Barre; Sebestiano.....Frl. Weis; Gomez.....Frl. Grunewald; Carlos.....Fr. Dombi; Gonzales.....Fr. Arnold; Bonifacio.....Fr. Telle

Rodriguez, Lambert's Diener.....Herr Puls
Mungo, Januarios's Diener.....Herr Schmitz
Ein Marine-Geistlicher.....Herr Schneider
Ein Fahnenjunker.....Herr Jürgens
Erster Page.....Frl. Petri
Zweiter Page.....Frl. Libussa
Erster Herold.....Herr Markovitz
Zweiter Herold.....Herr Seidl

Offiziere, Hofherren, Hofdamen, Schachfiguren, Pagen, Sklaven, Volk 2c.

Ort der Handlung: Lissabon. Zeit: Mitte des vorigen Jahrhunderts.

Die neuen Decorationen des ersten und dritten Aktes sind von Herrn Simmons, die des zweiten Aktes von Herrn VOEGTLIN. Die neuen Costüme sind nach Wiener Figurinen von den Herren Römer & Sohn angefertigt. Die Requisiten und Cachir-Arbeiten sind von Herrn Schuster. Friseur, Herr Chas. Meyer.

* Für New York in deutscher Sprache Eigenthum der Direktion des Thalia Theaters, Mathilde Cottrelly.

Kassen-Eröffnung 7 Uhr. **Anfang präcise 8 Uhr.**

Preise der Plätze: Eine Loge im Parquett $8; eine Loge im 1. Rang, $6; ein Orchester Sitz, $1; ein reservirter Sitz im Balcon, $1, 75 Cts. und 50 Cts.; ein reservirter Sitz im 1. Rang, 50 Cts. und 75 Cts.; ein reservirter Sitz im 2. Rang, 25 Cts.

CARLO . . . . . Miss SARA LASCELLES
JAGO . . . . . Miss LILLIE VINTON
MARIE FRANCESCA, QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, secretly married to Don Lamberto; devoted, but doubtful; generous, but jealous . . . . . Miss MAY FIELDING
FANCHETTE, A wandering Zingara, who "reads in the stars and tells fortunes by cards," later transformed into the Royal Middy . . . . Miss CATHERINE LEWIS
DONNA ANTONINA, Wife of Don Domingos, confidant of the Queen's secret, and perpetual torment of her short-sighted husband . . . . . Miss ADA REHAN

ACT I.

1. OPENING CHORUS AND CONCERTED PIECE } "To our Governor we sing," . . . . . CHORUS
SONG —"To thee my Queen," . . . . . LAMBERTO
2. DUET.—"Again enfolded within thine arms," . . . . . LAMBERTO and MARIE
3. WALTZ RONDO.—"The Mask" . . . . . MARIE
4. AIRIETTA.—"My name is Fanchette," . . . . . FANCHETTE
5. DUET: "Have you forgot," . . . . . LAMBERTO and FANCHETTE
6. BOLERO.—"I am Dom Januario," . . . . . JANUARIO
7. WHISPERING QUARTETTE.—"All we seem to agree," LAMBERTO, JANUARIO, FANCHETTE and DONNA ANTONINA
8. DUET.—"Through the night," . . . . . JANUARIO and FANCHETTE
9. FINALE.—Concerted piece for Fanchette MARIE, ANTONINA, LAMBERTO, JANUARIO, DOMINGOS, and Chorus, introducing the song of the Royal Middies, "Of all the fine fellows that sail on the sea."

ACT II.

10. CHORUS OF MIDDIES AND FANCHETTE'S SONG } "When ashore." "I am so sick"
11. CONCERTED PIECE.—FANCHETTE, MARIE, ANTONINA, LAMBERTO, JANUARIO, DOMINGOS, and Chorus, "To our flag!"
12. QUINTETTE.—"Sword in hand, man to man," FANCHETTE, LAMBERTO, DOMINGOS, JANUARIO, NORBERTO
13. FINALE—CONCERTED.—"The Queen's Game of Chess," . . . . . COMPANY

ACT III.

14. CHORUS OF CITIZENS.—"Dom Mauritio," . . . . . CHORUS
15. SONG.—"Who is the woman." . . . . . FANCHETTE
16. DUET.—"In woman's heart alone," . . . . . FANCHETTE and MARIE
17. FINALE.—Retrospective . . . . . COMPANY

Wigs and Hair Dressing Under the charge of C. Meyer.

The Pianos used in this Theatre are from the celebrated house of HAINES' BROS. And during the

ENTR'ACTS

of the ROYAL MIDDY the following programme of music will be performed in the *foyer* on one of Haines' Upright Pianos, by the distinguished pianist

MR. J. N. PATTISON,

Between the first and second acts—

Village Mill . . . . . Pattison.
Happy Thought . . . . . Pattison.
Rhapsodie Hongroise . . . . . Listz.

A NEW PLAY

By Mr. BARTLEY CAMPBELL, will be the first dramatic novelty to follow "THE ROYAL MIDDY." Mr. CAMPBELL is putting his best work upon this drama, and has constructed it to fit the principal members of Mr. Daly's company.

An old lady in Wichita says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

Matinee of THE ROYAL MIDDY, SATURDAY, at 2.

MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18,
"CHARITY,"
W. S. GILBERT'S MOST SUCCESSFUL DRAMA.

"THE ROYAL MIDDY," an Engli
Der Seekadet, was produced, for t
Daly's Theatre. It was a decided
ably have a run. The music is
and original withal. The story is
excellent situations of a laughable
produced about four years ago in
a year. It was successfully bro
Thalia Theatre in this city some
having acquired from the authors,
latter being the librettist), the sol
in America. Mr Daly has purcha
the Thalia Theatre the right to
The adaptation is the work of Mr
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faithful; and everything being lovely and everybody delighted
with everybody, the curtain descends on a very entertaining

Business Notices.....40c a line per week.
Editorial " (2d page.... . ...75c. " "

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Above published rates
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„Evchen will heirathen."

Skizze von Peter Schwuchow.

Großvater lacht mich fortwährend aus,

„Aber Kind!" hörte sie Großv
Stimme, „heiratheſt Du nun gar sch
Schlafe?"

Sie öffnete verwundert die Augen
blickte erſchreckt um ſich. Da ſaß ſie
immer auf dem Bänkchen unter der
eben verſchwand der Sonnenball, eine
ſang ihr herrliches Abendlied und vo
ſtand — der Großvater, welcher die
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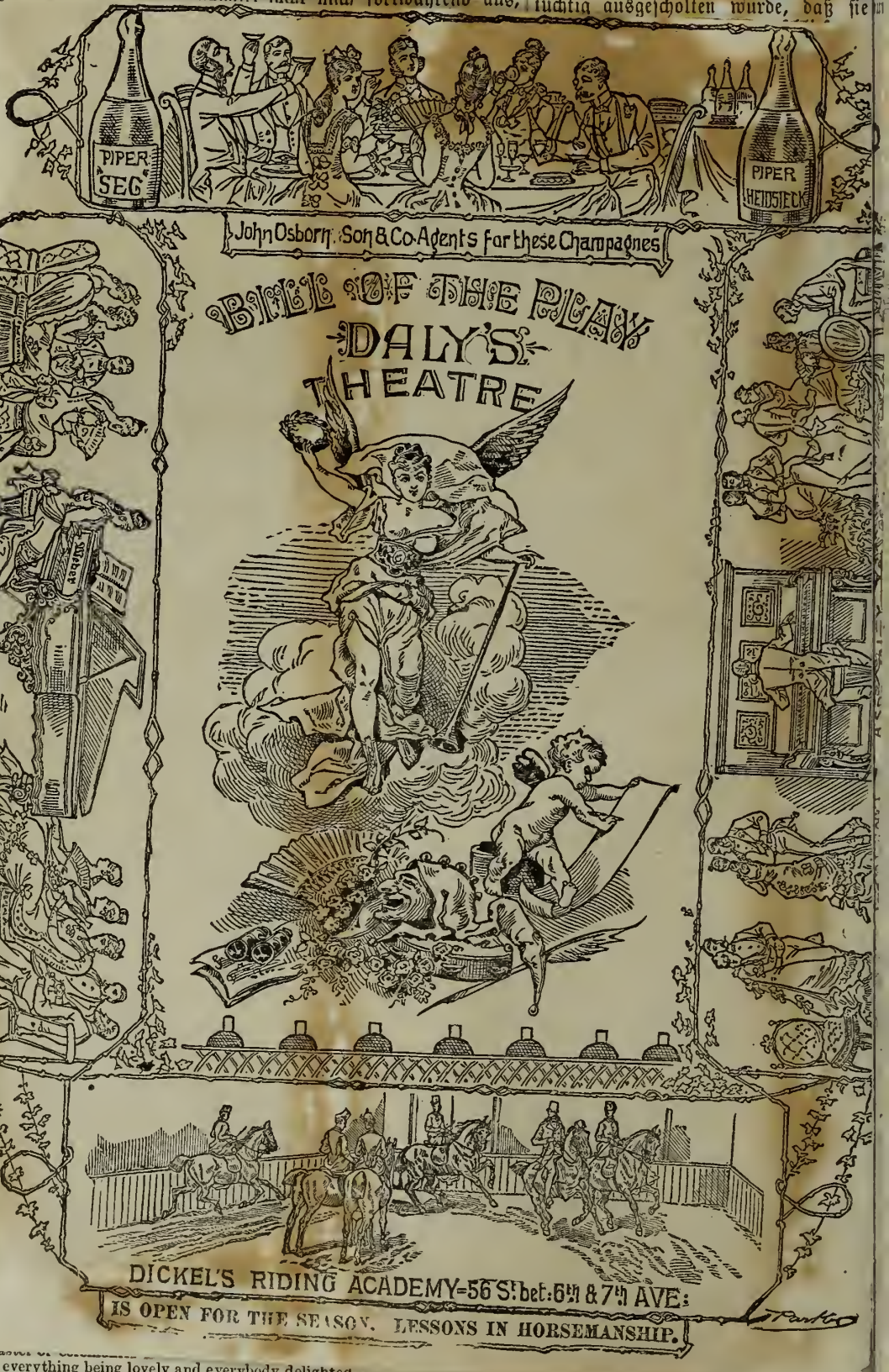

DER Seekadet

Komische Oper in 3 Acten von F. Zell

Musik von

Richard Genée.

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C

THE ROYAL MIDDY.

The following is a synopsis of the story of the new play at Daly's Theatre:

The scene of this musical comedy is laid in Lisbon when the fair young Queen Marie Francesca swayed the sceptre of Portugal, and the maritime power of that Nation was at its zenith. *Lamberto*, a young adventurer, formerly a lieutenant in the French service, has entered that of Marie Francesca, and, with surprising rapidity, risen from his humble rank to that of Grandee of Portugal, and Governor of the Royal Naval Academy. As the play opens he is receiving the congratulations of his comrades on the latter appointment—the wisdom of which is freely discussed by his enemies. The most formidable of these is *Don Domingos*, Master of Court Ceremonies, a short-sighted, elderly nobleman, married to a pretty young wife, *Donna Antonina*, confidential Lady of Honor to the Queen. *Don Domingos* is outrageously jealous of all who approach his pretty wife, and particularly of *Lamberto*, whose appointment to the Governorship is an additional grievance to the Master of Ceremonies.

When *Domingos* sneeringly attributes *Lamberto's* promotion to petticoat favor he is not far wrong. The young soldier has little experience to justify the Queen's selection, but although he has "never set a squadron in the field," he knows how to whisper a soft tale in a lady's ear, for he is actually married to the Queen, who is obliged for reasons of state to keep her marriage [illegible] until certain political difficulties are settled. Meanwhile, by means of a [illegible] royal apartments and those of her husband, with the assistance of *Donna Antonina*, the Queen's secret married pair have frequent meetings, all the sweeter for the difficulties. The short-sighted and jealous Domingos, unable to account for the frequent visits to the Governor's palace, suspects these meetings. He narrowly escapes Majesty several times; but *Donna Antonina's* tact baffles him with ridicule, particularly when he brings the ladies face to face, witness his own discomfiture.

Domingos is not the only one who is infatuated with the beauty of the Queen, although his is of a suspicious and withal unpleasant nature. Of this *Lamberto* has no knowledge, and *Antonina*, who from mere caprice has become his friend, because her husband has been exceedingly distant, has told a beautiful Bohemian gypsy girl, Fanchette, who is living to attract her husband's attention, and thereby arouse jealousy. Scarcely has *Antonina* departed, when the Bohemian girl appears in her place. This is *Fanchette*, now wealthy Governor when she comes most opportunely, for the Portugal of the romantic fairy tales to the little gypsy girl, and rambled with her in the mountains, parents, the tribe are scattered, have crossed the Pyrenees and are [illegible] searched for the companion of her childhood.

Lamberto's position is rendered [illegible] the simplicity of the gypsy girl does not understand the impropriety of her visit until he has confessed his real name, when the danger of the Queen's recognition of her to take her departure. Just as she is rousing her alarm of her Majesty's approach, barely time to conceal the adjoining room when *Mungens* suspicions. Scarcely has she entered when *Domingos*, accompanied by [illegible] enters in search of *Donna* charges *Lamberto* with having in the room where *Fanchette* is. The Queen orders the door to be opened. To the surprise of all [illegible] of *Lamberto*, *Fanchette*, in the dress of a Midshipman, appears and is presented to *Dom Mauritio*, a young nobleman about to enter the Naval Academy. *Lamberto*, but loses her head. She knows she must remain. She cannot confess no longer *Fanchette*. She is now Middy.

A Brazilian diamond merchant, *Dom Mungo*, who cannot spend his money fast enough, and scatters diamonds as if they were pebbles, has fallen in love with her assumption of the dress and on meeting her is sorely perplexed to account for the relationship between *Dom Mauritio* and the girl. The amusing episodes with all turn upon the attempts to discover identity and feminine [illegible] general misunderstanding of *Mauritio*, who is an object of the escapades of a not very [illegible] all credited to his representative of *Fanchette*. Matters are further complicated by the Queen's sudden admiration of the Middy's character; but this moment *Fanchette's* ready wit [illegible] a servant and *Lamberto* from their [illegible]

In her assumed character of Middy [illegible] makes love to the *Queen*. The interview is interrupted by the entrance of *Lamberto* in a pretended rage of jealousy, supposing his lover. *Marie* has [illegible] Midshipman in disguise, and [illegible] *Lamberto* had hidden his gypsy visitor, when *Lamberto* enters. He accuses *Marie* of having given an audience to the dissolute *Don Mauritio*. The entrance of the Court interrupts the conjugal squabble. The *Queen* announces her marriage, and in the midst of the chorus of congratulations which follows a noise in the *Queen's* apartment attracts universal attention. *Marie*, terrified, attempts to treat the matter lightly, but *Lamberto*, insisting that his *Queen's* honor is involved, orders the door to be opened, when *Fanchette*, in the dress of a Lady of rank, presents herself as a sister of *Don Mauritio*, and by accepting the Brazilian and [illegible] millions brings the piece to a happy termination. The *Queen*, grateful for her escape, makes two objections to which she [illegible] to play a practical joke at the expense of *Dom Januario*.

A game of chess played by the *Queen* and *Lamberto* is a striking feature of the operetta, forming a [illegible] finale to the second act. The game is played [illegible] living chessmen, personated by children [illegible] to represent the pieces. After a few moves it [illegible] evident to all expert chess-players that the *Queen* has lost the game, but *Fanchette*, amidst general surprise and incredulity, declares that she has won, and announces mate in four moves. Her Majesty, unable to solve this chess problem, begs *Fanchette* to finish the game. *Fanchette* obeys, and wins as she had promised in four brilliant moves, to the astonishment of the Court, who have just declared the *Queen's* game "hopeless to save."

BOSTON, TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1880.

BOSTON THEATRE

TOMPKINS & HILL.....PROPRIETORS

Augustin Daly's Company.

THIS EVENING

The Entertainment will consist of AUGUSTIN DALY'S

ROYAL MIDDY!

Adapted to the American Stage by Mr. FRED. WILLIAMS from Genee's famous Opera of "DER SEEKADET." The Music arranged from the Original Score, and augmented by Mr. EDWARD MOLLENHAUER.

The Magnificent New Scenery by.....C. S. GETZ

The whole produced under

MR. DALY'S PERSONAL DIRECTION,

With the Brilliant Origiual Cast appearing at Daly's Theatre, New York, nearly 100 nights, and with

Miss CATHARINE LEWIS as.....FANCHETTE, the Gypsy

And the following CAST OF CHARACTERS:

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.....Miss MAY FIELDING
DON LAMBERTO.....Mr. ALONZO HATCH
DON JANUARIO.....Mr. JOSEPH E. BRAND
MUNGO (by kind permission of Mr. Thos. Donaldson).....Mr. JOHN HART
CAPTAIN NORBERTO.....Mr. CHAS. FISHER
DON DOMINGOS.....Mr. CHAS. LECLERCQ
QUEEN'S CONFIDANT.....Miss SARA LASCELLES

THE ORIGINAL CHORUS OF MIDDIES,

Including Mlle. Malvina, Miss Georgine Flagg, Miss Emma Hinckley, Miss Delano, Sally Williams, Isabella Everson, Mary Tucker, Kitty Maxwell, Dora Knowlton, Annie Knowlton, Lillie Vinton, Nellie Howard, Gussie Lang, Miss McNeill; also

THE ORIGINAL GUARD CHORUS,

Including Messrs. McDonough, E. M. Smith, E. Sterling, Perring, Shultz, Lawrence, Burnham, Milton and Murphy, assisted by

An Augmentary Chorus of Thirty Extra Voices!

DER SEEKADET.

I. ACT.

Richard Genée.

Largo. **Einleitung.**

PIANO.

ff

decres.

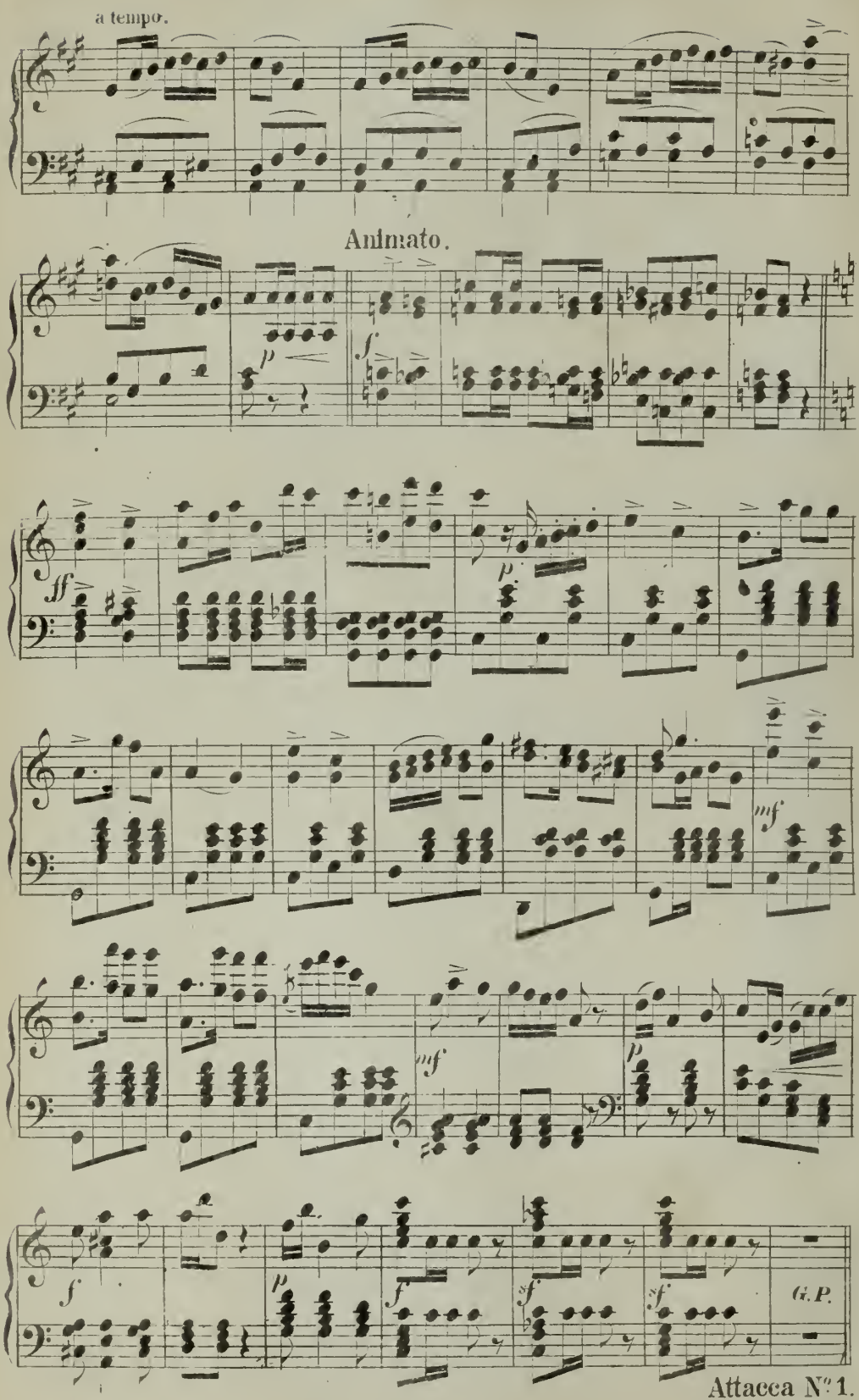
p

pp

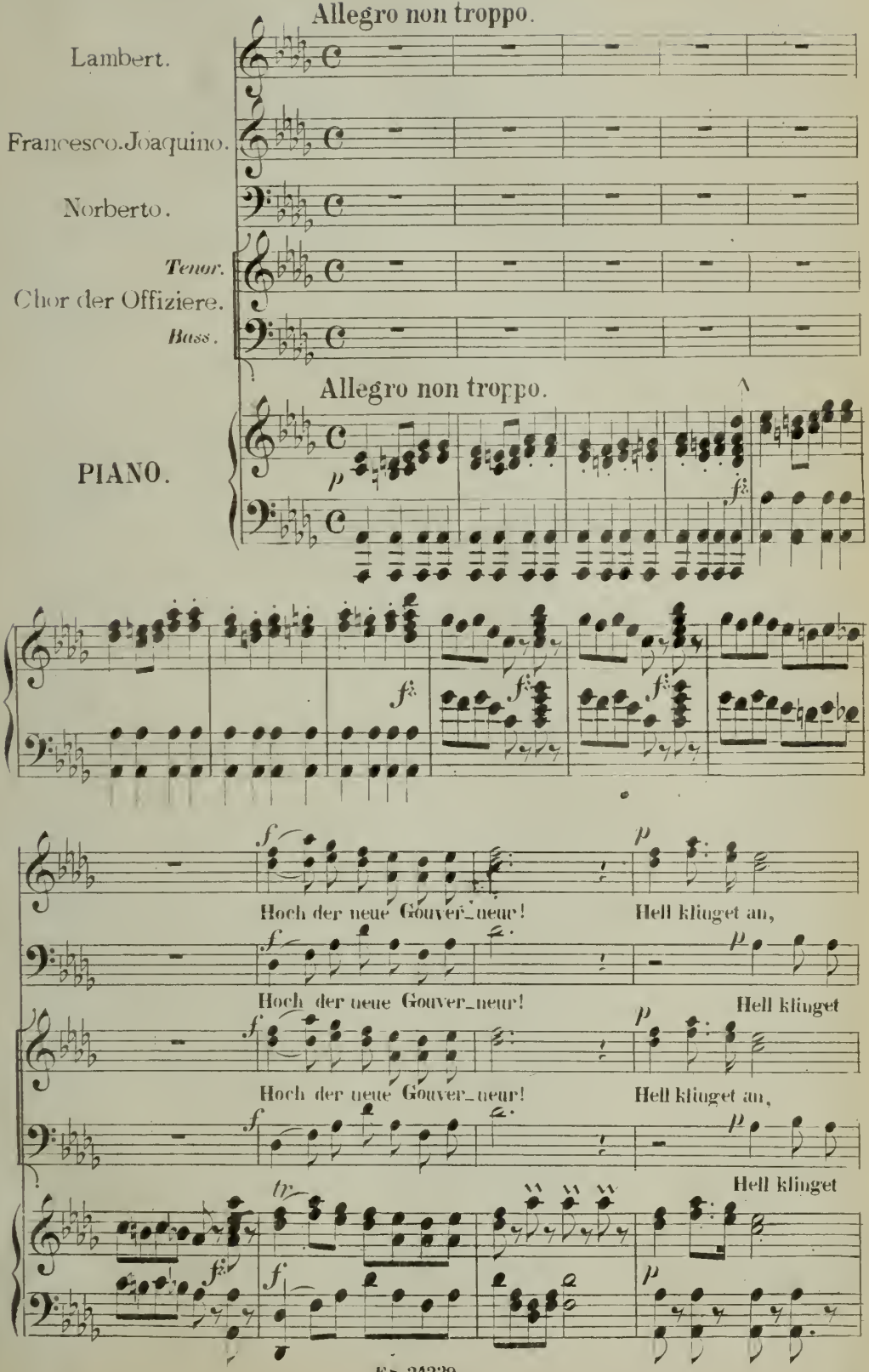
Allegretto.

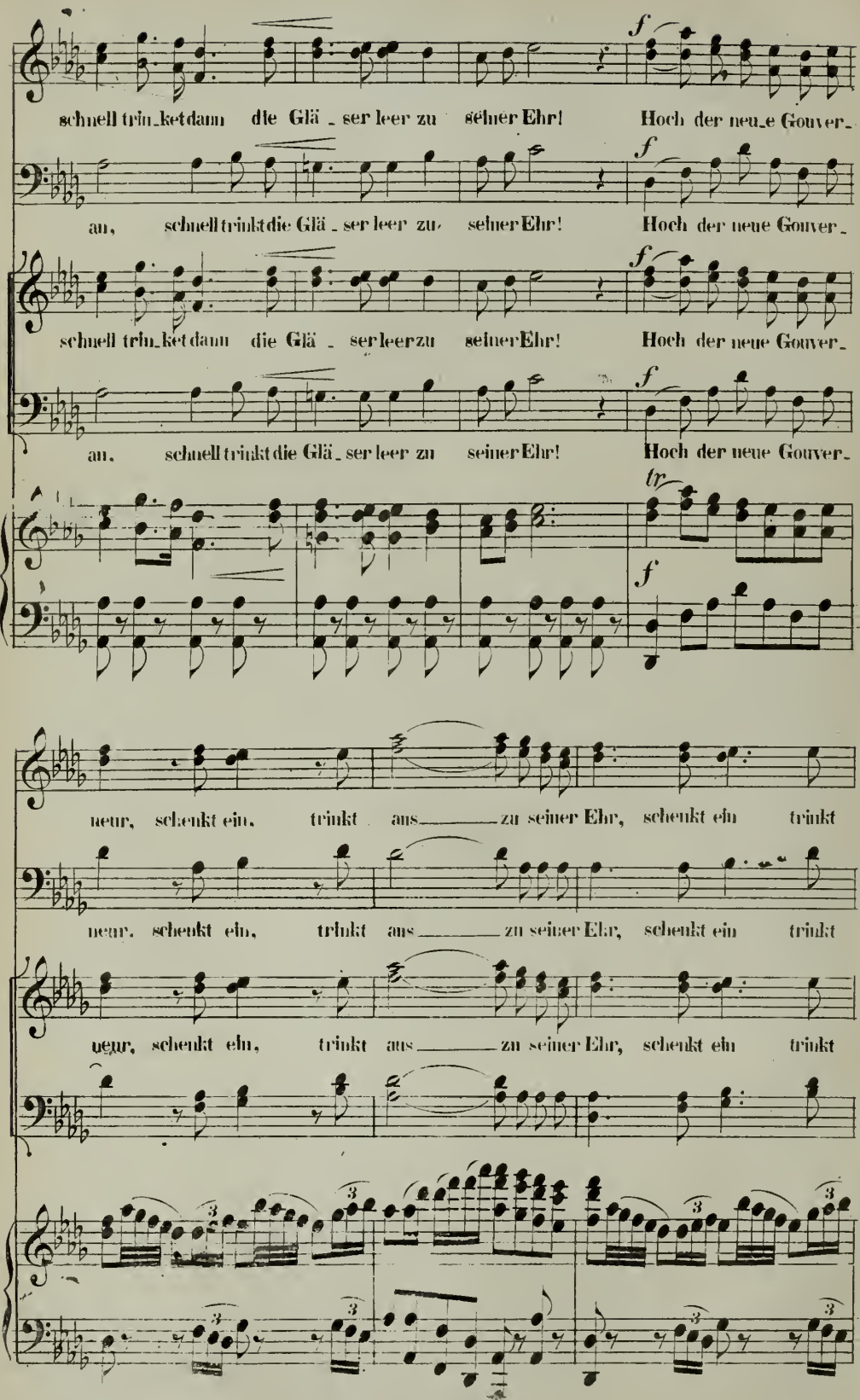
p

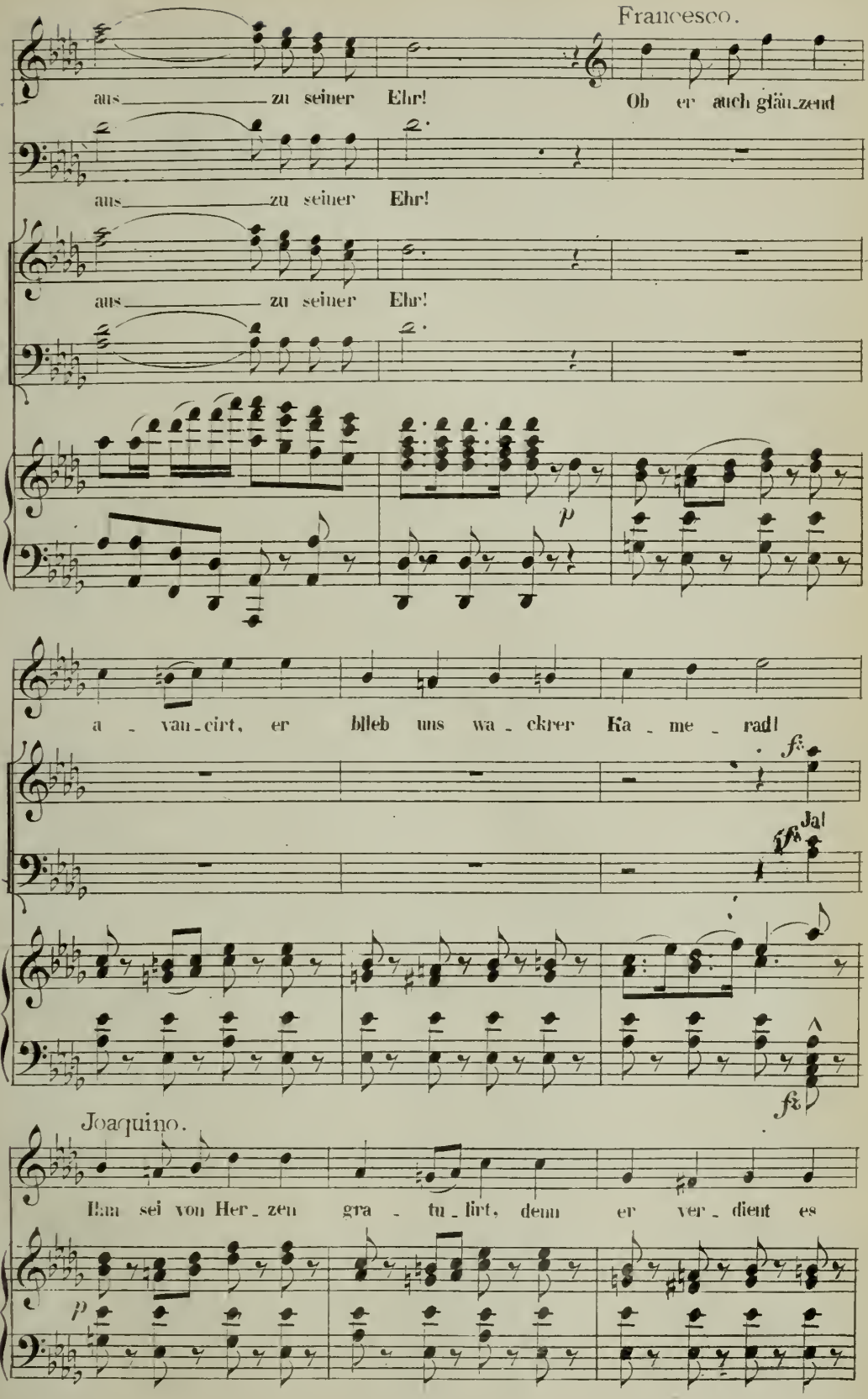
rallent.

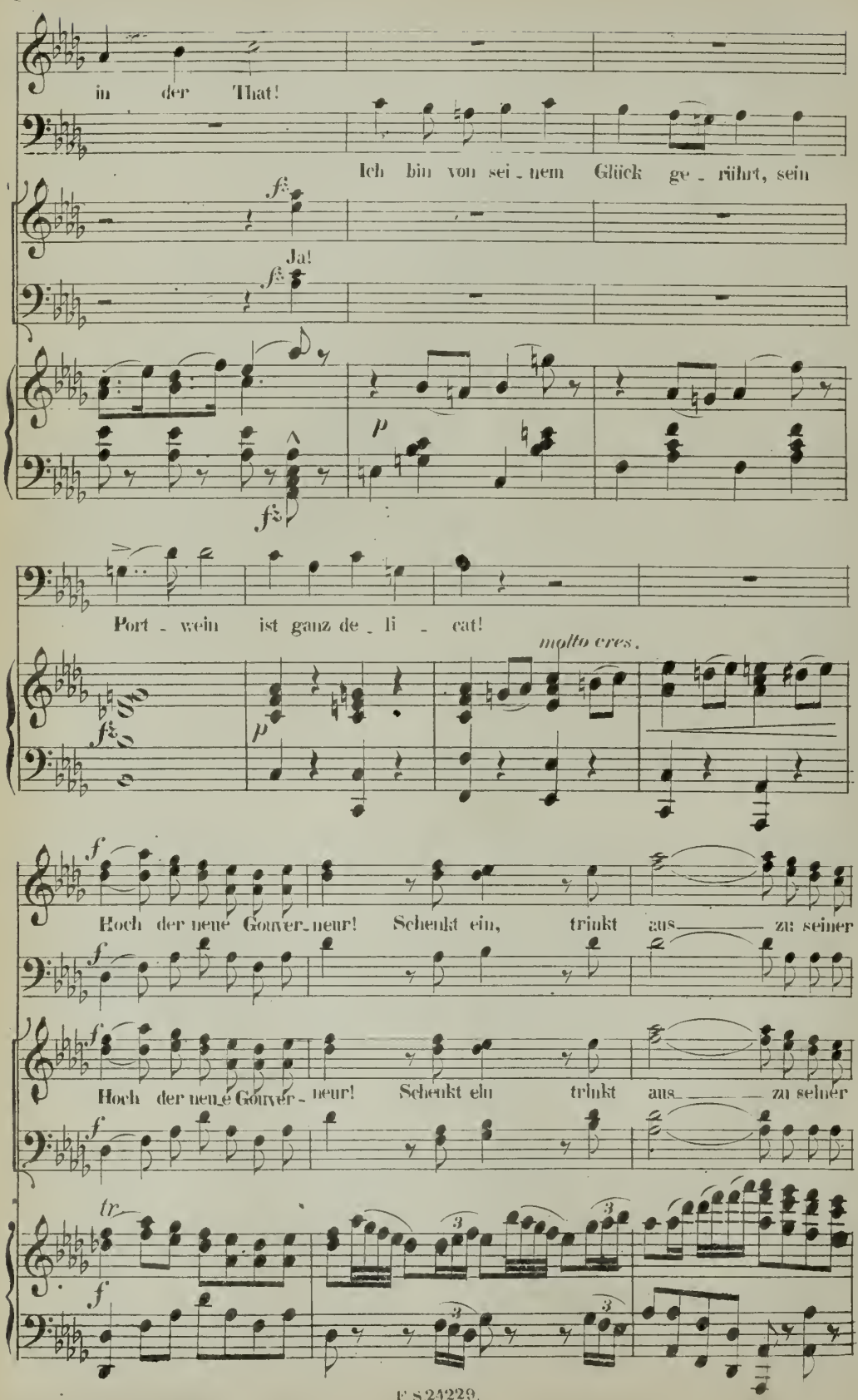


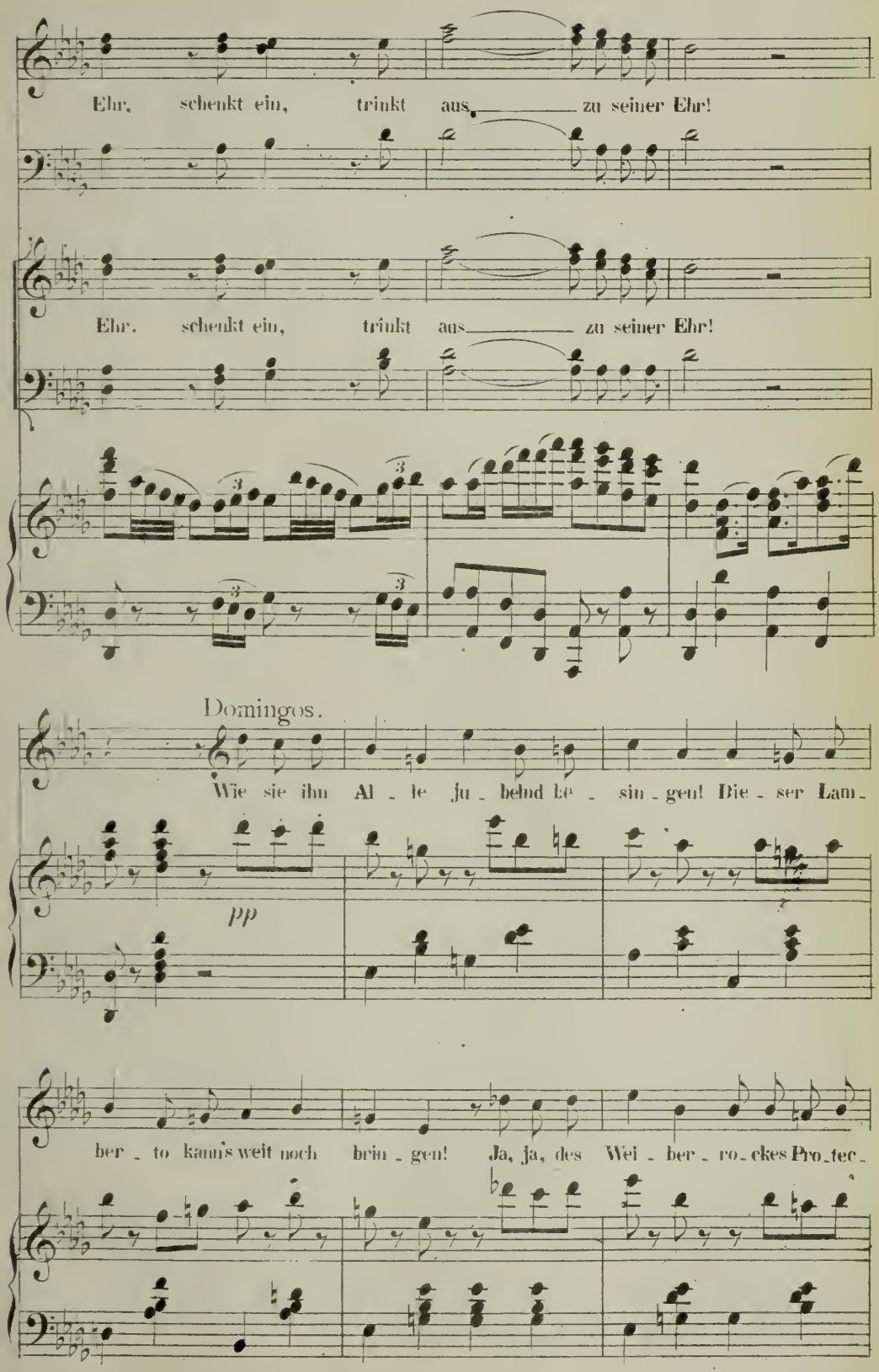
Attacca N° 1.

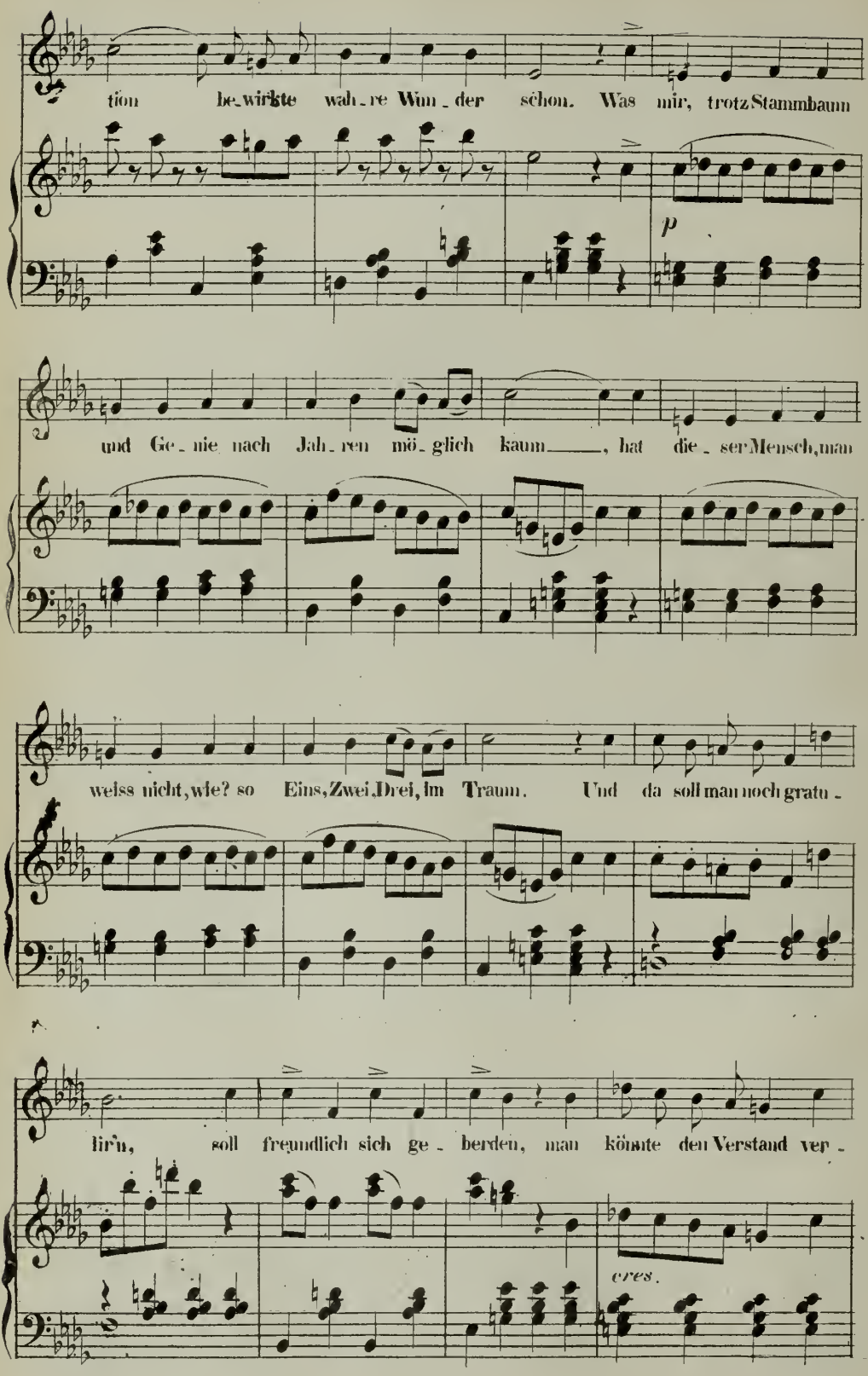

Allegro non troppo.
Lambert.
Francesco.Joaquino.
Norberto.
Tenor.
Chor der Offiziere.
Bass.
Allegro non troppo.
PIANO.
Hoch der neue Gouver_neur!
Hell kliuget an,
Hoch der neue Gouver_neur!
Hell kliuget
Hoch der neue Gouver_neur!
Hell kliuget an,
Hell kliuget

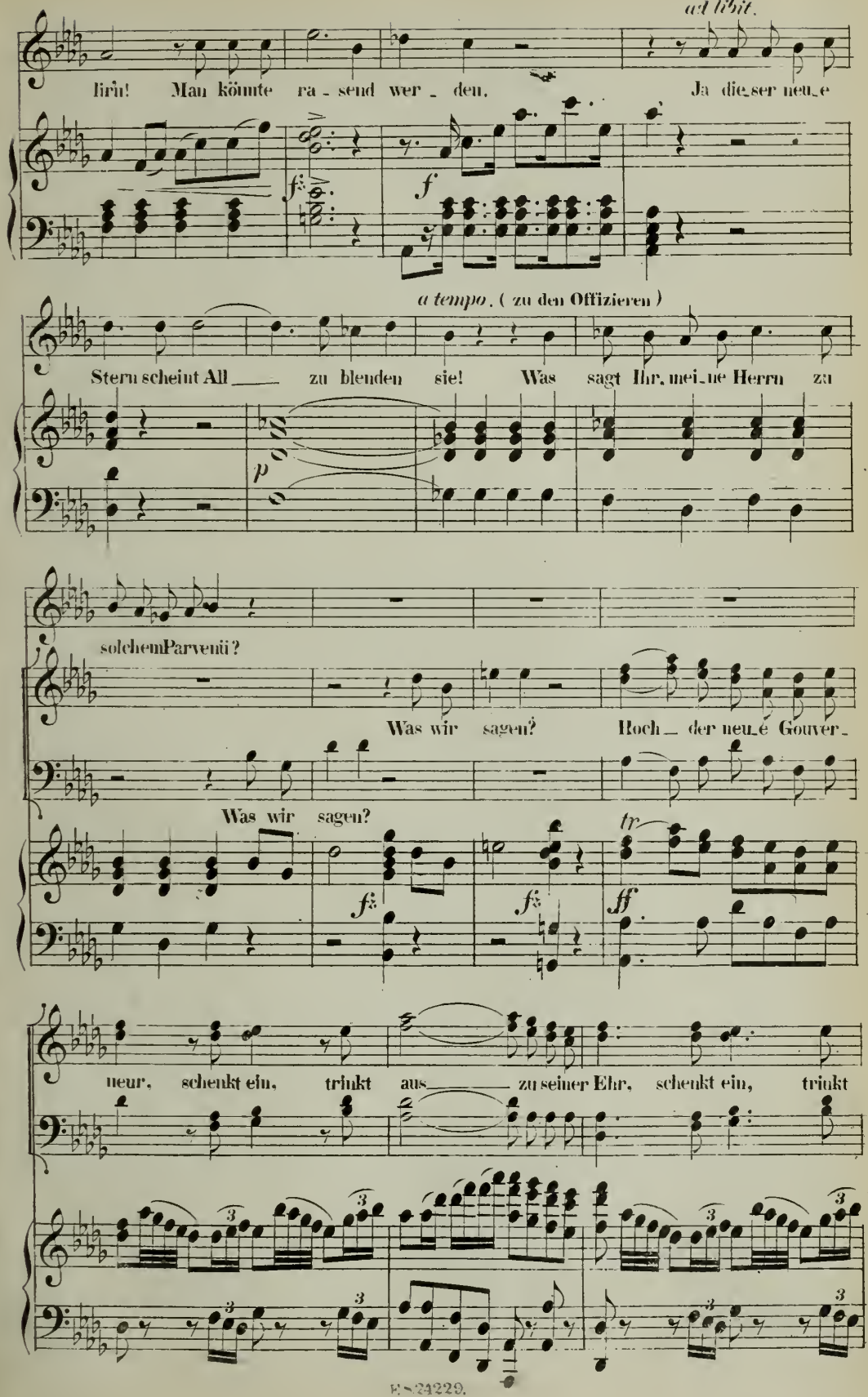

schnell trin_ket dann die Glä _ ser leer zu seiner Ehr! Hoch der neu_e Gouver_
an, schnell trinkt die Glä _ ser leer zu seiner Ehr! Hoch der neue Gouver_
schnell trin_ket dann die Glä _ ser leer zu seiner Ehr! Hoch der neue Gouver_
an, schnell trinkt die Glä _ ser leer zu seiner Ehr! Hoch der neue Gouver_
neur, schenkt ein, trinkt aus zu seiner Ehr, schenkt ein trinkt
neur, schenkt ein, trinkt aus zu seiner Ehr, schenkt ein trinkt
neur, schenkt ein, trinkt aus zu seiner Ehr, schenkt ein trinkt

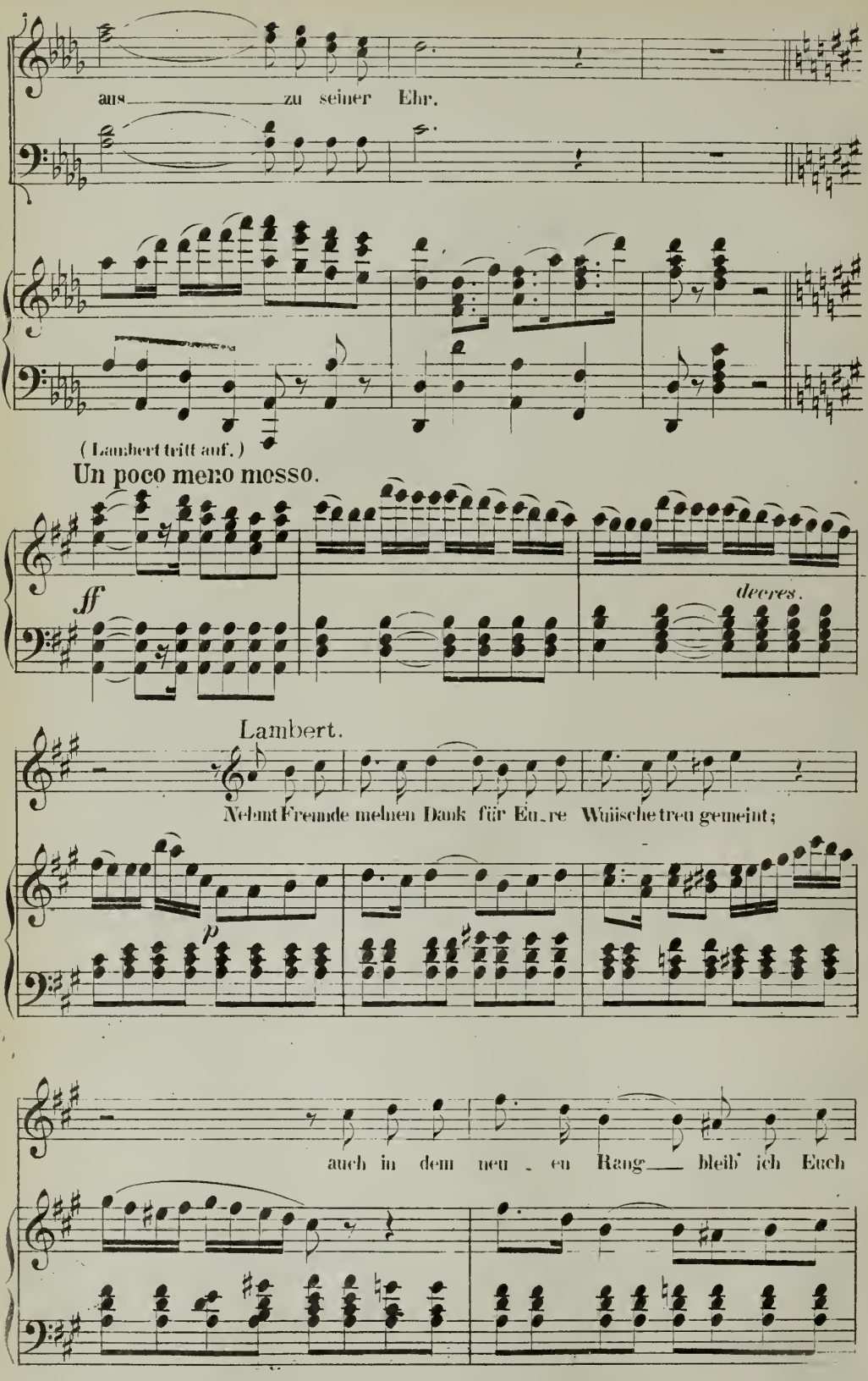

Francesco.
aus zu seiner Ehr! Ob er auch glän-zend
aus zu seiner Ehr!
aus zu seiner Ehr!
p
a - van-cirt, er blieb uns wa - ckrer Ka - me - rad!
fz
Ja!
fz
Joaquino.
Ihm sei von Her-zen gra - tu-lirt, denn er ver-dient es
p

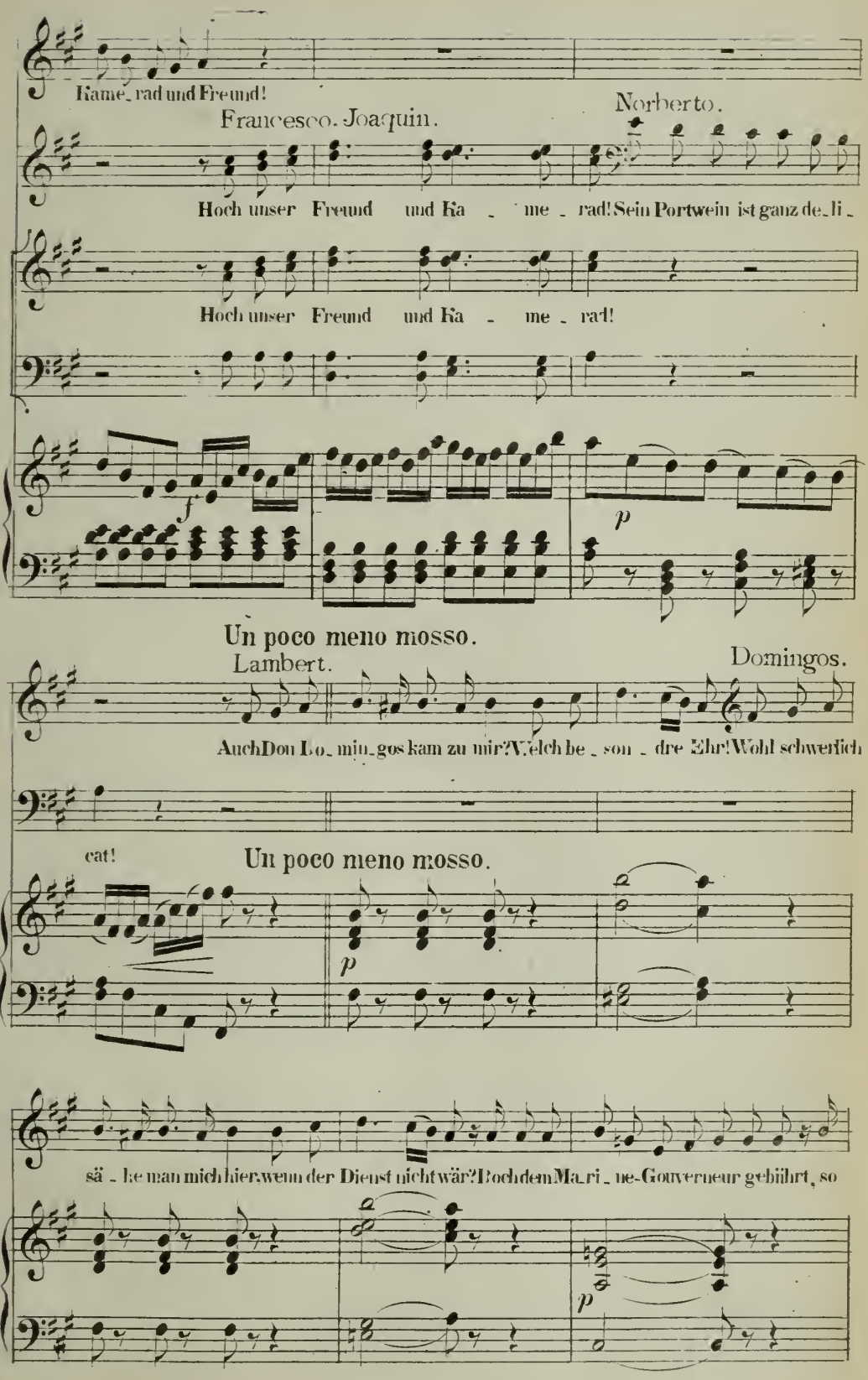

in der That!
Ich bin von sei - nem Glück ge - rührt, sein
Ja!
Port - wein ist ganz de - li - cat!
molto cres.
Hoch der neue Gouver - neur! Schenkt ein, trinkt aus zu seiner
Hoch der neue Gouver - neur! Schenkt ein trinkt aus zu seiner
tr

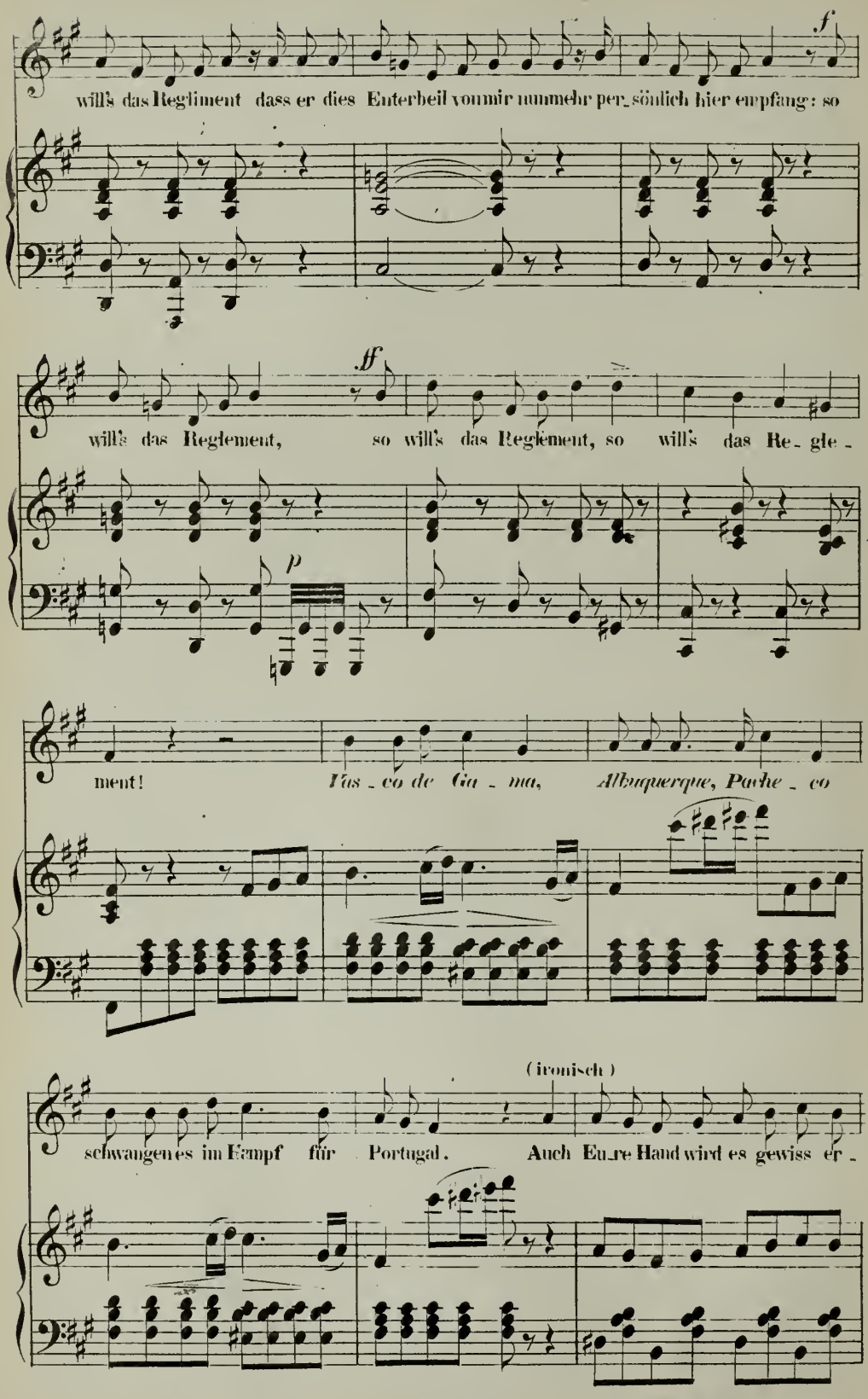

Ehr, schenkt ein, trinkt aus, zu seiner Ehr!
Ehr, schenkt ein, trinkt aus zu seiner Ehr!
Domingos.
Wie sie ihn Al - le ju - belnd be - sin - gen! Die - ser Lam -
pp
ber - to kann's weit noch brin - gen! Ja, ja, des Wei - ber - ro - ckes Pro - tec -


tion be-wirkte wah-re Wun-der schon. Was mir, trotz Stammbaum
p
und Ge-nie nach Jah-ren mö-glich kaum, hat die-ser Mensch, man
weiss nicht, wie? so Eins, Zwei, Drei, im Traum. Und da soll man noch gratu-
lir'n, soll freundlich sich ge-berden, man könnte den Verstand ver-
cres.


ad libit.
lirn! Man könnte ra - send wer - den, Ja die_ser neu_e
a tempo. (zu den Offizieren)
Stern scheint All ___ zu blenden sie! Was sagt Ihr, mei_ne Herrn zu
solchem Parvenü?
Was wir sagen? Roch _ der neu_e Gouver_
Was wir sagen?
neur, schenkt ein, trinkt aus ___ zu seiner Ehr, schenkt ein, trinkt


aus zu seiner Ehr.
(Lambert tritt auf.)
Un poco meno mosso.
ff
decres.
Lambert.
Nehmt Fremde meinen Dank für Eu_re Wünsche treu gemeint;
p
auch in dem neu_en Rang bleib ich Euch


Kame_rad und Freund!
Francesco. Joaquin.
Norberto.
Hoch unser Freund und Ka _ me _ rad! Sein Portwein ist ganz de_li _
Hoch unser Freund und Ka _ me _ rad!
f
p
Un poco meno mosso.
Lambert.
Domingos.
Auch Don Do_min_gos kam zu mir? Welch be _ son _ dre Ehr! Wohl schwerlich
cat!
Un poco meno mosso.
p
sä _ he man mich hier, wenn der Dienst nicht wär? Doch dem Ma_ri _ ne-Gouverneur gebührt, so
p


f
will's das Regliment dass er dies Enterbeil vonmir nunmehr per_sönlich hier empfang: so
ff
will's das Reglement, so will's das Reglement, so will's das Re_gle_
p
ment! Vas_co de Ga_ma, Albuquerque, Pache_co
(ironisch)
schwangen es im Kampf für Portugal. Auch Eu_re Hand wird es gewiss er_

poco rall. Tempo di Marcia.

hal - ten hübsch blank und rein in je - dem Fall!

poco rall.

mf

Lambert. (mit Noblesse)

Der Kö - ni - gin und Por - tu - gal ist die - ser

ff mf

Arm geweiht! Für sie bin Blut und Le - ben ich zu o - pfern stets be -

f mf

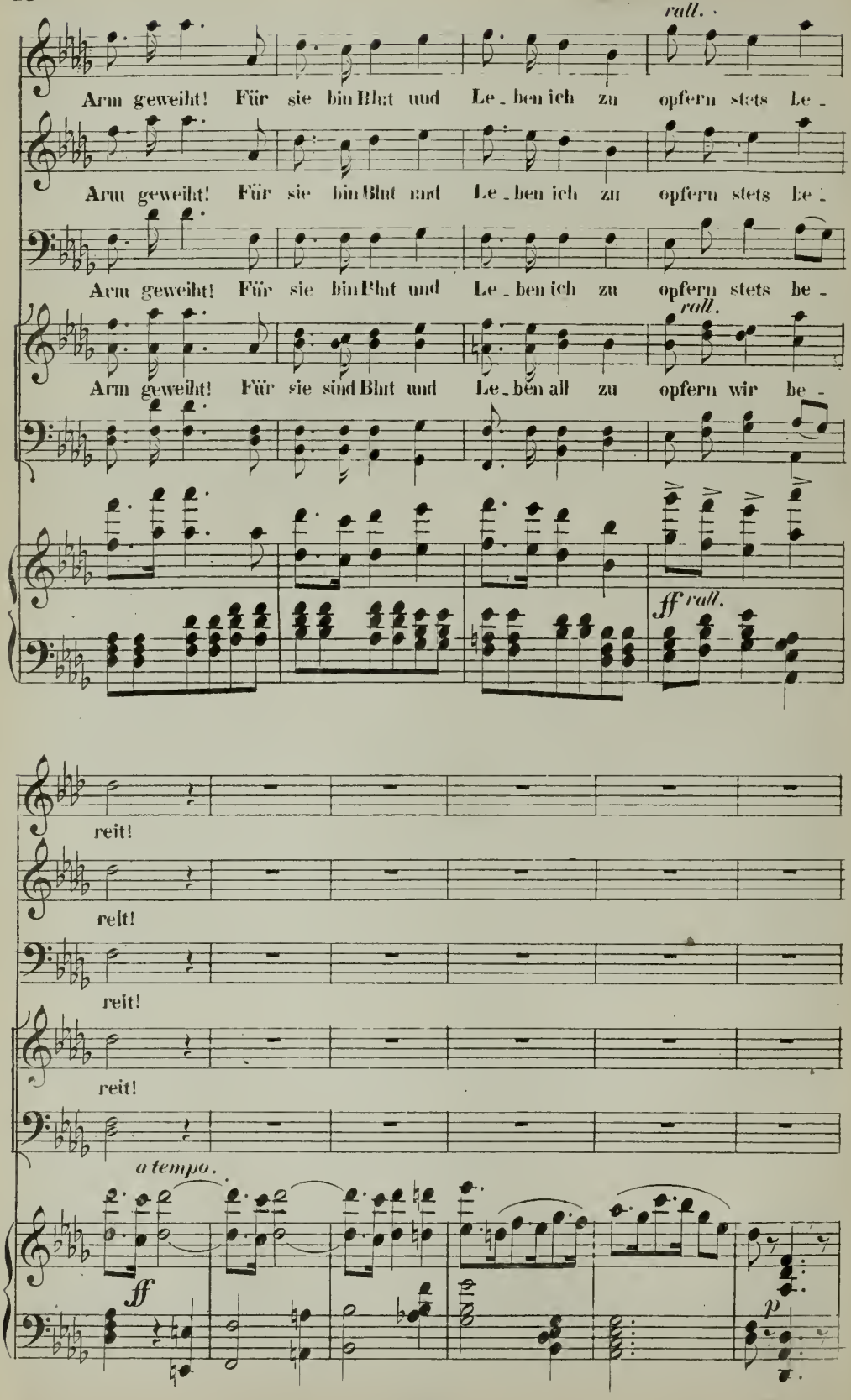
reit! Ja ——— ! Por - tu - gal bleibt die - ser

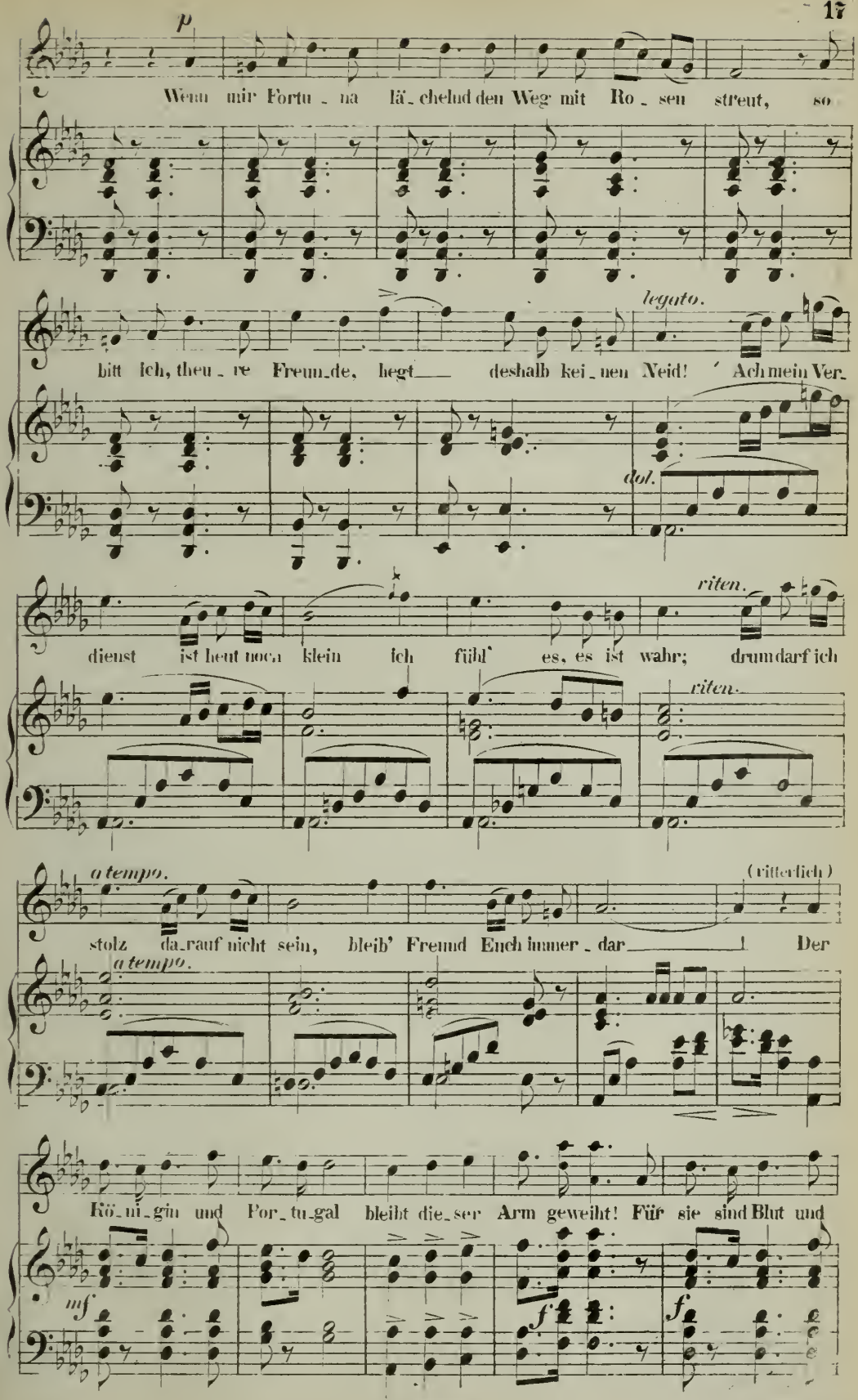
Der Kö - ni - gin und Por - tu - gal bleibt die - ser

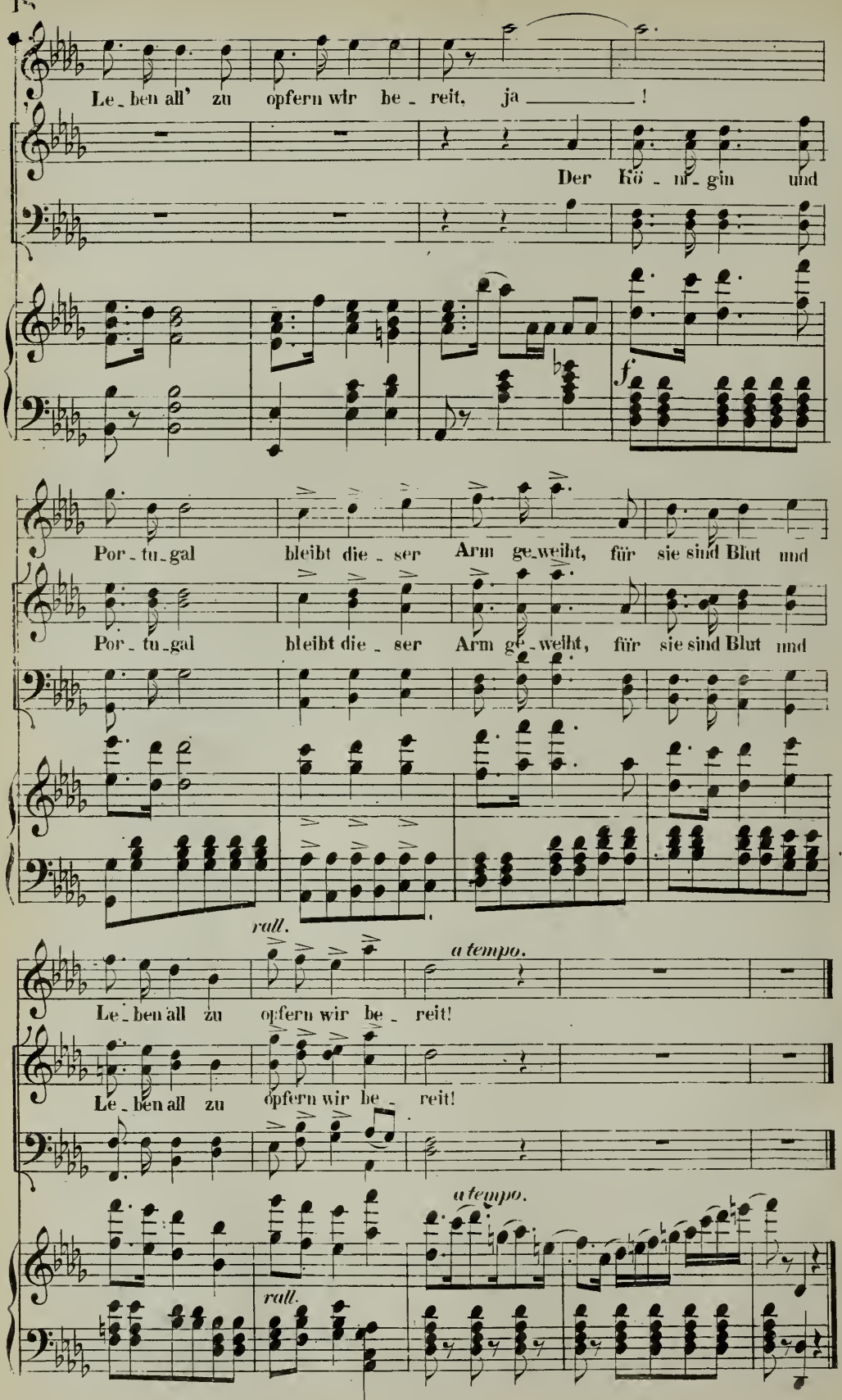
Der Kö - ni - gin und Por - tu - gal bleibt die - ser

Der Kö - ni - gin und Por - tu - gal bleibt die - ser

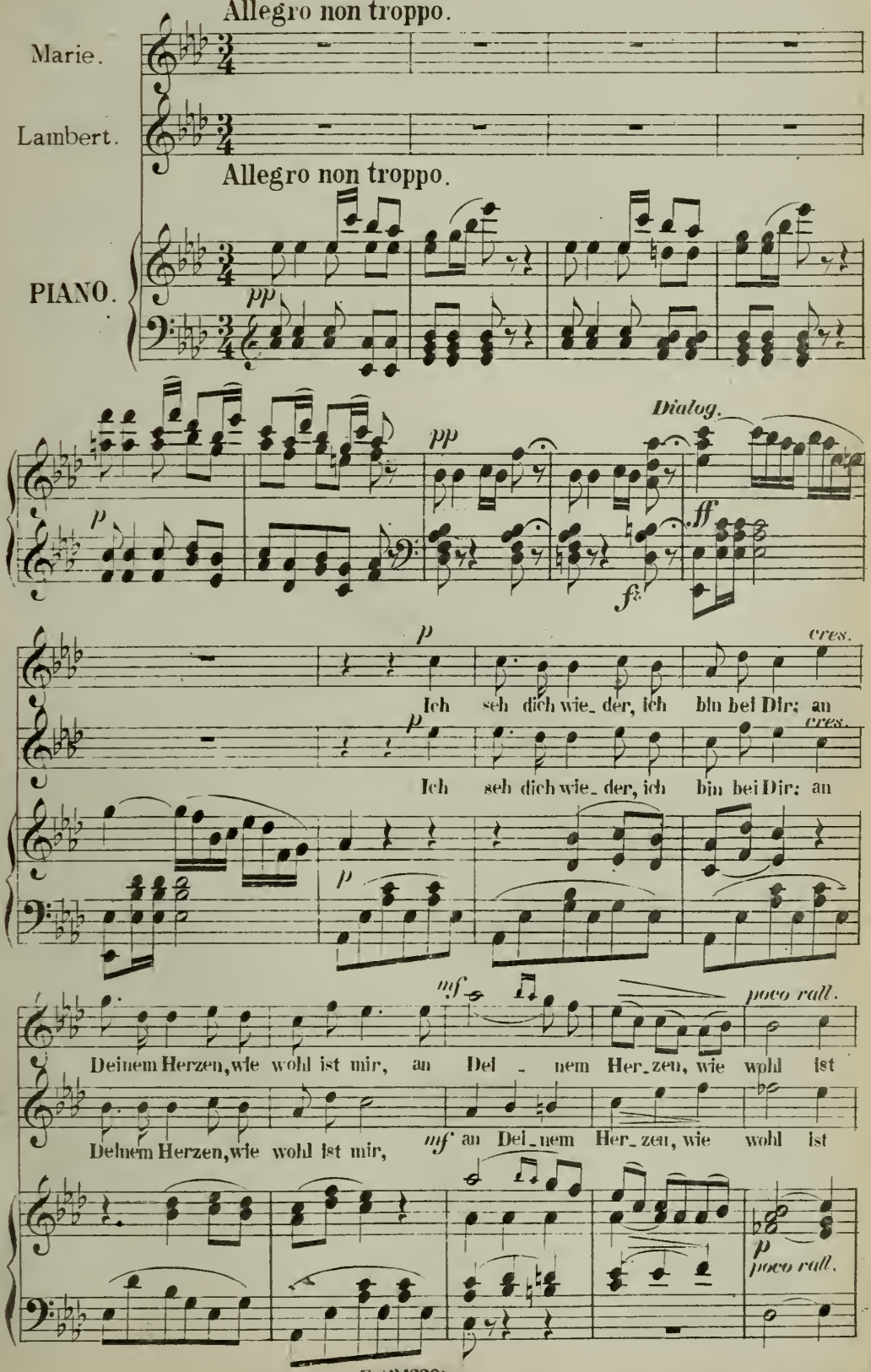
f

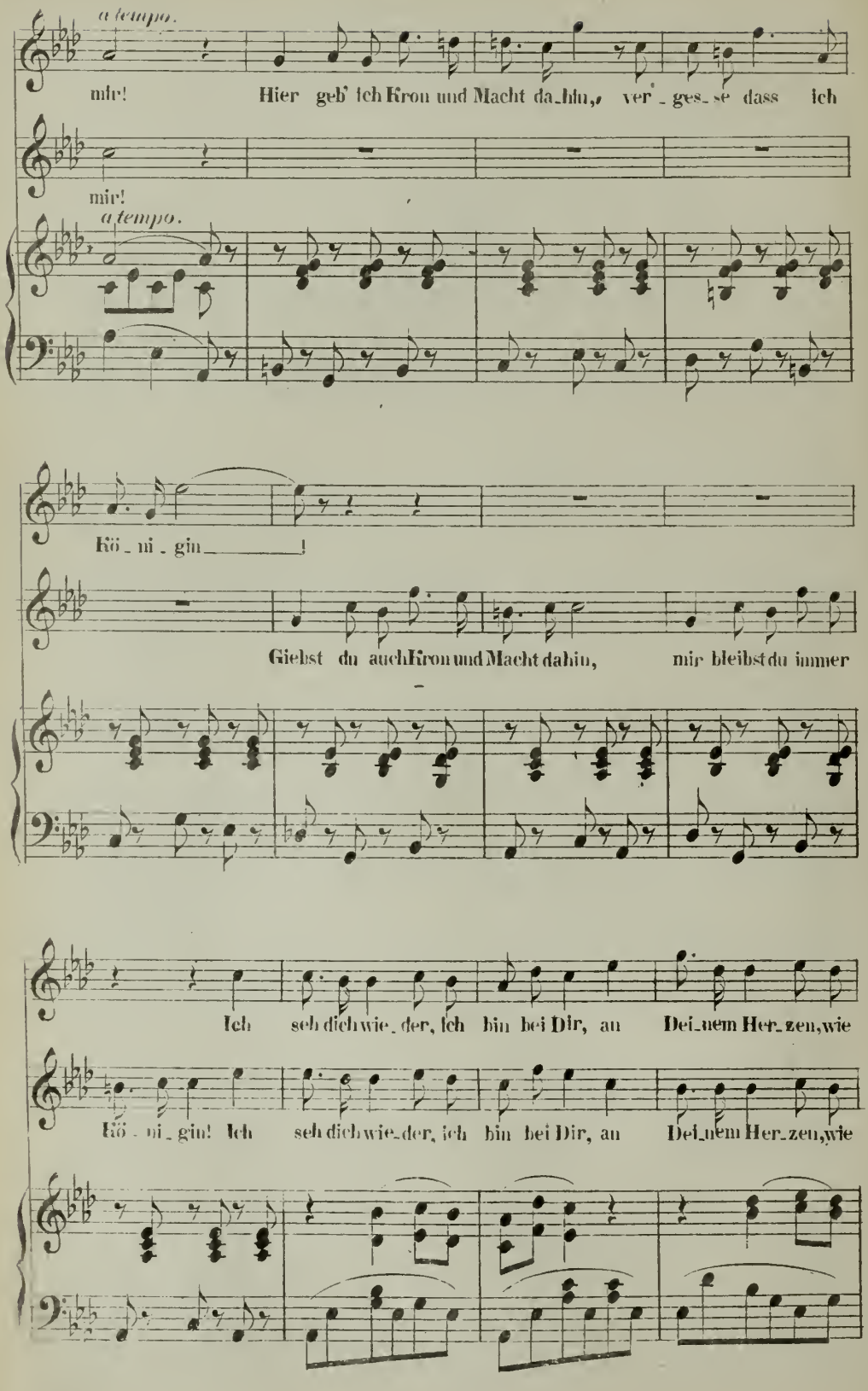

rall.
Arm geweiht! Für sie bin Blut und Le_ben ich zu opfern stets Le_
Arm geweiht! Für sie bin Blut und Le_ben ich zu opfern stets be_
Arm geweiht! Für sie bin Blut und Le_ben ich zu opfern stets be_
rall.
Arm geweiht! Für sie sind Blut und Le_ben all zu opfern wir be_
ff rall.
reit!
reit!
reit!
reit!
a tempo.
ff
p

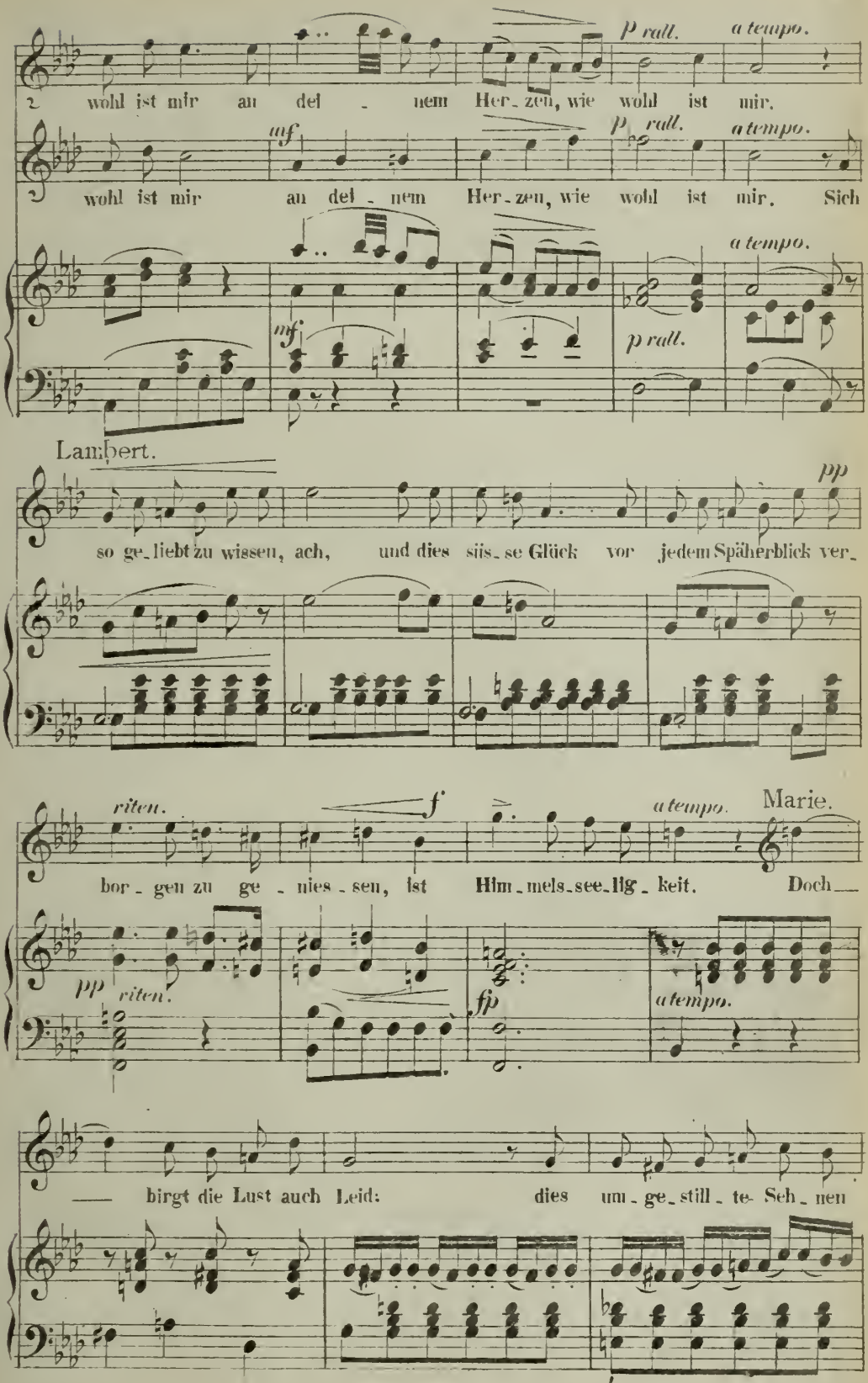

p
Wenn mir Fortu_na lä_chelnd den Weg mit Ro_sen streut, so
legato.
bitt ich, theu_re Freun_de, hegt deshalb kei_nen Neid! Ach mein Ver_
dol.
riten.
dienst ist heut noch klein ich fühl' es, es ist wahr; drum darf ich
riten.
a tempo.
(ritterlich)
stolz da_rauf nicht sein, bleib' Freund Euch immer_dar Der
a tempo.
Kö_ni_gin und Por_tu_gal bleibt die_ser Arm geweiht! Für sie sind Blut und
mf
f
f


Le_ben all' zu opfern wir be_reit, ja _____!
Der Kö_nig in und
Por_tu_gal bleibt die_ser Arm ge_weiht, für sie sind Blut und
Por_tu_gal bleibt die_ser Arm ge_weiht, für sie sind Blut und
rall.
a tempo.
Le_ben all zu opfern wir be_reit!
Le_ben all zu opfern wir be_reit!
a tempo.
rall.

№ 2. Duettino.


Allegro non troppo.
Marie.
Lambert.
Allegro non troppo.
PIANO.
pp
Dialog.
p
pp
ff
fz
p
cres.
Ich seh dich wie_der, ich bin bei Dir; an
p
cres.
Ich seh dich wie_der, ich bin bei Dir; an
p
mf
poco rall.
Deinem Herzen, wie wohl ist mir, an Del_nem Her_zen, wie wohl ist
Deinem Herzen, wie wohl ist mir,
mf
an Del_nem Her_zen, wie wohl ist
p
poco rall.


a tempo.
mir! Hier geb' ich Kron und Macht da_hin, ver_ges_se dass ich
mir!
a tempo.
Kö_ni_gin!
Giebst du auch Kron und Macht dahin, mir bleibst du immer
Ich seh dich wie_der, ich bin bei Dir, an Dei_nem Her_zen, wie
Kö_ni_gin! Ich seh dich wie_der, ich bin bei Dir, an Dei_nem Her_zen, wie


p rall.
a tempo.
wohl ist mir an del - nem Her - zen, wie wohl ist mir.
wohl ist mir an del - nem Her - zen, wie wohl ist mir. Sich
Lambert.
pp
so ge - liebt zu wissen, ach, und dies siis - se Glück vor jedem Späherblick ver -
riten.
f
Marie.
bor - gen zu ge - nies - sen, ist Him - mels - see - lig - keit. Doch
pp
riten.
fp
— birgt die Lust auch Leid: dies um - ge - still - te Seh - nen

Lambert.

appassionato.

das ich ber_ge kann, lässt mich dich treu_los wäh_nen. Ich

decres. rall. a tempo.

treu_los? Dir treu_los Welch_____ ein Traum_____

a tempo. cres. mf

Ich seh Dich wieder, ich bin bei Dir. An Deinem Herzen, wie wohl ist mir an

cres.

_____! Ich seh Dich wieder, ich bin bei Dir. An Deinem Herzen, wie wohl ist mir

cres.

rall.

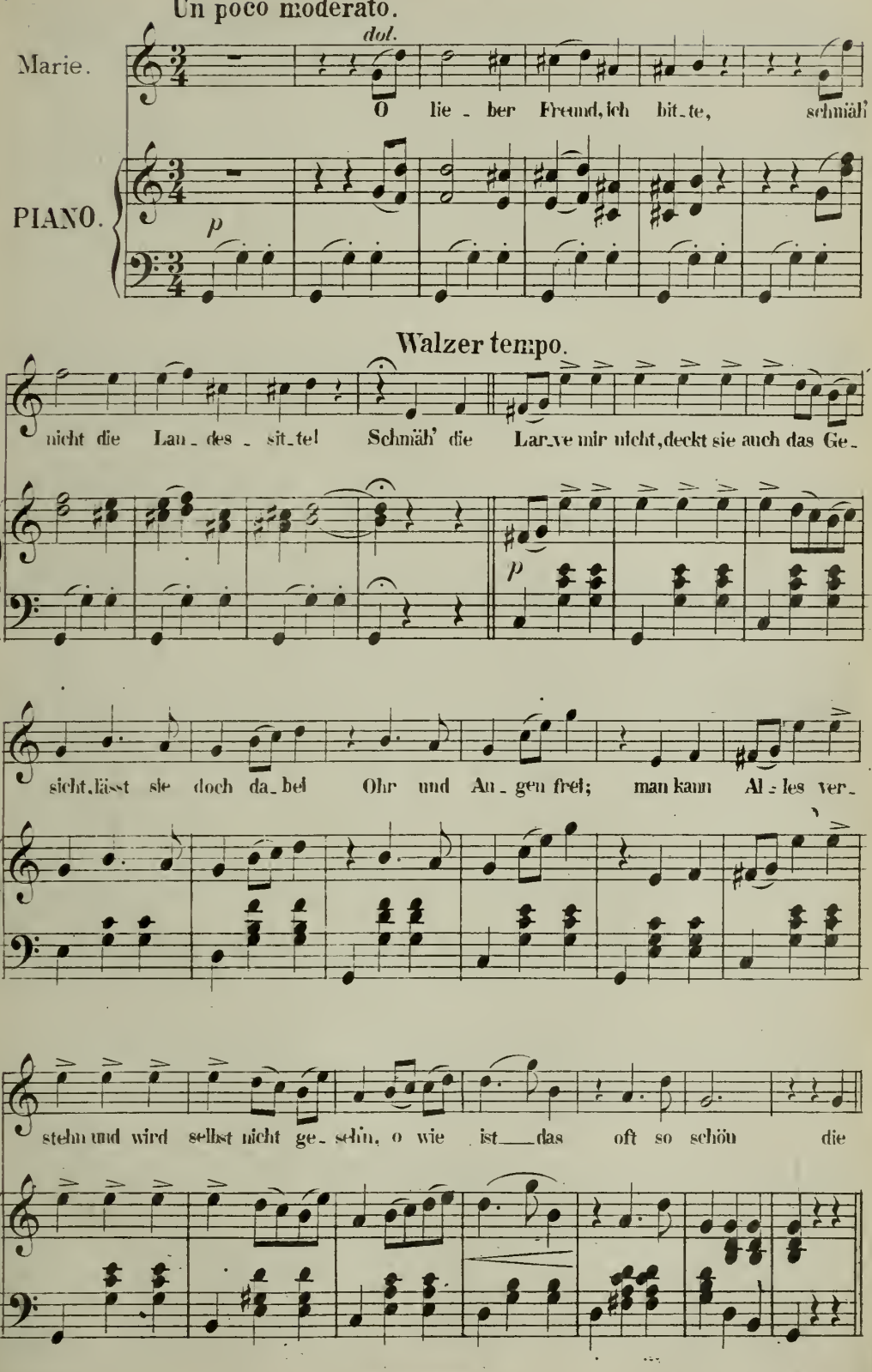
dei_nem Her_zen, wie wohl ist mir_____!

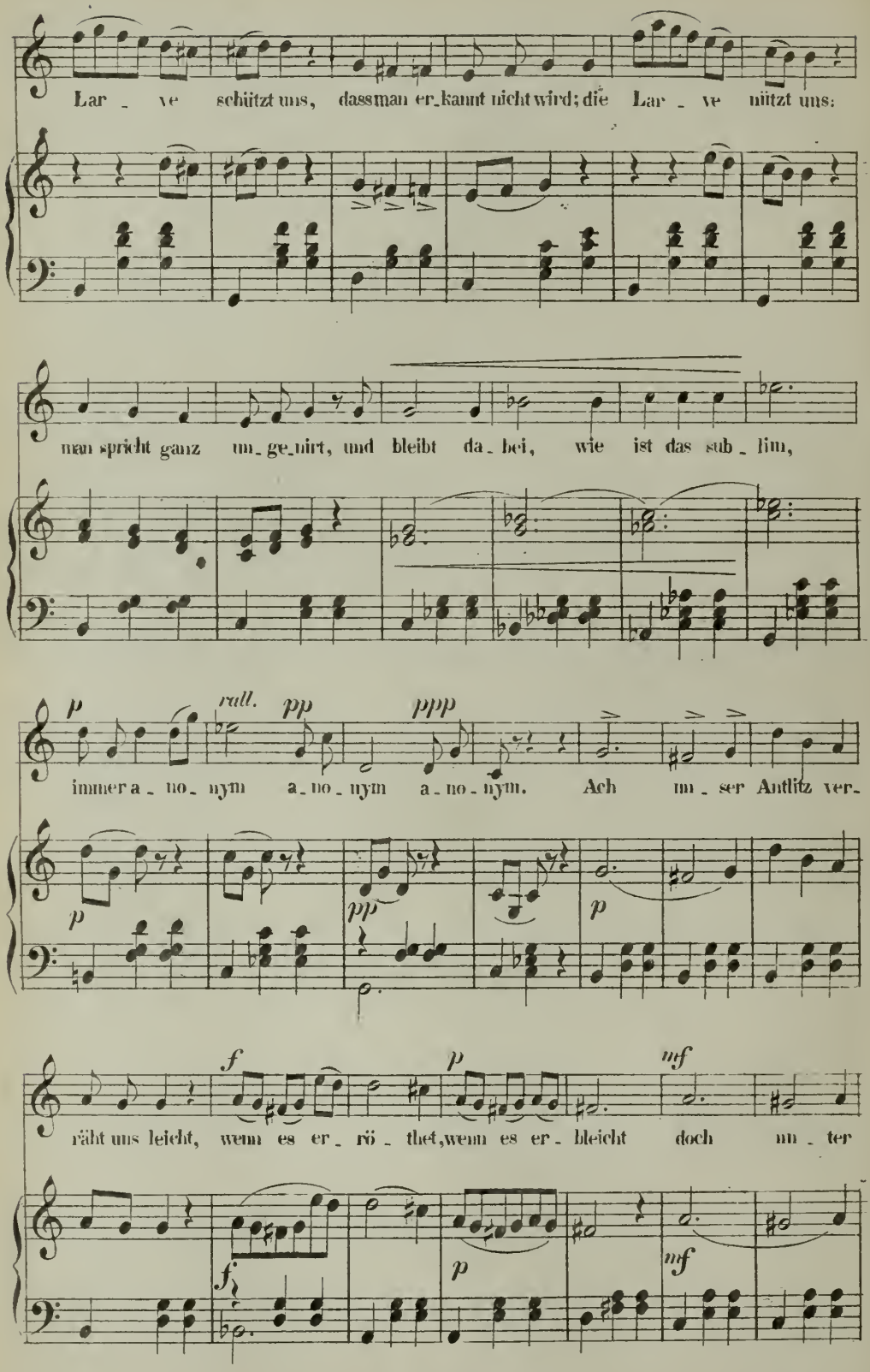
rall

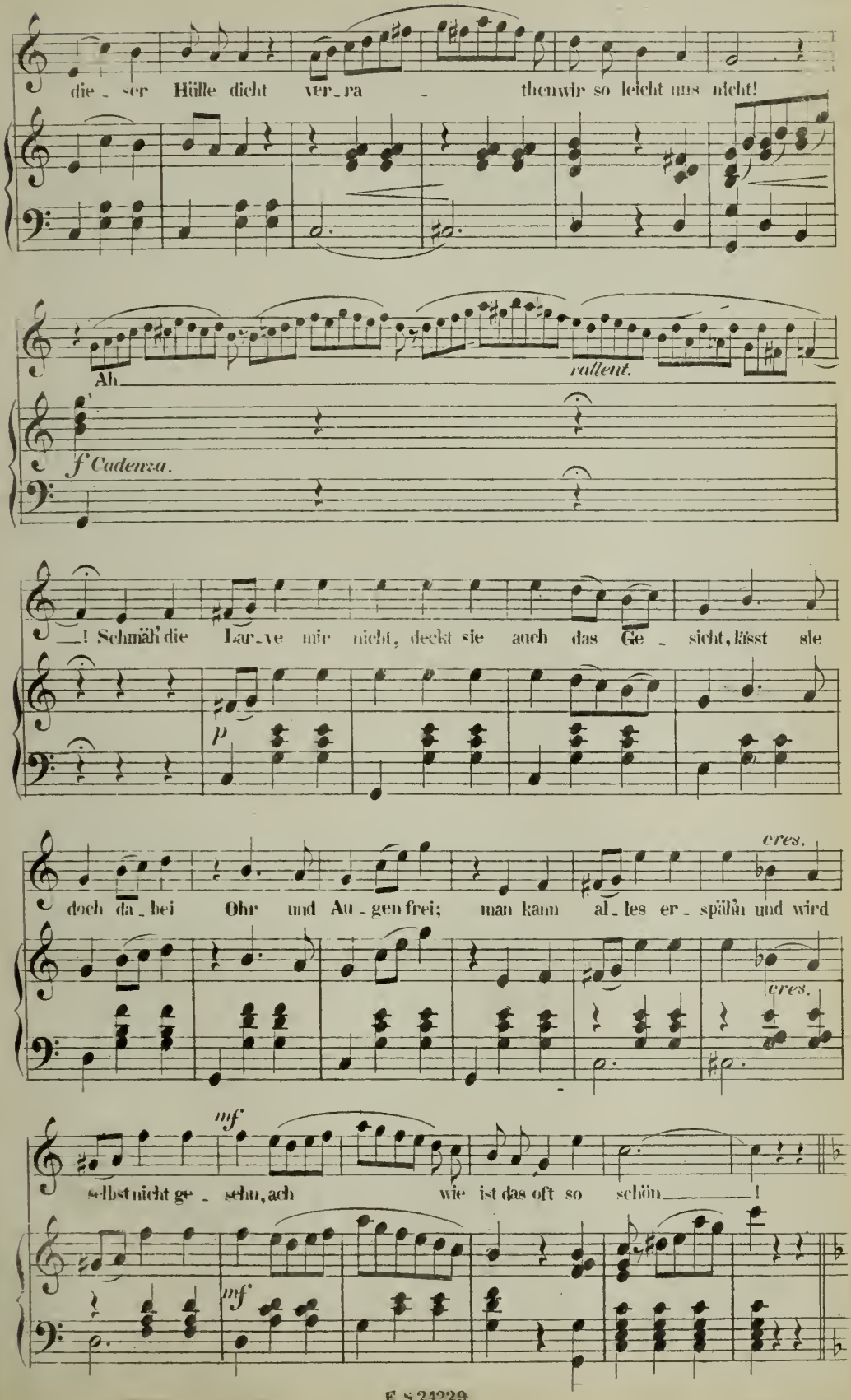
an dei_nem Her_zen, wie wohl ist mir_____!

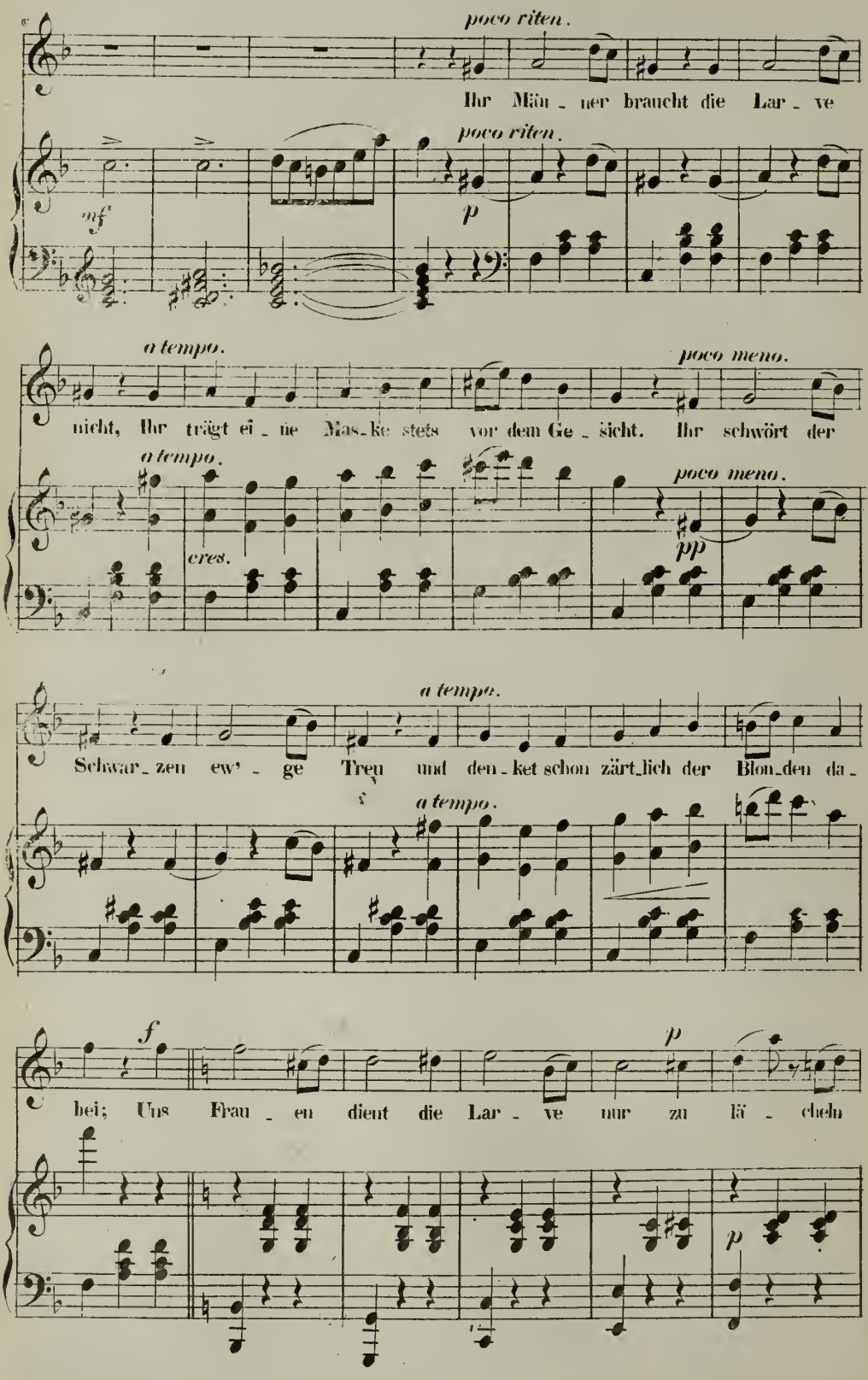
rall.

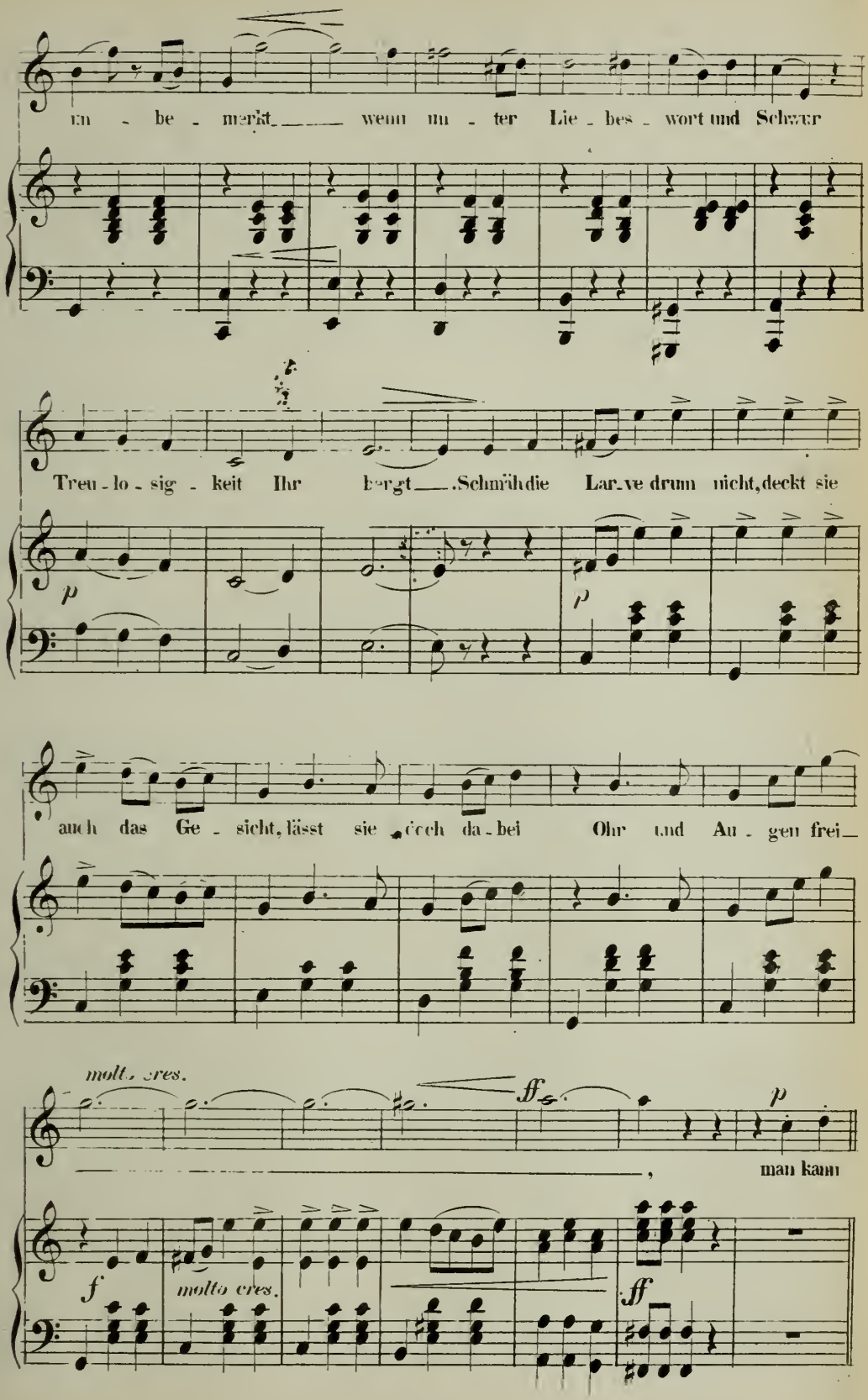
№3. Walzer-Rondo.

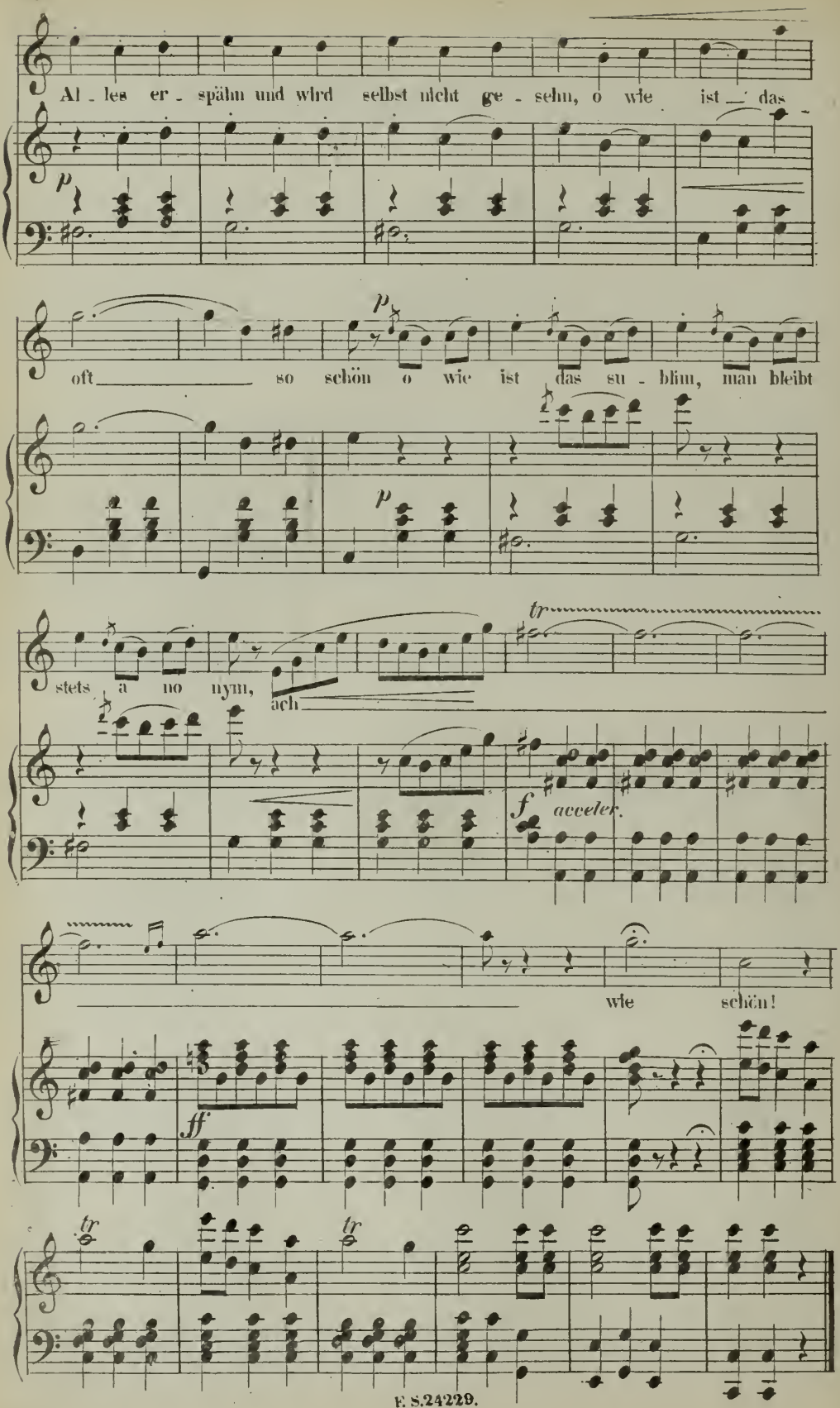



Lar - ve schützt uns, dass man er-kannt nicht wird; die Lar - ve nützt uns:
man spricht ganz un-ge-nirt, und bleibt da-bei, wie ist das sub-lim,
p rall. pp ppp
immer a-no-nym a-no-nym a-no-nym. Ach un-ser Antlitz ver-
p pp p
f p mf
räht uns leicht, wenn es er-rö-thet, wenn es er-bleicht doch un-ter
f p mf

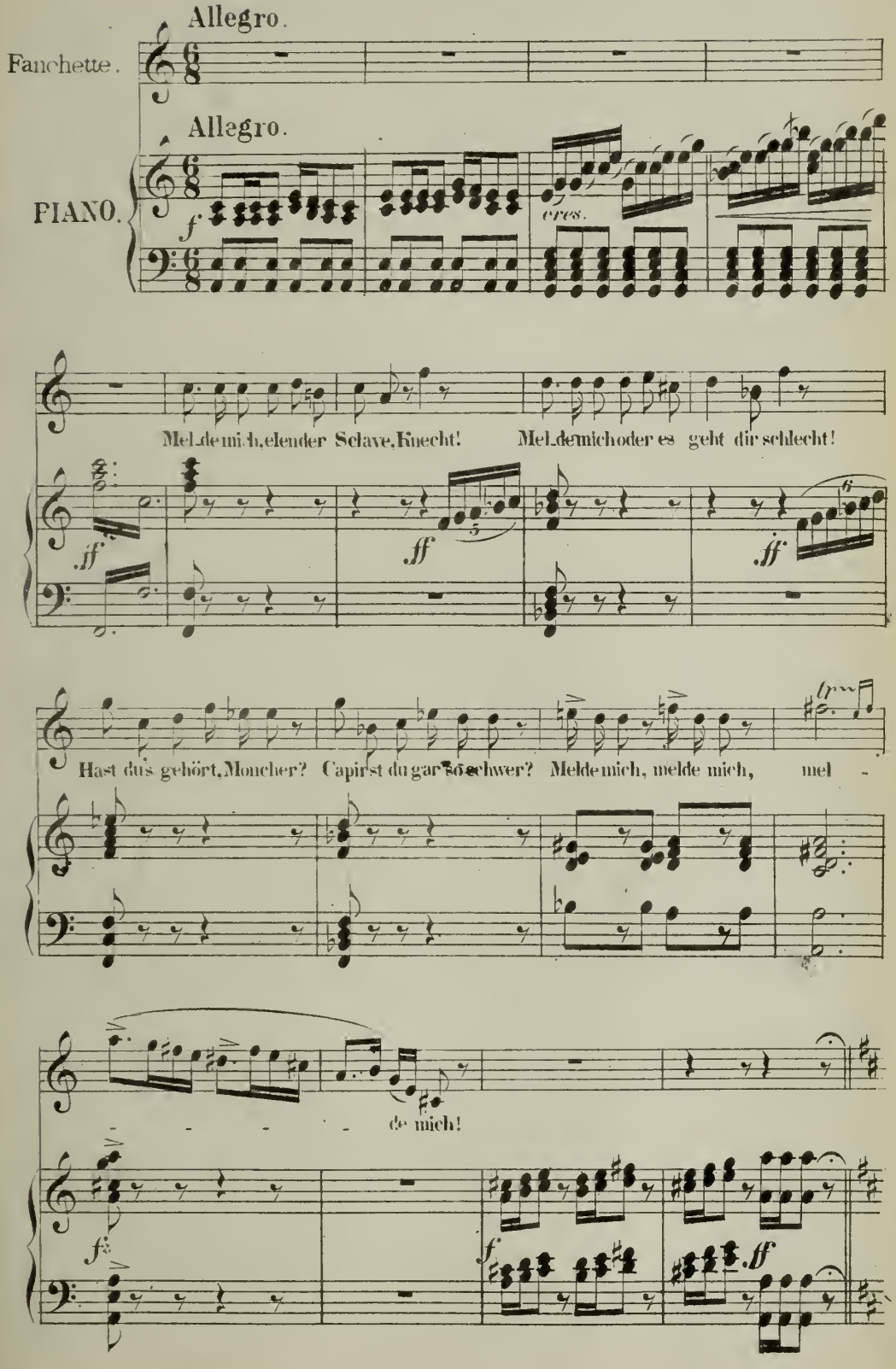

die - ser Hülle dicht ver - ra - thenwir so leicht uns nicht!
Ah
rallent.
f Cadenza.
! Schmäh die Lar - ve mir nicht, deckt sie auch das Ge - sicht, lässt sie
p
cres.
doch da - bei Ohr und Au - gen frei; man kann al - les er - spähn und wird
cres.
mf
selbst nicht ge - sehn, ach wie ist das oft so schön !
mf


poco riten.
Ihr Män_ner braucht die Lar_ve
poco riten.
mf
p
a tempo.
poco meno.
nicht, Ihr trägt ei_ne Mas_ke stets vor dem Ge_sicht. Ihr schwört der
a tempo.
poco meno.
cres.
pp
a tempo.
Schwar_zen ew'_ge Treu und den_ket schon zärt_lich der Blon_den da_
a tempo.
f
p
hei; Uns Frau_en dient die Lar_ve nur zu lä_cheln
p

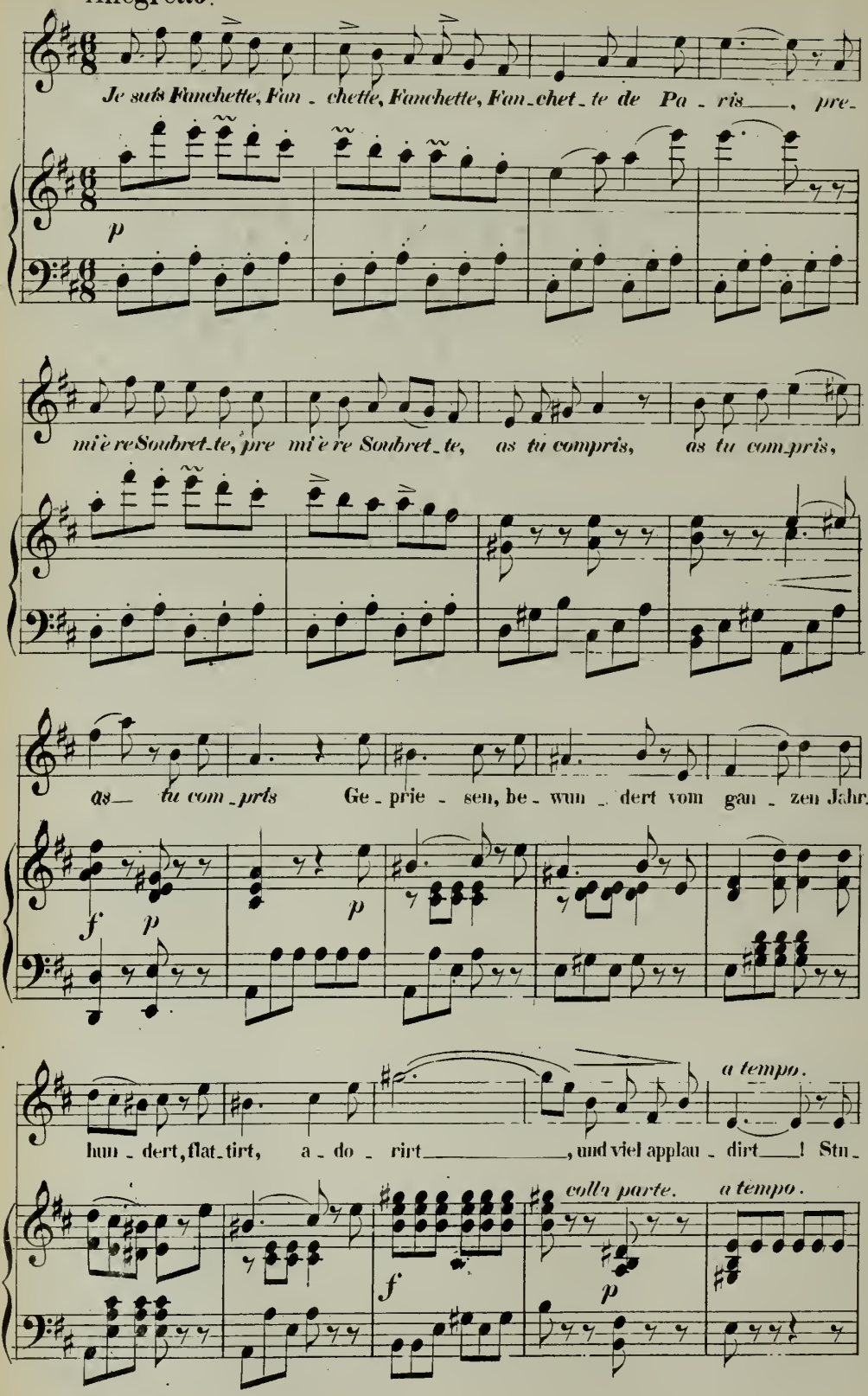

un - be - merkt wenn un - ter Lie - bes - wort und Schwur
Treu - lo - sig - keit Ihr bergt. Schmähdie Lar_ve drum nicht,deckt sie
p
p
auch das Ge - sicht, lässt sie doch da - bei Ohr und Au - gen frei
molto cres.
ff
p
man kann
f
molto cres.
ff

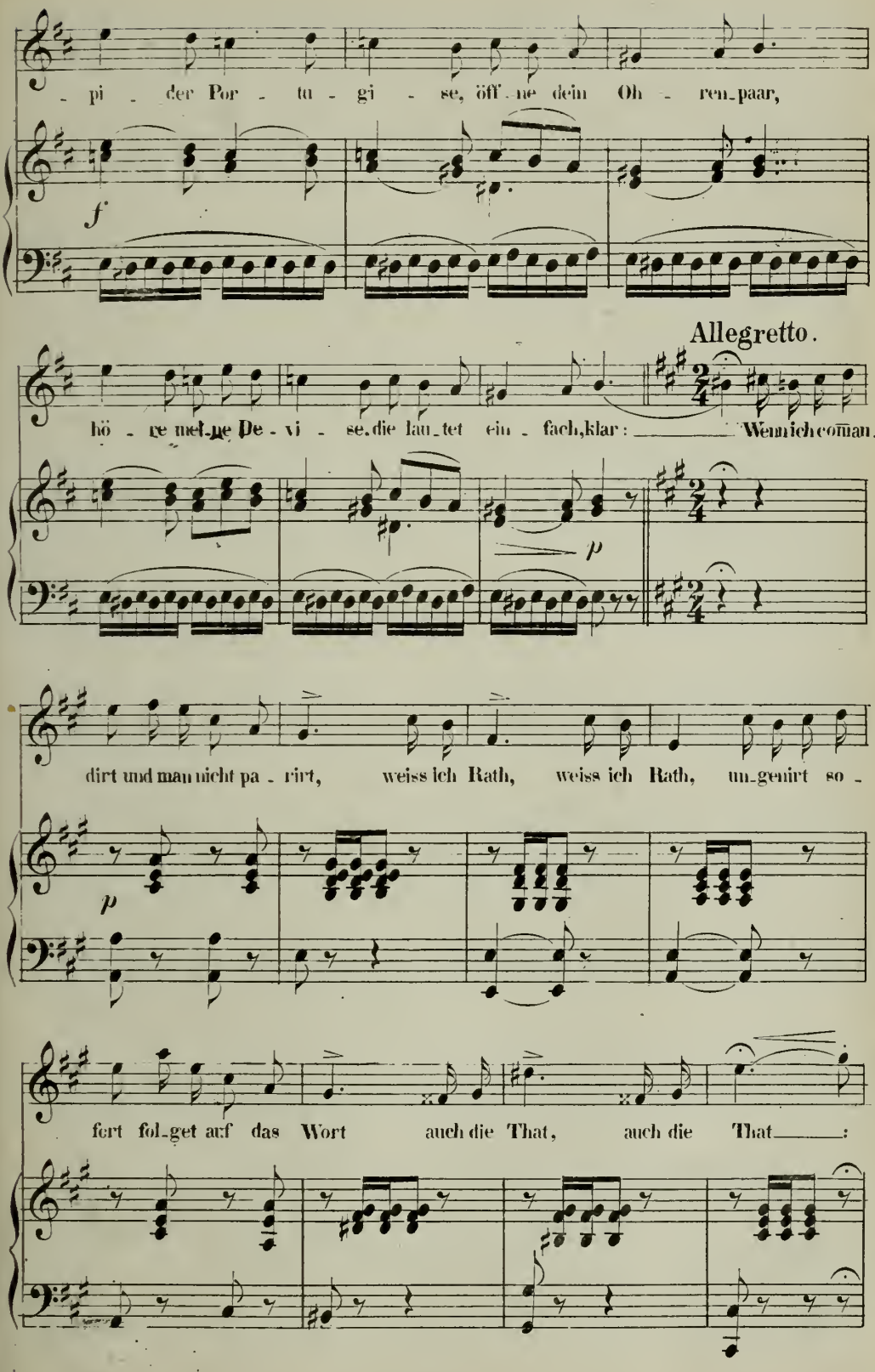

Al - les er - spähn und wird selbst nicht ge - sehn, o wie ist das
p
oft so schön o wie ist das su - blim, man bleibt
p
p
stets a no nym, ach
tr
f acceler.
wie schön!
ff
tr
tr

№4. Auftrittslied.

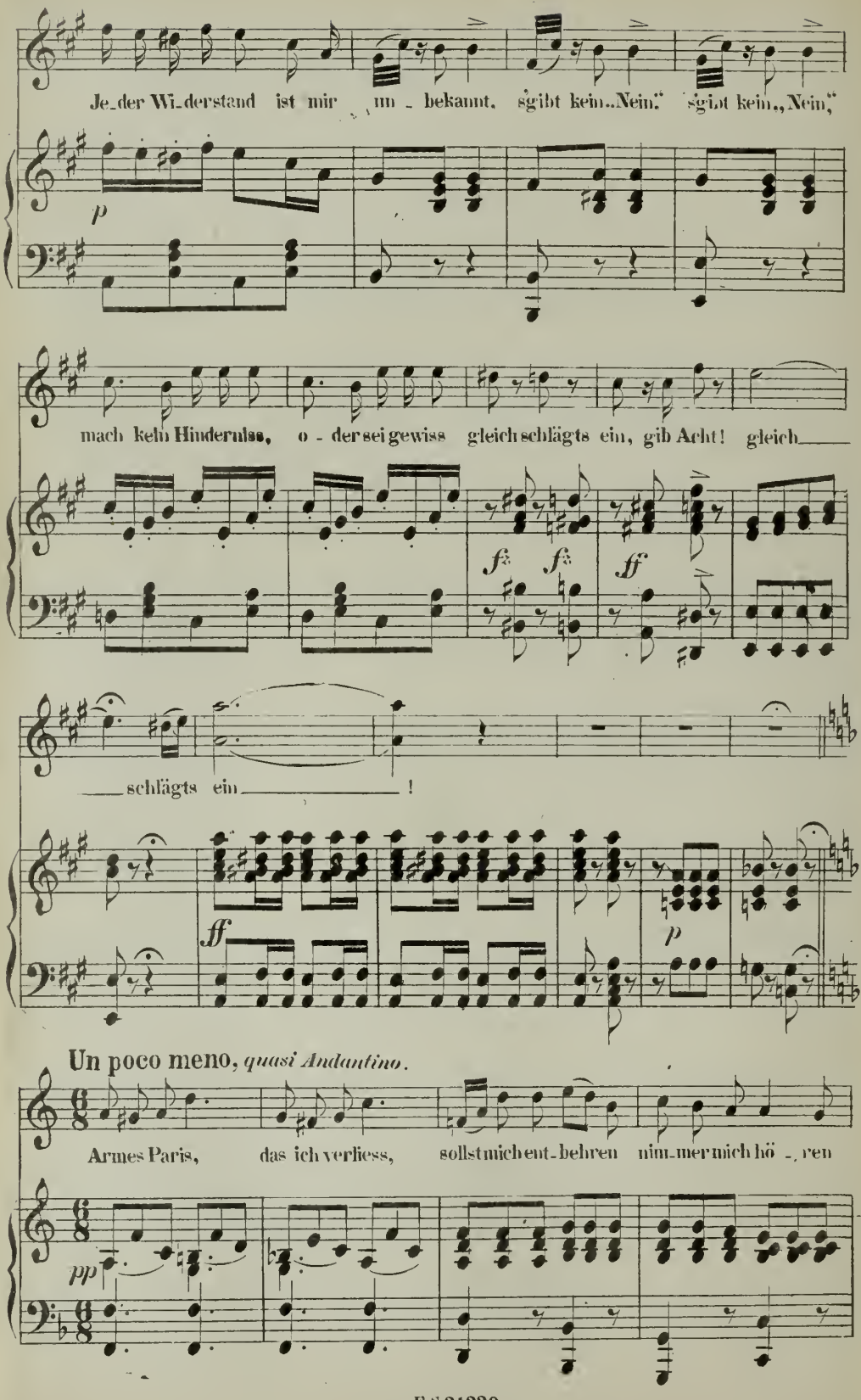


Allegretto.


Je suis Fanchette, Fan - chette, Fanchette, Fan-chet-te de Pa - ris, pre-
p
mi è re Soubret-te, pre mi è re Soubret-te, as tu compris, as tu com-pris,
as tu com-prts Ge - prie - sen, be - wun - dert vom gan - zen Jahr-
f p p
hun - dert, flat-tirt, a - do - rirt, und viel applau - dirt! Stu-
a tempo.
colla parte.
a tempo.
f
p


pi - der Por - tu - gi - se, öff - ne dein Oh - ren_paar,
f
Allegretto.
hö - re mei_ne De - vi - se, die lau_tet ein - fach, klar: Wenn ich coman_
p
dirt und man nicht pa - rirt, weiss ich Rath, weiss ich Rath, un_genirt so -
p
fert fol_get auf das Wort auch die That, auch die That:

Je_der Wi_derstand ist mir un_bekannt, s'gibt kein „Nein," s'gibt kein „Nein,"



p

mach kein Hinderniss, o_der sei gewiss gleich schlägts ein, gib Acht! gleich

f *f* *ff*

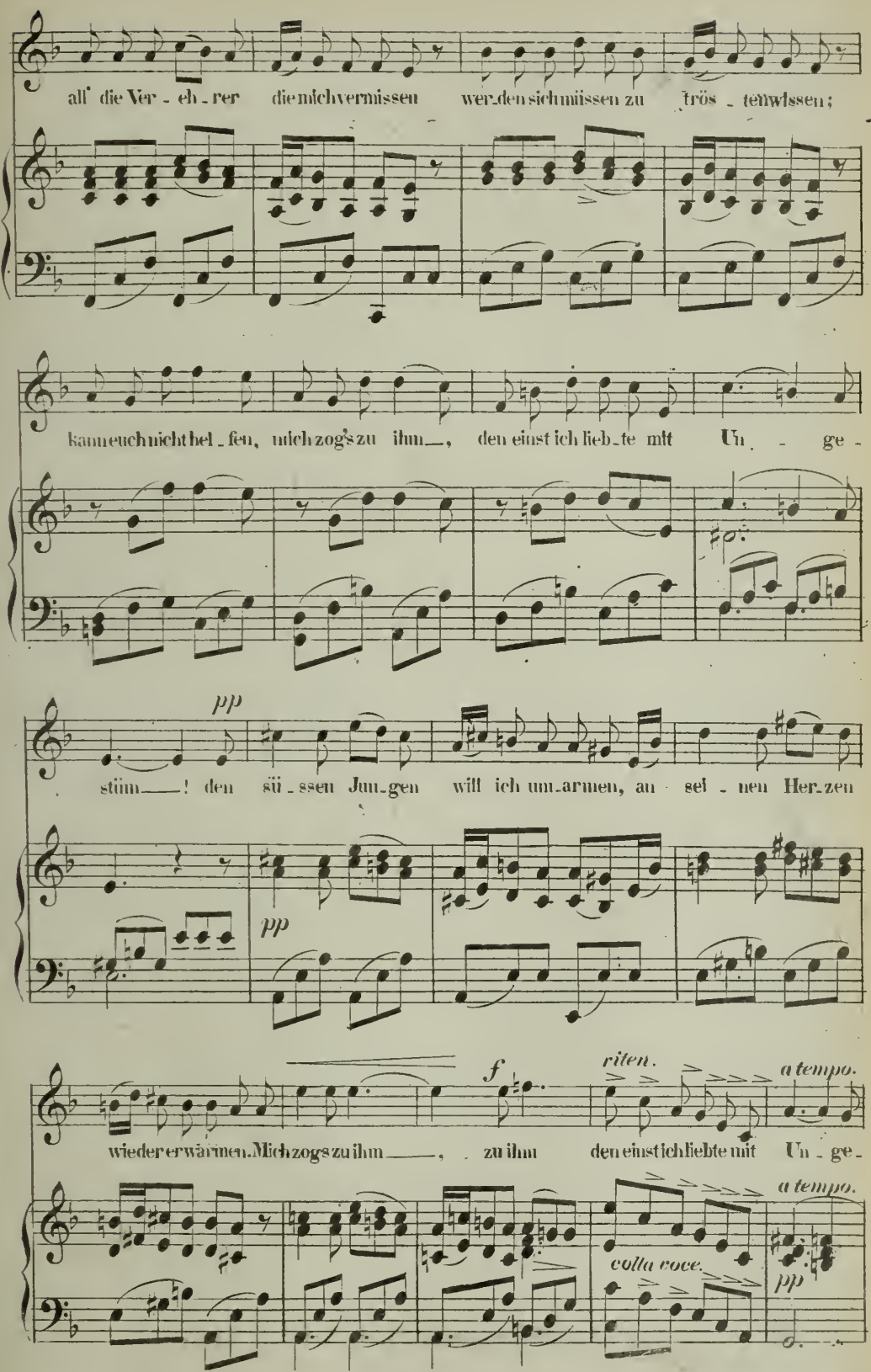
schlägts ein!

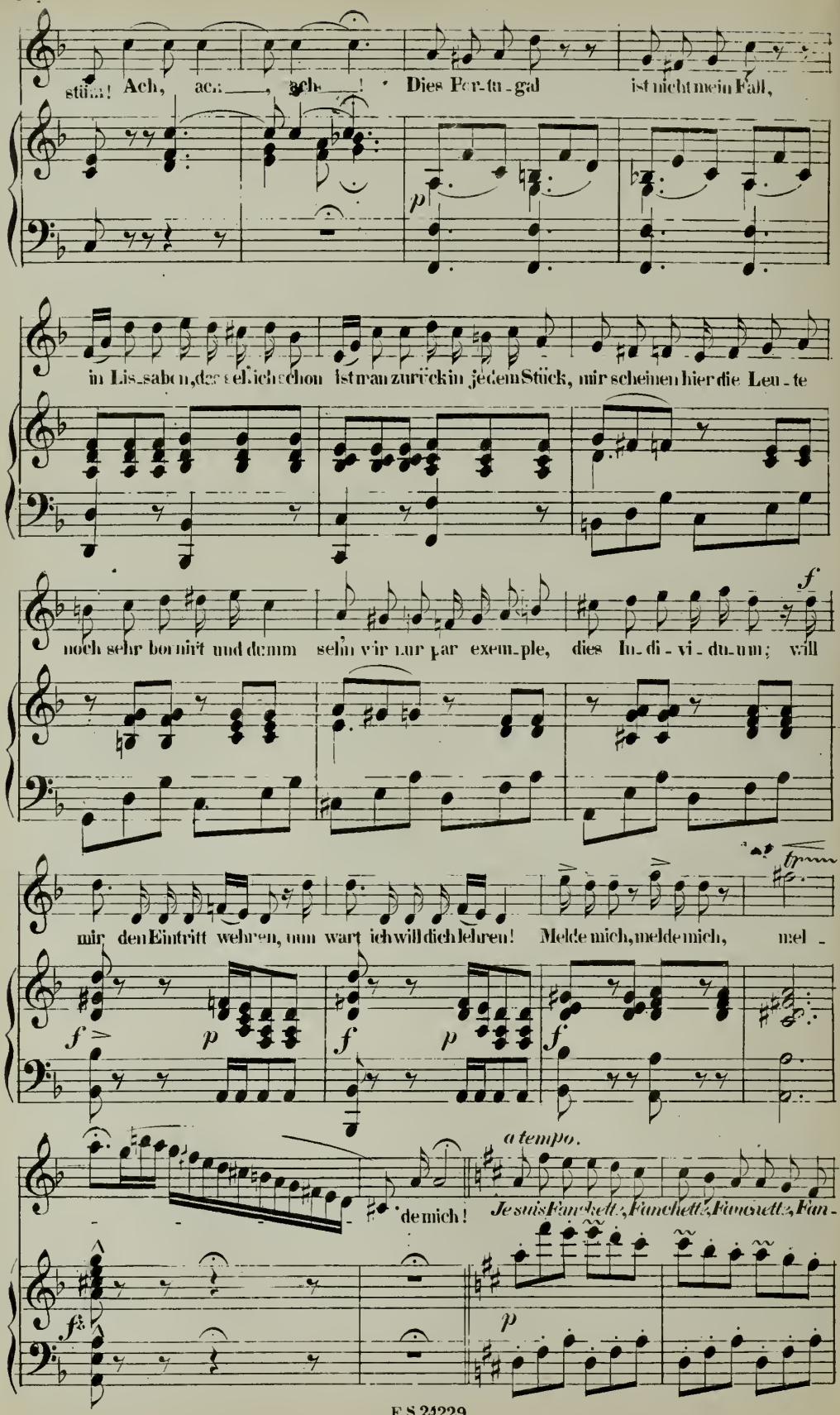
ff *p*

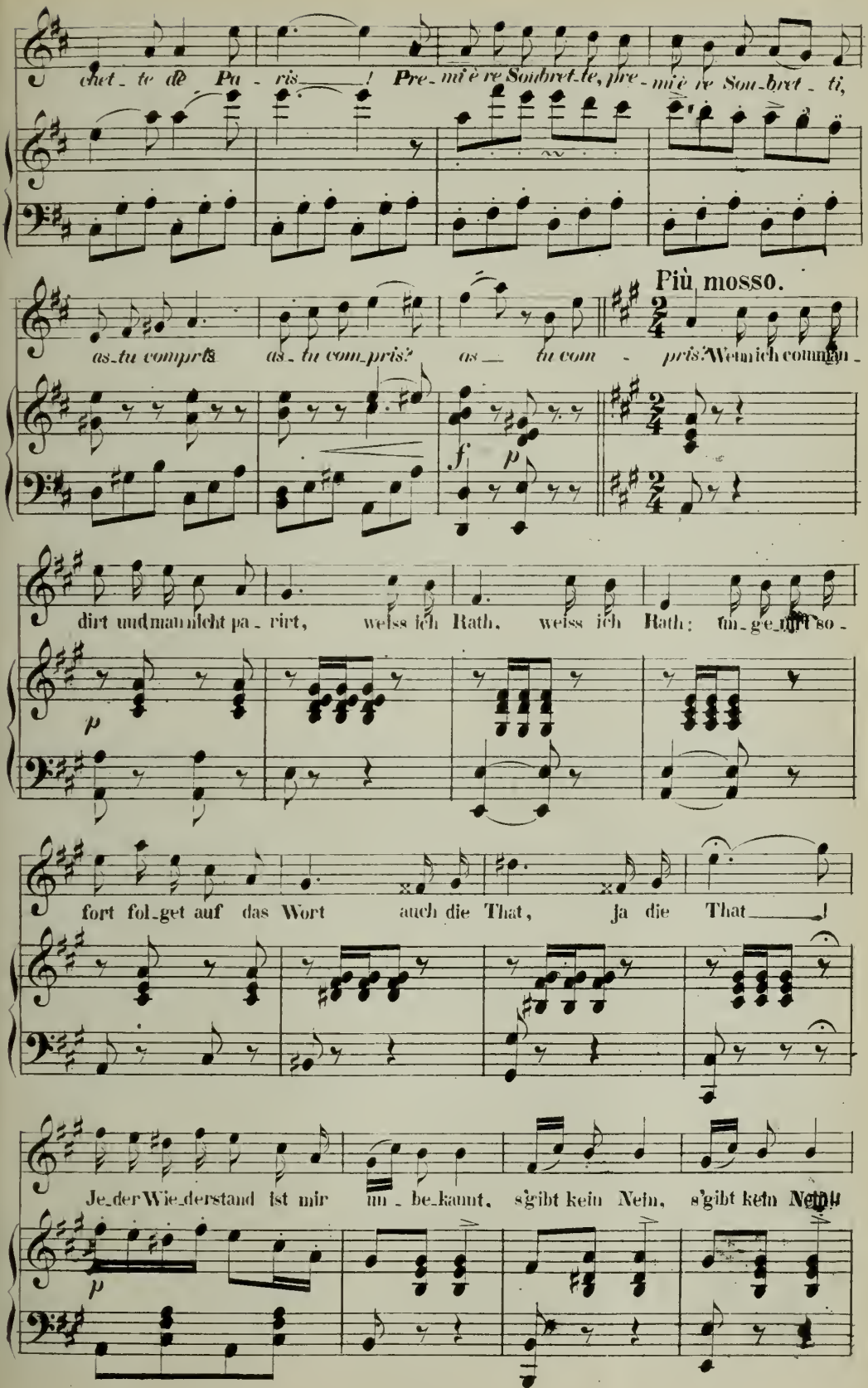
Un poco meno, *quasi Andantino.*

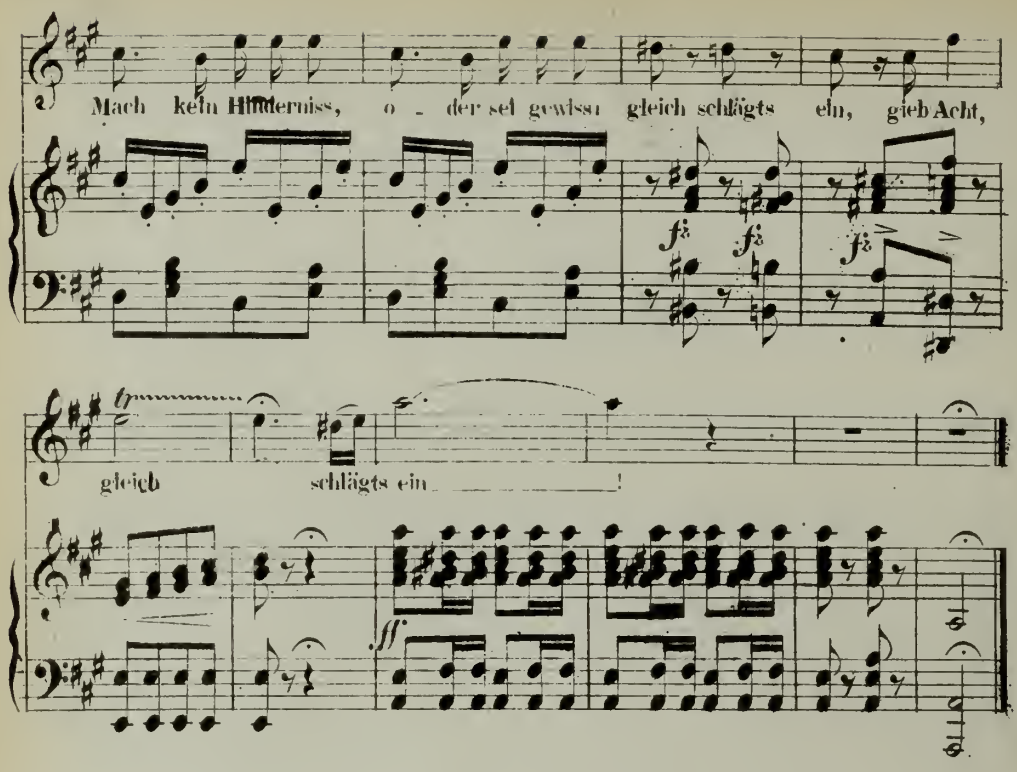
Armes Paris, das ich verliess, sollst mich ent_behren nim_mer mich hö_ren

pp

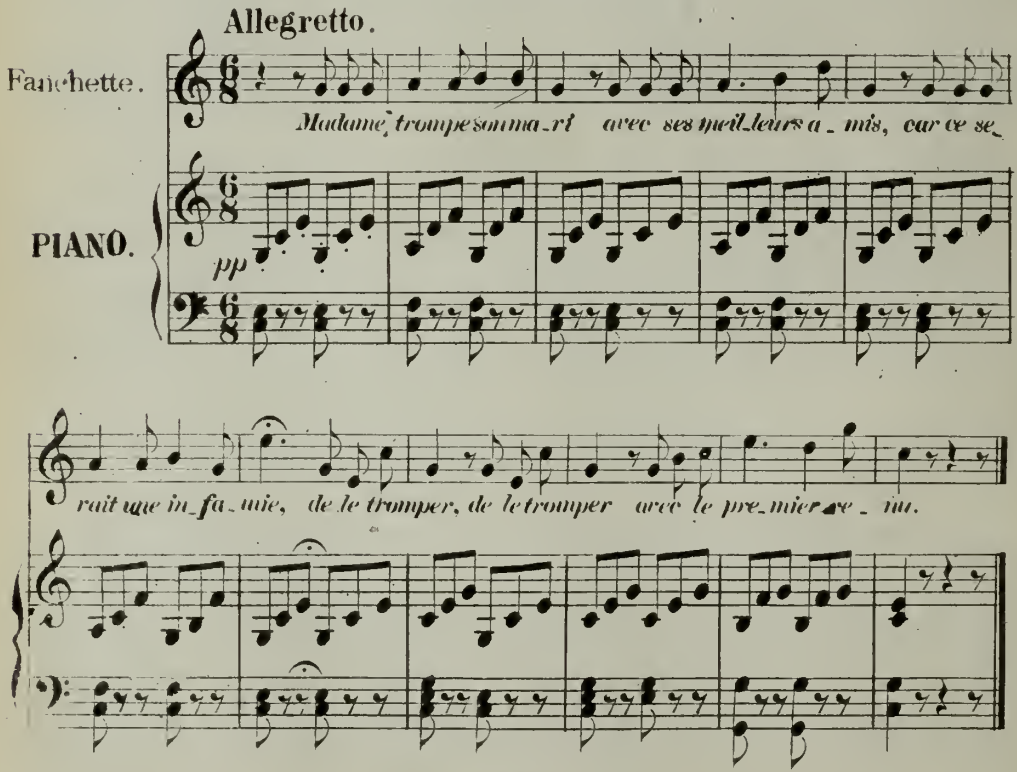

all' die Ver - eh - rer die mich vermissen wer-den sich müssen zu trös - tenwissen;
kann euch nicht hel - fen, mich zog's zu ihm —, den einst ich lieb - te mit Un - ge -
pp
stüm —! den sü - ssen Jun-gen will ich um-armen, an sel - nen Her-zen
pp
f
riten.
a tempo.
wieder erwärmen. Mich zogs zu ihm —, zu ihm den einst ich liebte mit Un - ge -
a tempo.
volla voce.
pp


stüm! Ach, ach, ach! Dies Por-tu-gal ist nicht mein Fall,
in Lis-sabon, das ist schon ist man zurück in jedem Stück, mir scheinen hier die Leu-te
noch sehr bor-nirt und dumm sein wir nur par exem-ple, dies In-di-vi-du-um; will
mir den Eintritt wehren, um wart ich will dich lehren! Melde mich, melde mich, mel-
de mich!
a tempo.
Je suis Fanchette, Fanchette, Fanchette, Fan-

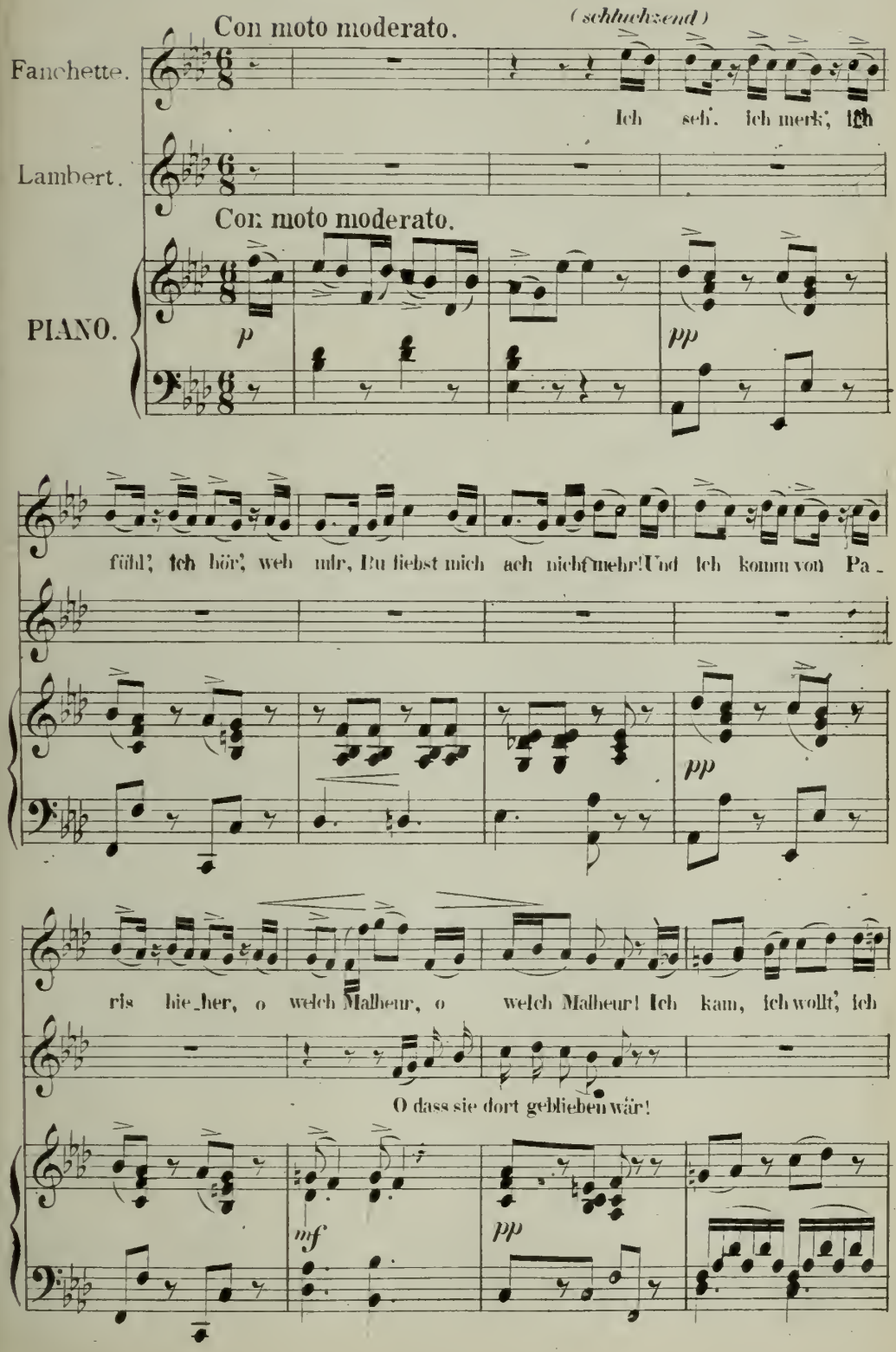

chet_te de Pa_ris_____! Pre_mi è re Soubret_te, pre_mi è re Sou_bret_ti,
as_tu compris as_tu com_pris? as_ tu com_ pris? Wenn ich commun_
Più mosso.
dirt und man nicht pa_rirt, weiss ich Rath, weiss ich Rath; un_ge_irrt so_
fort fol_get auf das Wort auch die That, ja die That_____!
Je_der Wie_derstand ist mir un_be_kannt, s'gibt kein Nein, s'gibt kein Nein!

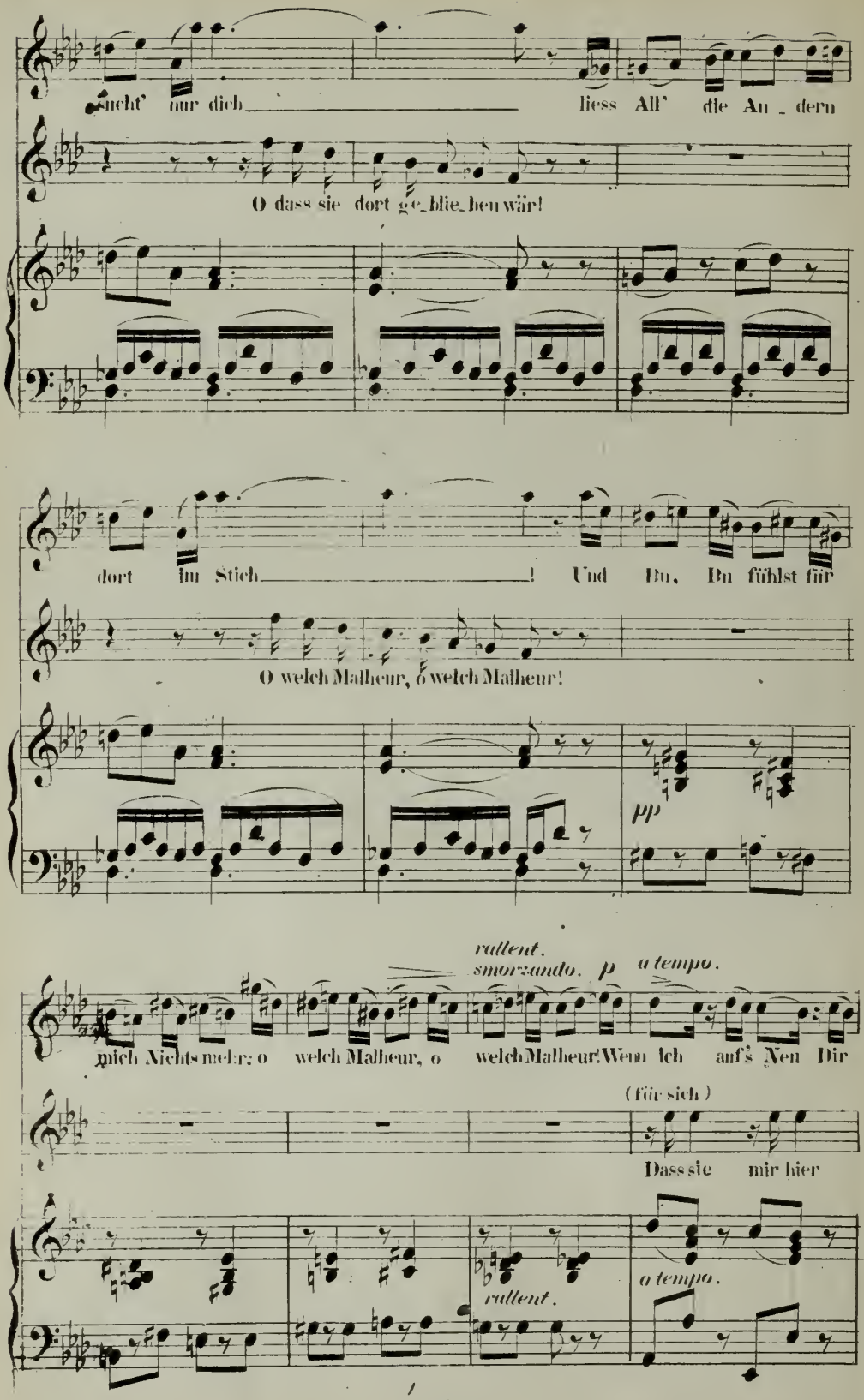


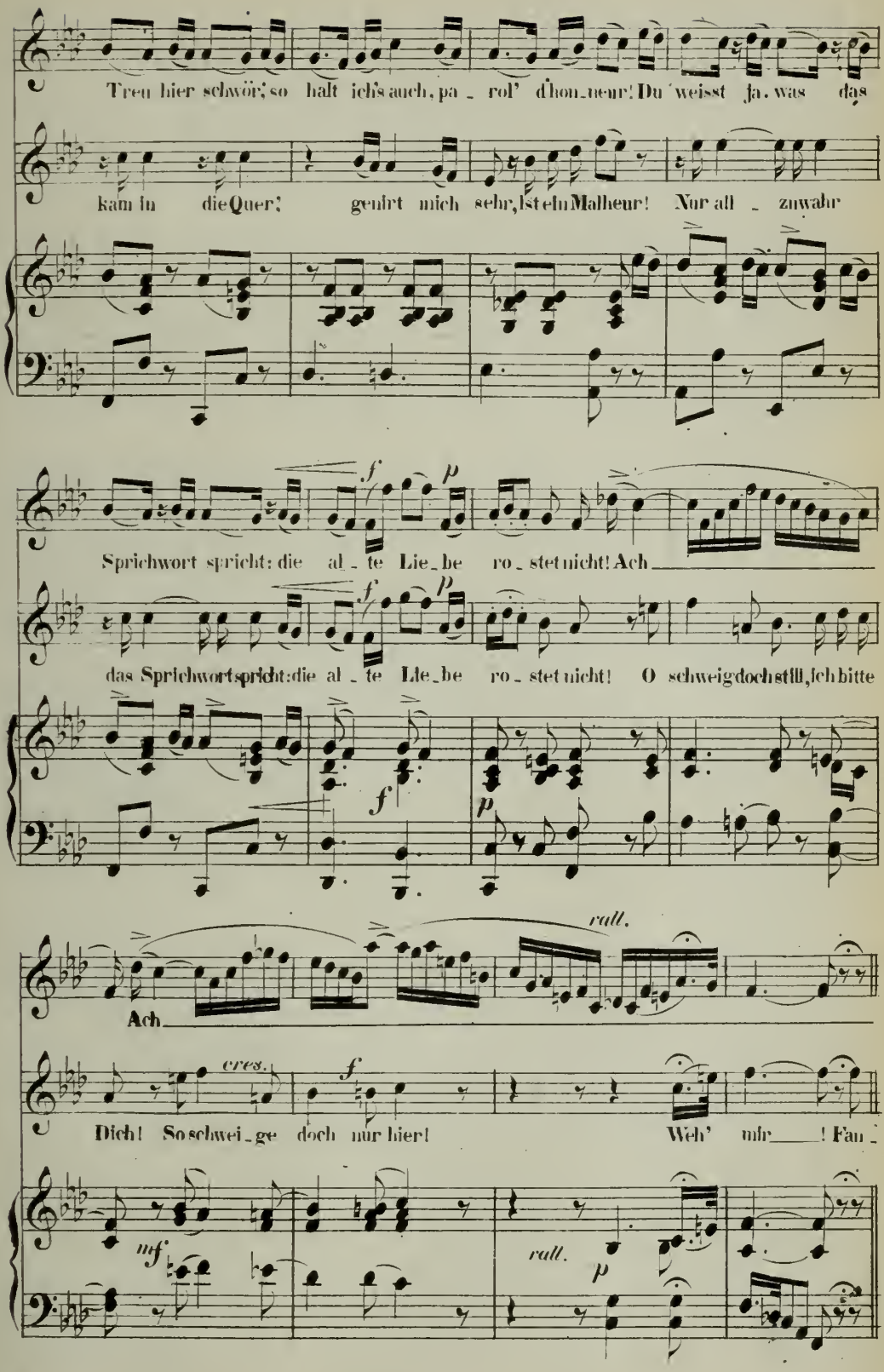
№ 4 ½ Chansonnette.

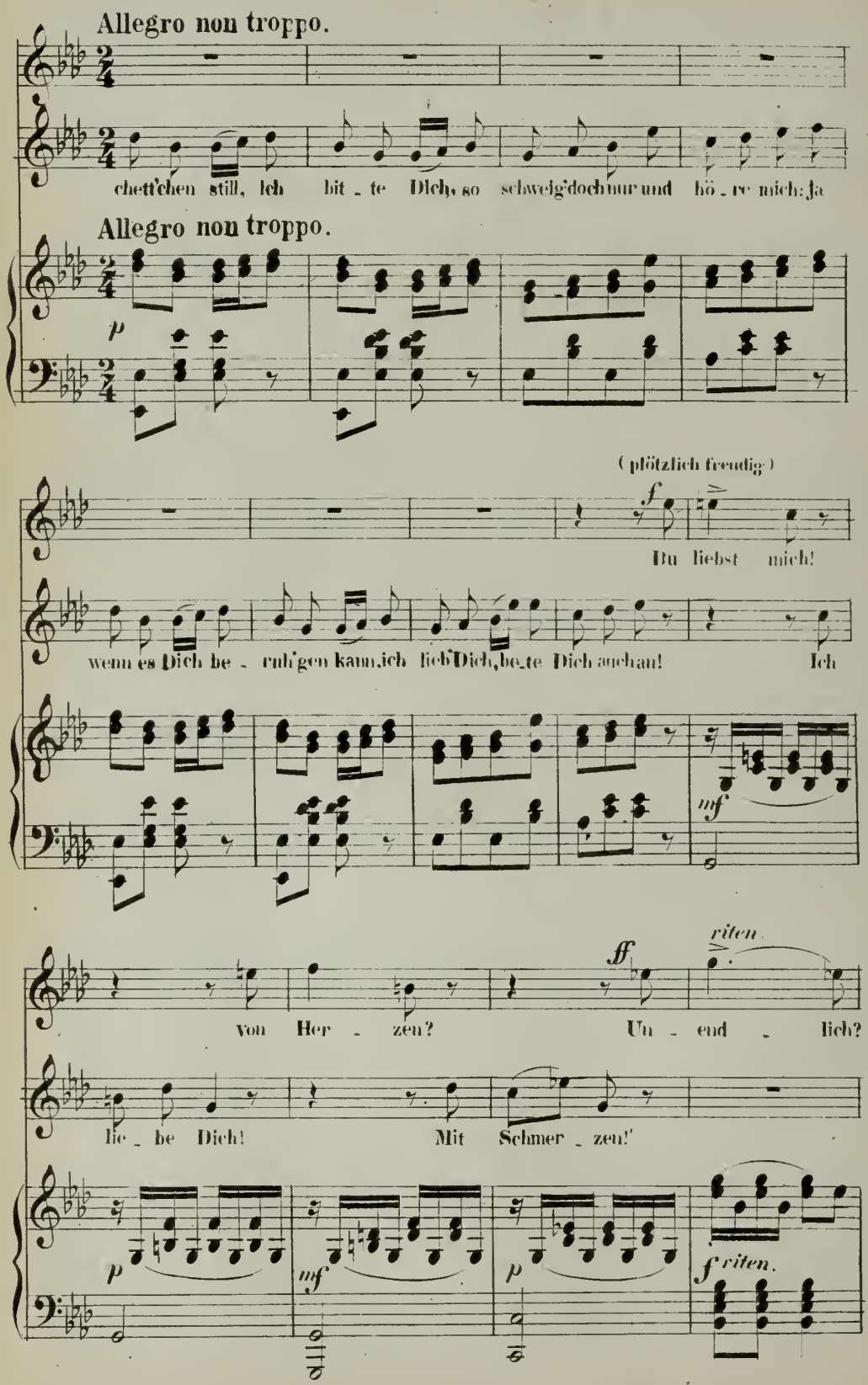


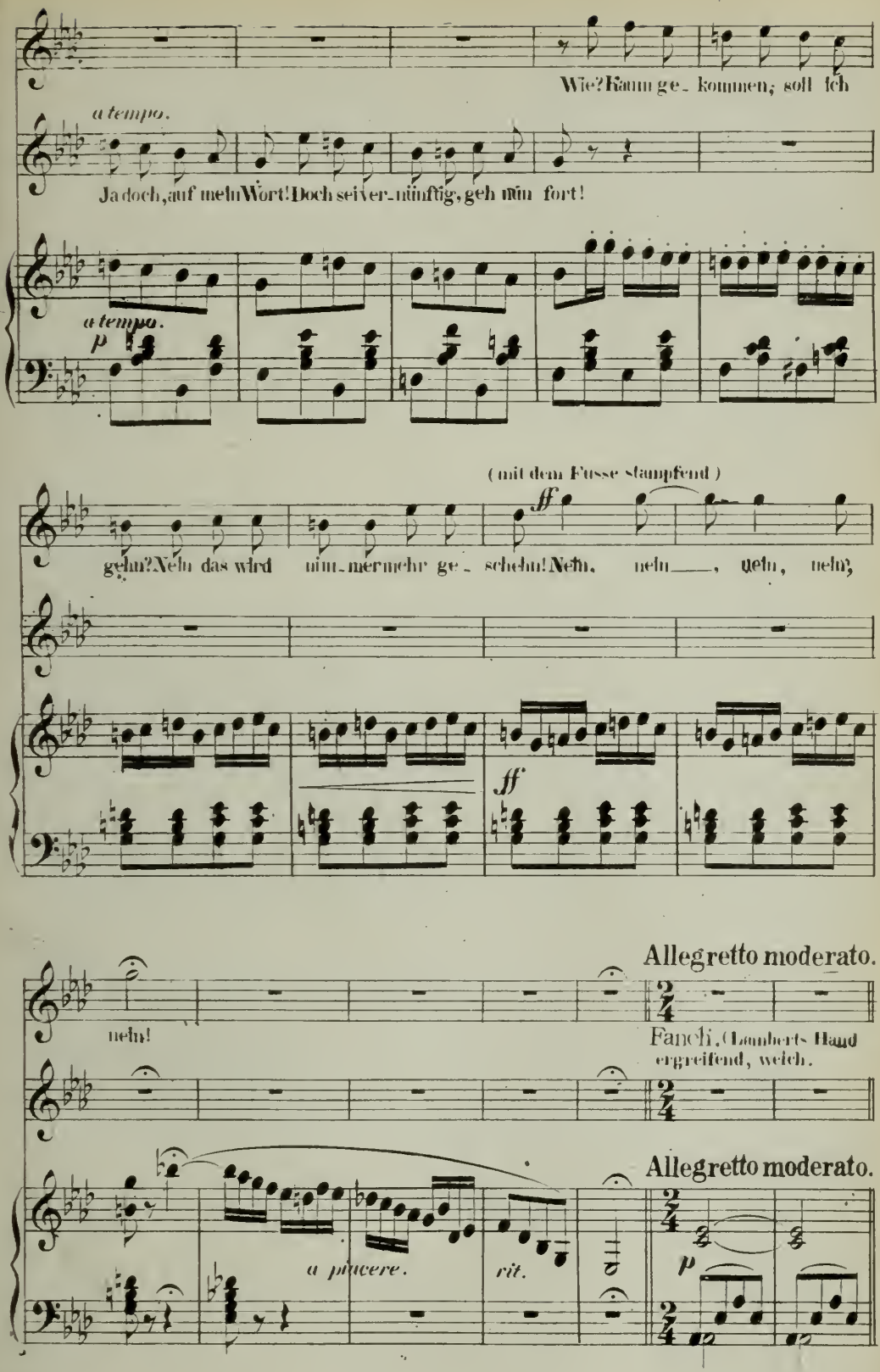
№ 5. Duett.

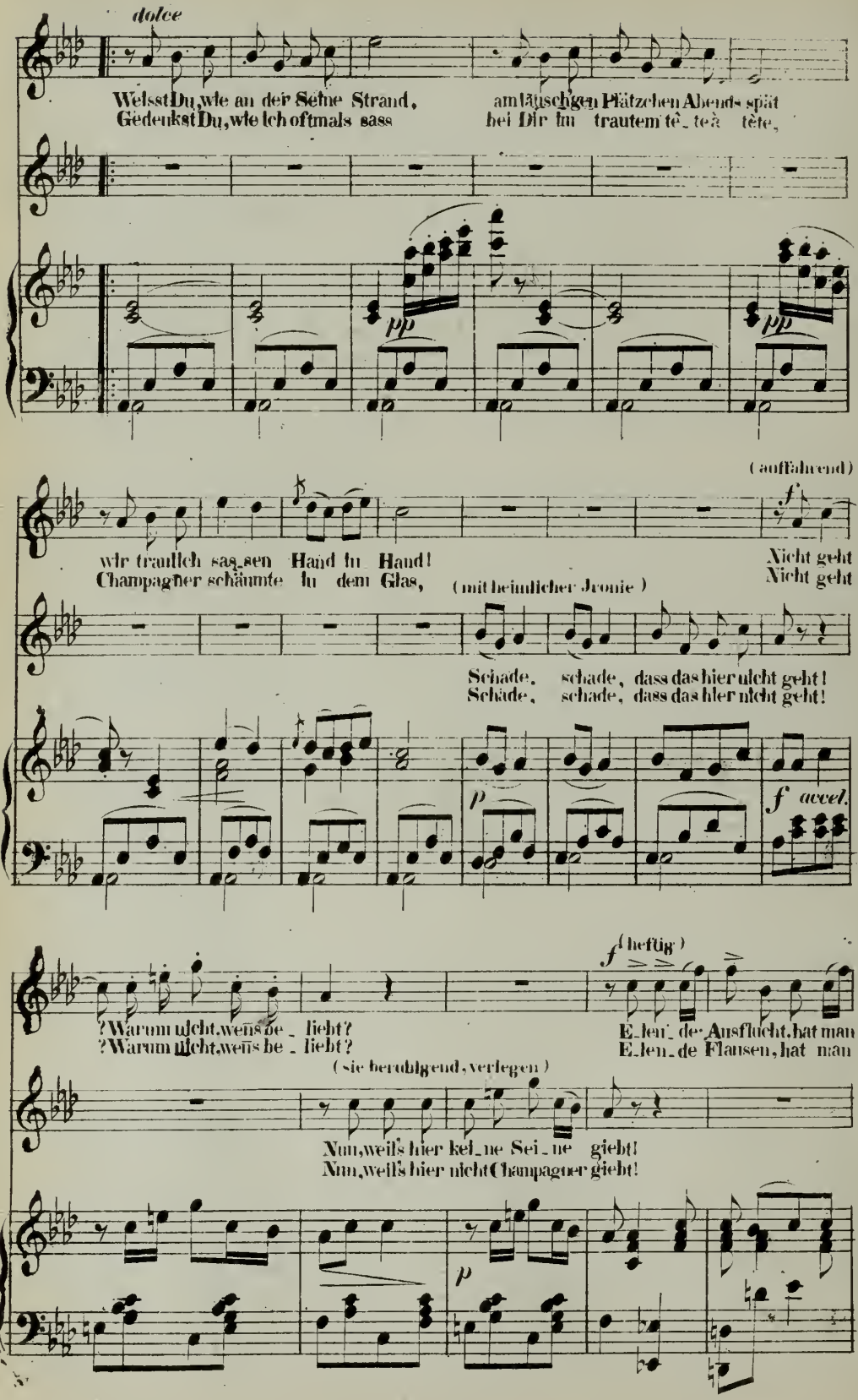

Con moto moderato.
(schluchzend)
Fanchette.
Ich seh', ich merk', ich
Lambert.
Con moto moderato.
PIANO.
p
pp
fühl', ich hör', weh mir, Du liebst mich ach nicht mehr! Und ich komm von Pa -
pp
ris hie_her, o welch Malheur, o welch Malheur! Ich kam, ich wollt', ich
O dass sie dort geblieben wär!
mf
pp

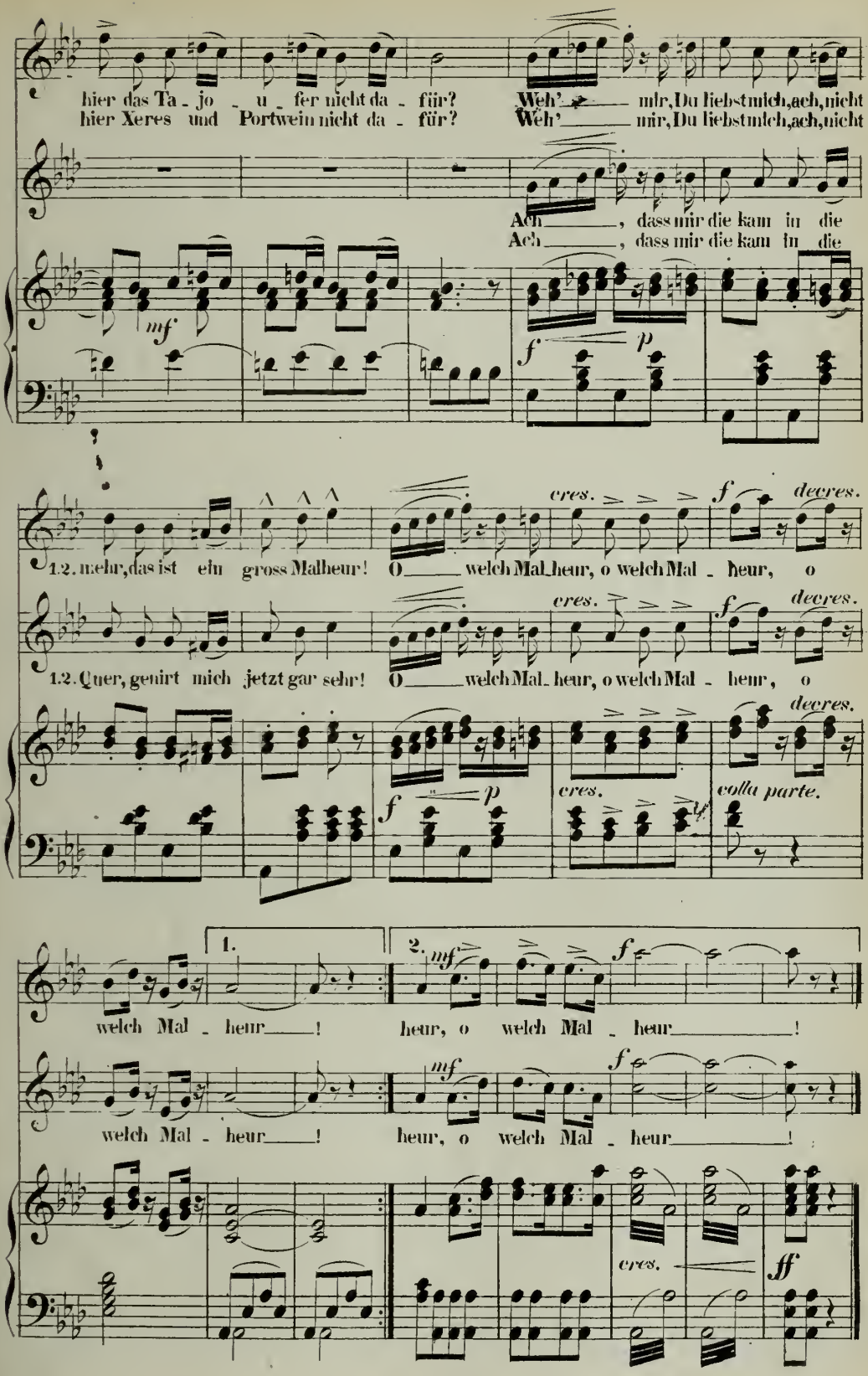

nicht' nur dich liess All' die An_dern
O dass sie dort ge_blie_ben wär!
dort im Stich! Und Du, Du fühlst für
O welch Malheur, o welch Malheur!
pp
rallent.
smorzando.
p
a tempo.
mich Nichts mehr; o welch Malheur, o welch Malheur! Wenn ich auf's Neu Dir
(für sich)
Dass sie mir hier
rallent.
a tempo.


Treu hier schwör; so halt ich's auch, pa_rol' d'hon_neur! Du weisst ja, was das
kam in die Quer; genirt mich sehr, ist ein Malheur! Nur all_zuwahr
Sprichwort spricht: die al_te Lie_be ro_stet nicht! Ach
das Sprichwort spricht: die al_te Lie_be ro_stet nicht! O schweig doch still, ich bitte
rall.
Ach
cres.
Dich! So schwei_ge doch nur hier! Weh' mir! Fan_
rall.

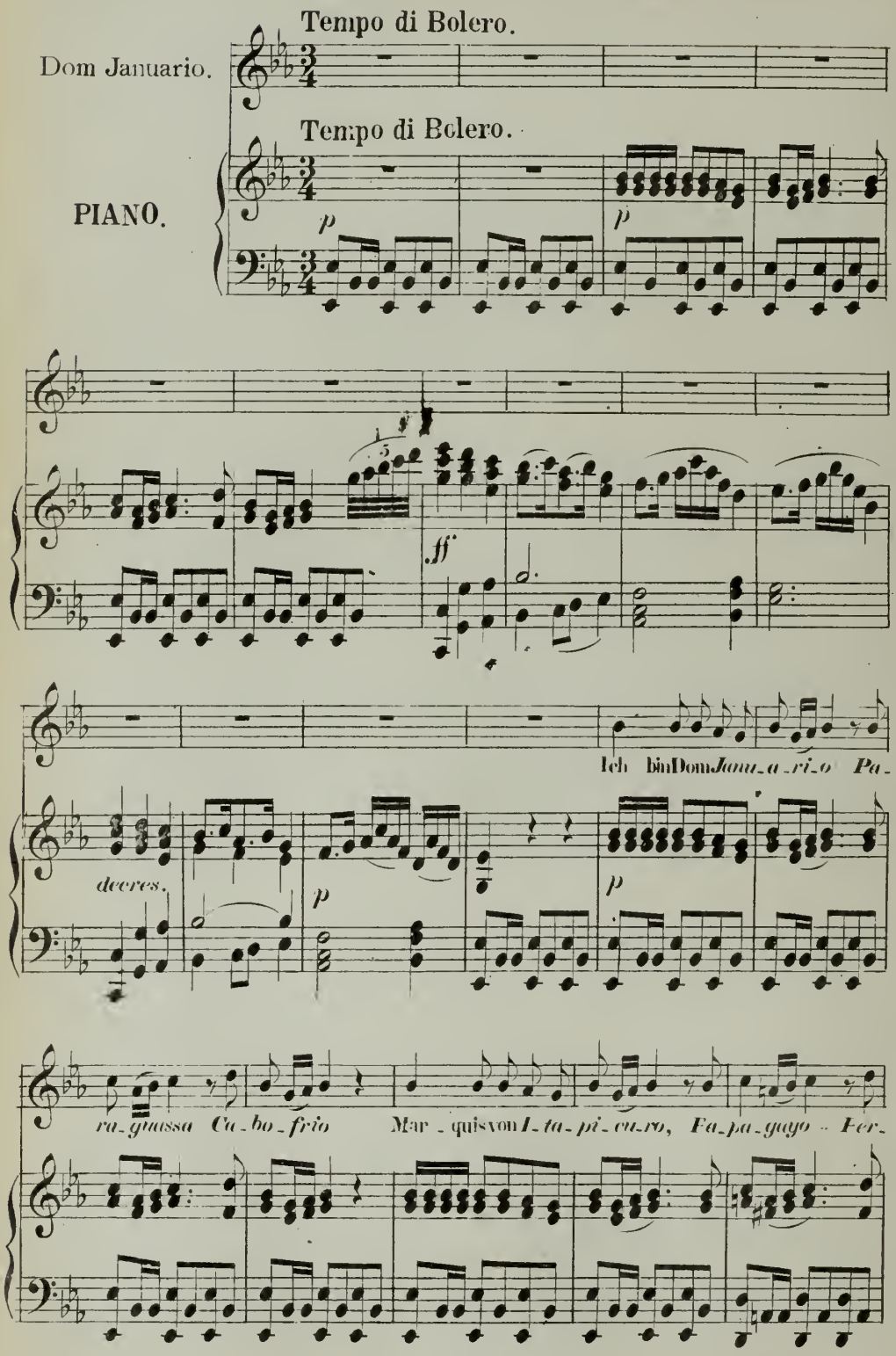

Allegro non troppo.
chett'chen still, Ich bit - te Dich, so schweig' doch nur und hö - re mich: Ja
Allegro non troppo.
p
(plötzlich freudig)
f
Du liebst mich!
wenn es Dich be - ruh'gen kann, ich lieb' Dich, be - te Dich an! an! Ich
mf
ff
riten.
von Her - zen? Un - end - lich?
lie - be Dich! Mit Schmer - zen!
p
mf
p
f riten.

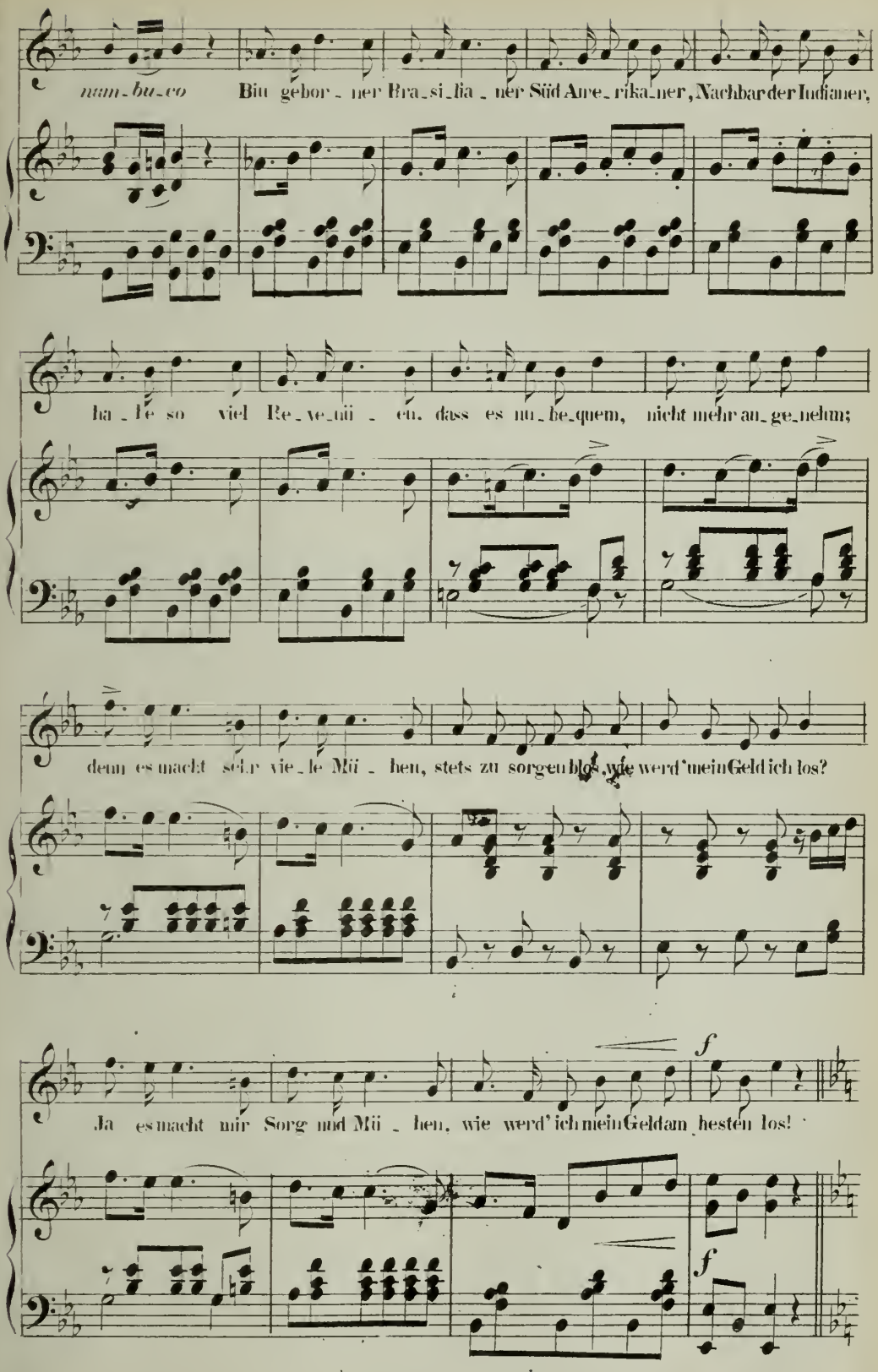

Wie? Kann ge- kommen, soll ich
a tempo.
Ja doch, auf mein Wort! Doch sei ver- nünftig, geh nun fort!
a tempo.
p
(mit dem Fusse stampfend)
ff
gehn? Nein das wird nim- mermehr ge- schehn! Nein, nein ___, nein, nein,
ff
nein!
Allegretto moderato.
Fanchi. (Lambert's Hand ergreifend, weich.
Allegretto moderato.
a piacere.
rit.
p

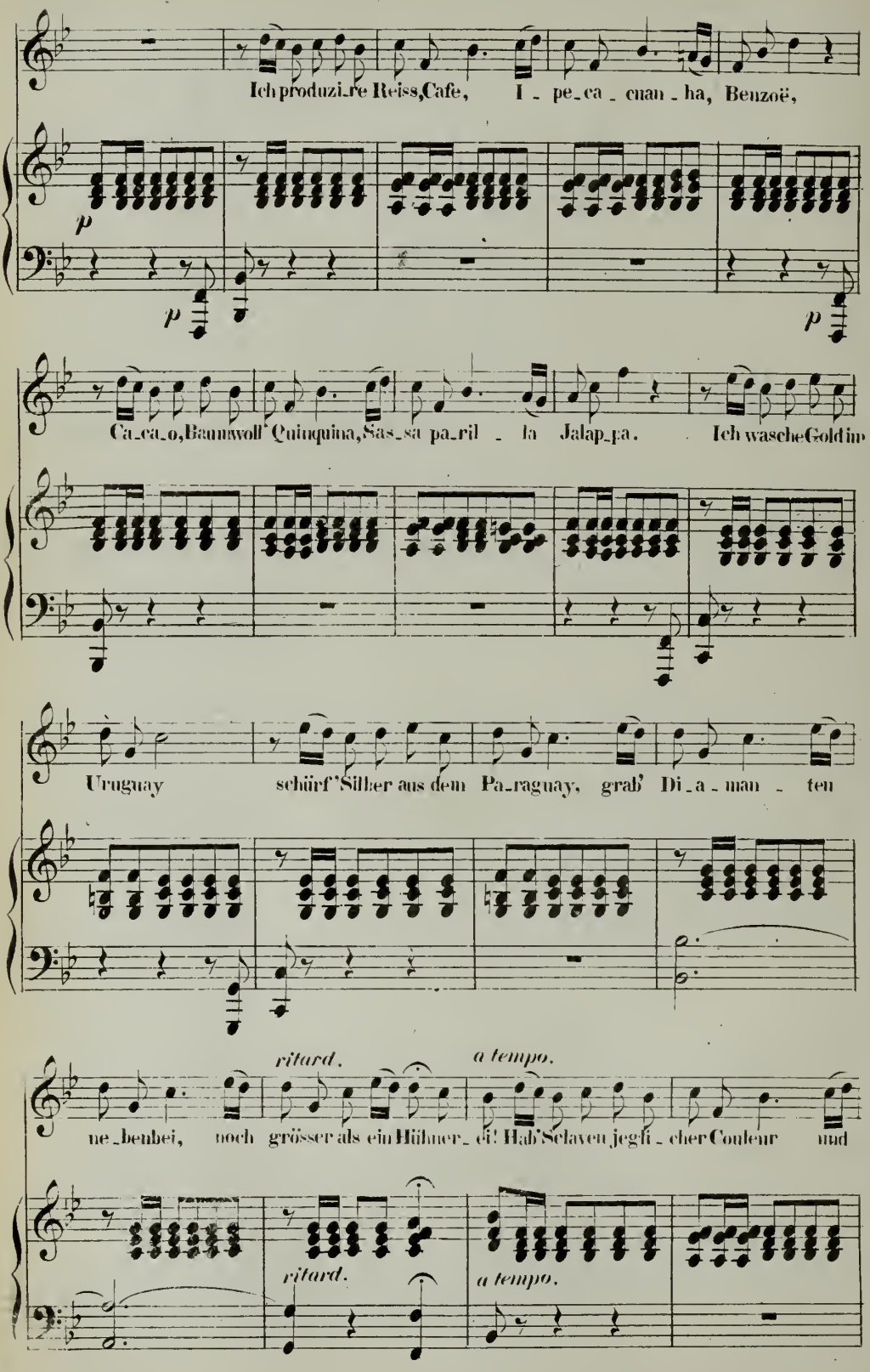

dolce
Weisst Du, wie an der Seine Strand,
Gedenkst Du, wie ich oftmals sass
am lauschigen Plätzchen Abends spät
bei Dir in trautem tête-à-tête,
pp
pp
(auffahrend)
f
wir traulich sassen Hand in Hand!
Champagner schäumte in dem Glas,
(mit heimlicher Ironie)
Nicht geht
Nicht geht
Schade, schade, dass das hier nicht geht!
Schade, schade, dass das hier nicht geht!
p
f accel.
f (heftig)
?Warum nicht, wenn's be-lieht?
?Warum nicht, wenn's be-lieht?
E-len-de Ausflucht hat man
E-len-de Flausen, hat man
(sie beruhigend, verlegen)
Nun, weil's hier kei-ne Sei-ne giebt!
Nun, weil's hier nicht Champagner giebt!
p

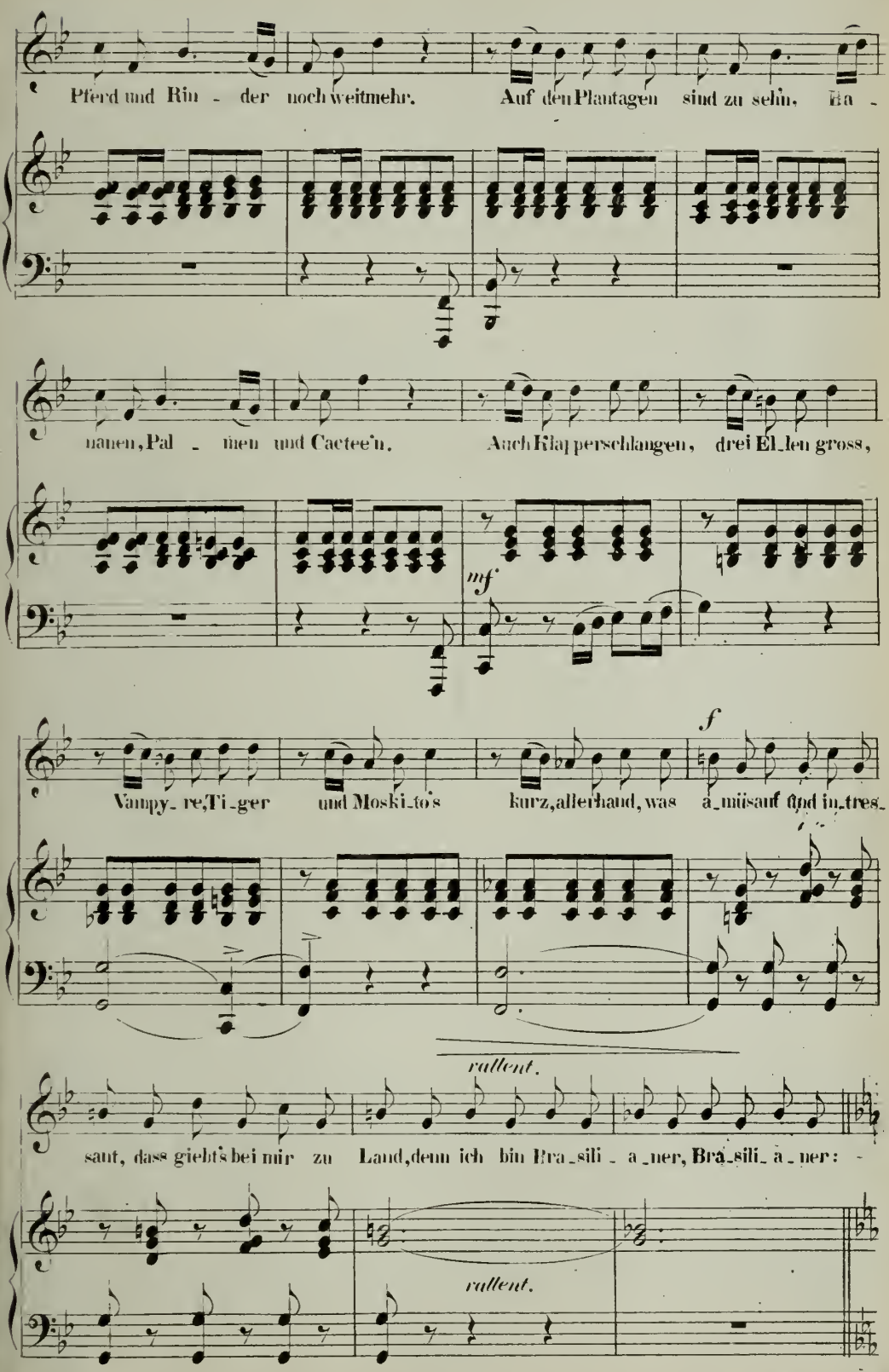

hier das Ta - jo - u - fer nicht da - für? Weh' mir, Du liebst mich, ach, nicht
hier Xeres und Portwein nicht da - für? Weh' mir, Du liebst mich, ach, nicht
Ach, dass mir die kam in die
Ach, dass mir die kam in die
mf
f
p
1.2. mehr, das ist ein gross Malheur! O welch Mal - heur, o welch Mal - heur, o
1.2. Quer, genirt mich jetzt gar sehr! O welch Mal - heur, o welch Mal - heur, o
cres.
f
decres.
colla parte.
1.
2.
welch Mal - heur!
heur, o welch Mal - heur!
ff

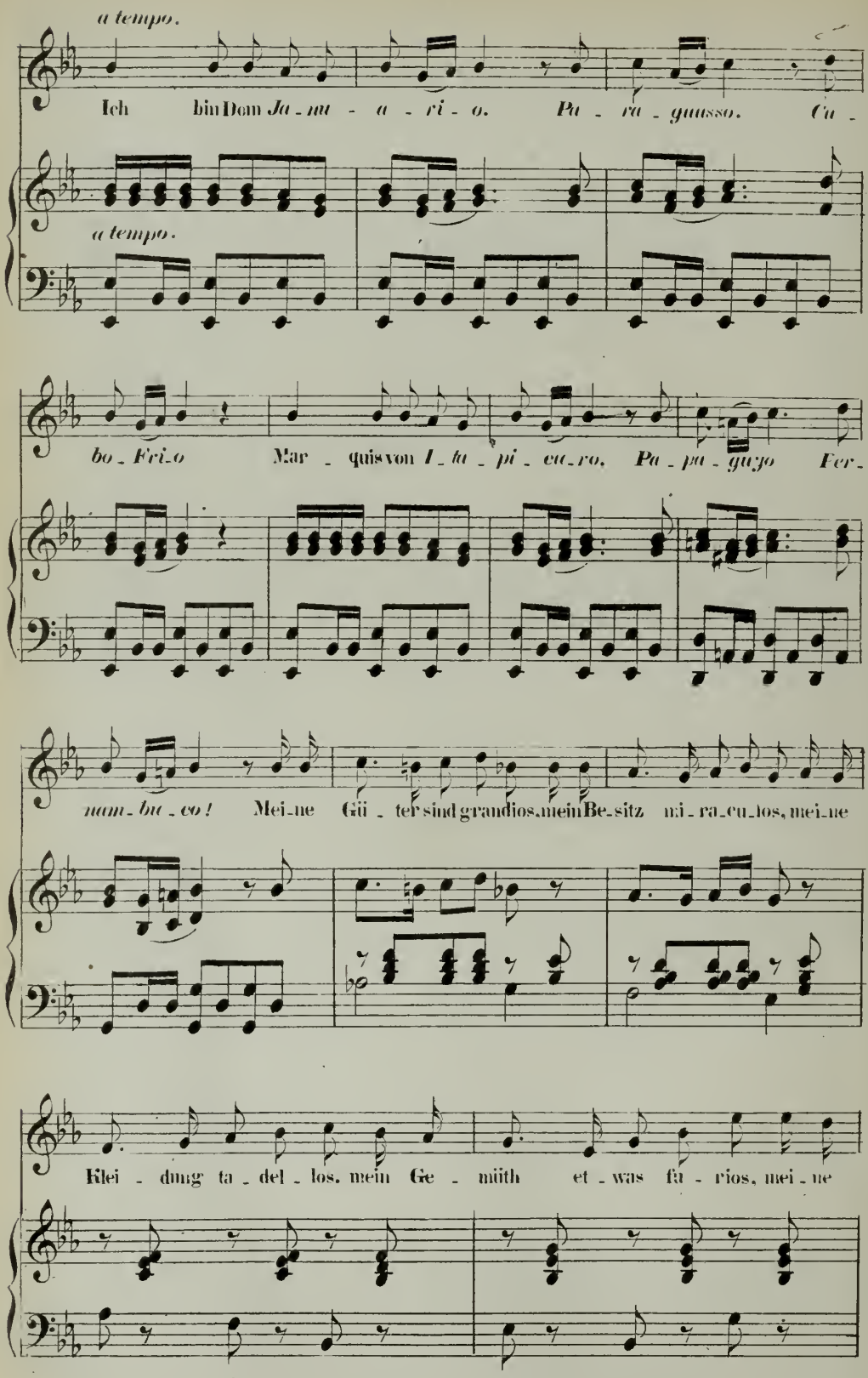
№. 6. Auftrittslied.

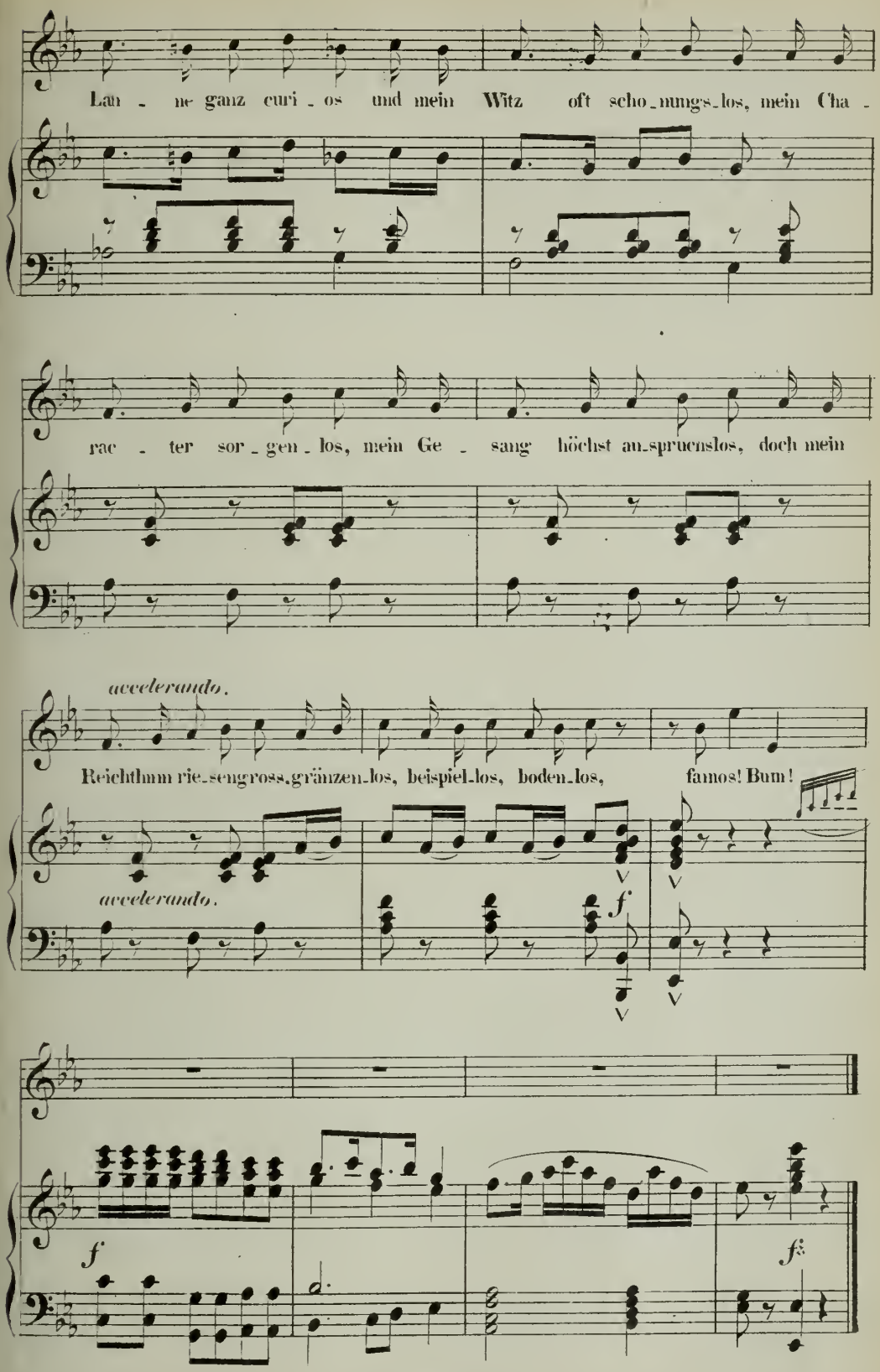



nam-bu-co Bin gebor-ner Bra-si-lia-ner Süd Ame-rika-ner, Nachbar der Indianer,
ha-be so viel Re-ve-nü-en, dass es nu-be-quem, nicht mehr an-ge-nehm;
denn es macht sehr vie-le Mü-hen, stets zu sorgen blos, wie werd' mein Geld ich los?
f
Ja es macht mir Sorg und Mü-hen, wie werd' ich mein Geld am besten los!
f

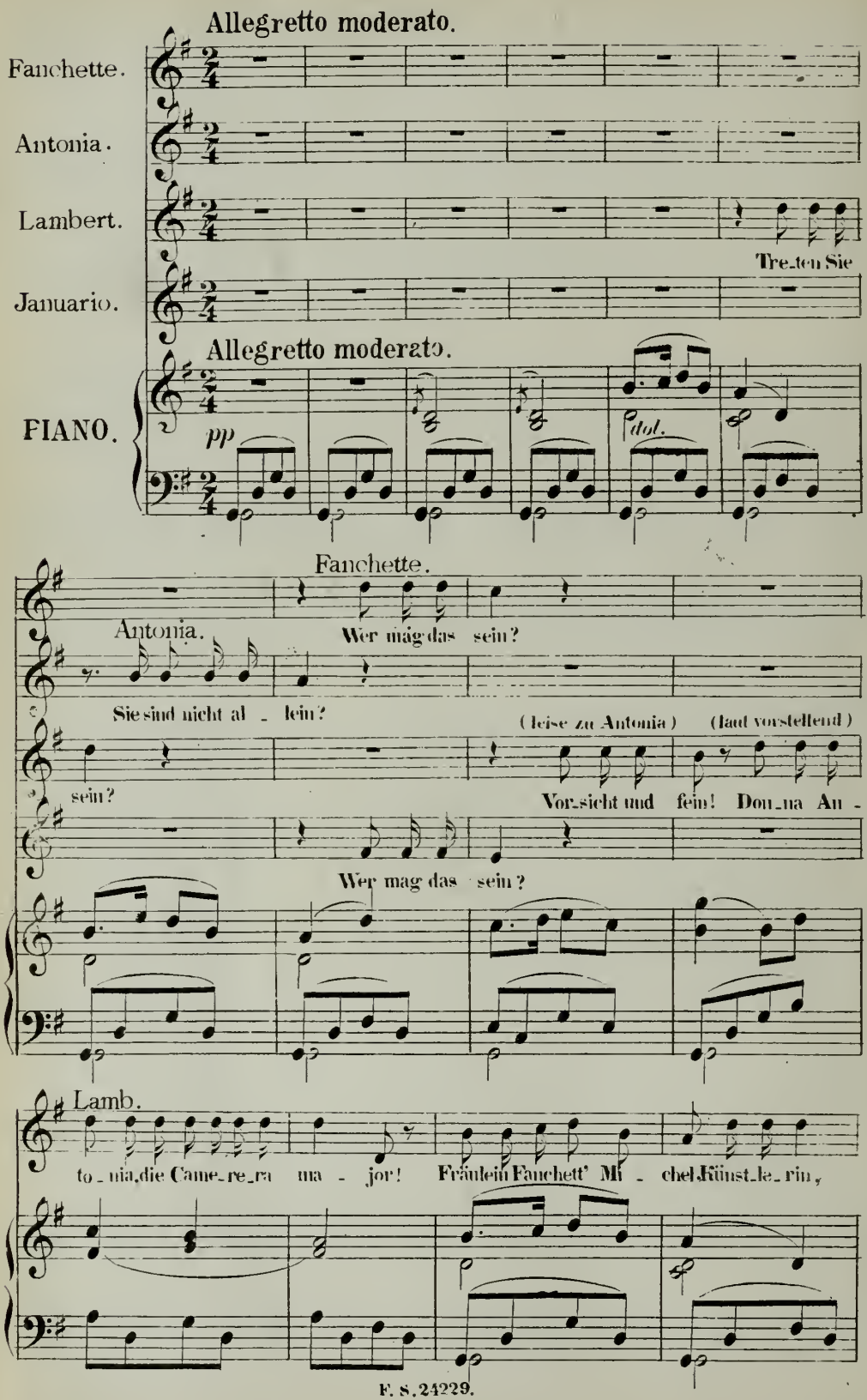

Ich produzi_re Reiss, Cafe, I_pe_ca_cuan_ha, Benzoë,
p
p
p
Ca_ca_o, Baumwoll' Quinquina, Sas_sa pa_ril_la Jalap_pa. Ich wasche Gold im
Uruguay schürf' Silber aus dem Pa_raguay, grab' Di_a_man_ten
ritard.
a tempo.
ne_benbei, noch grösser als ein Hühner_ei! Hab' Sclaven jegli_cher Couleur und
ritard.
a tempo.

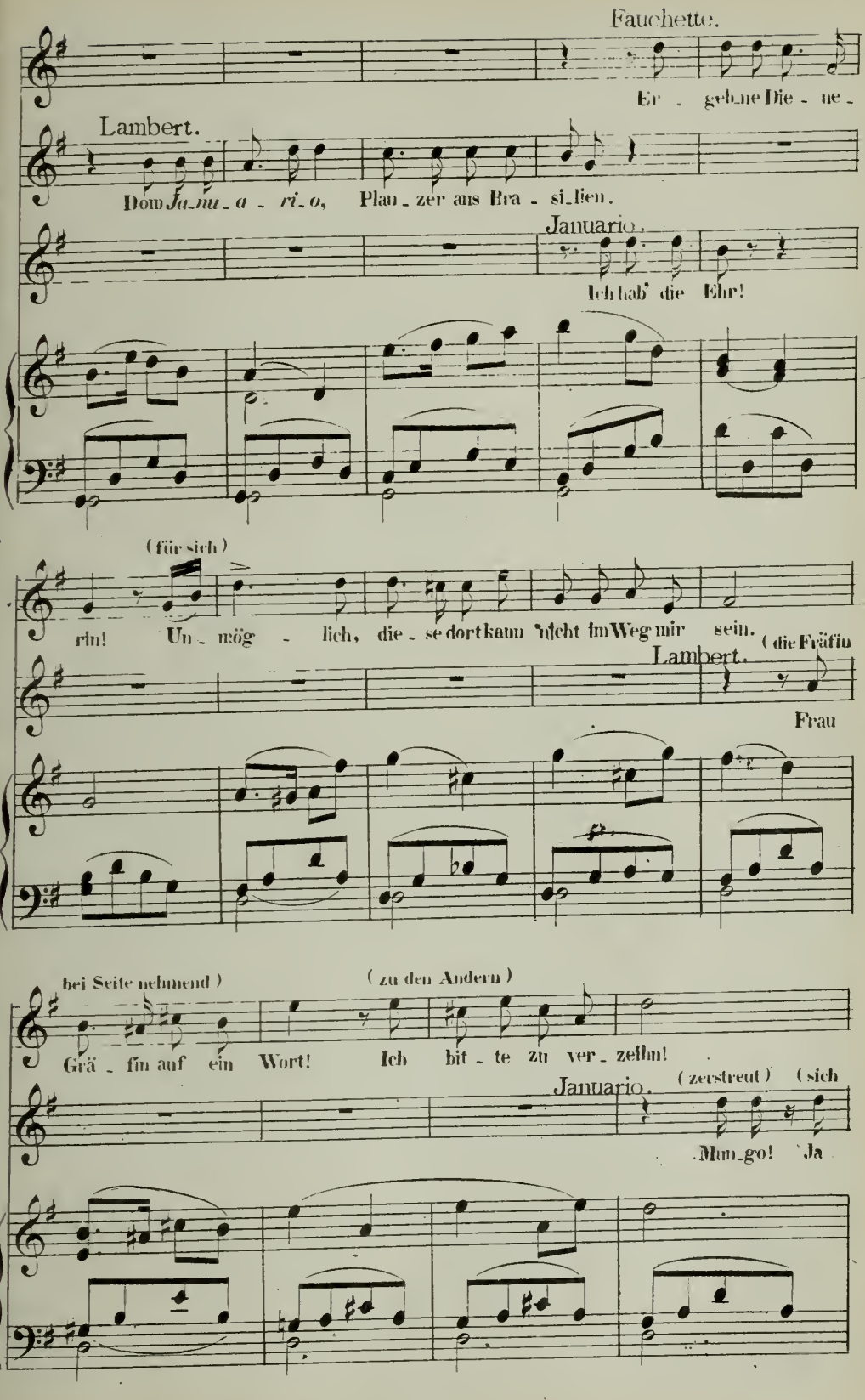

Pferd und Rin - der noch weitmehr. Auf den Plantagen sind zu sehn, Ba -
nanen, Pal - men und Cactee'n. Auch Klapperschlangen, drei El_len gross,
mf
Vampy_re, Ti_ger und Moski_to's kurz, allerhand, was a_müsant und in_tres_
f
rallent.
sant, dass giebt's bei mir zu Land, denn ich bin Bra_sili_a_ner, Bra_sili_a_ner:
rallent.

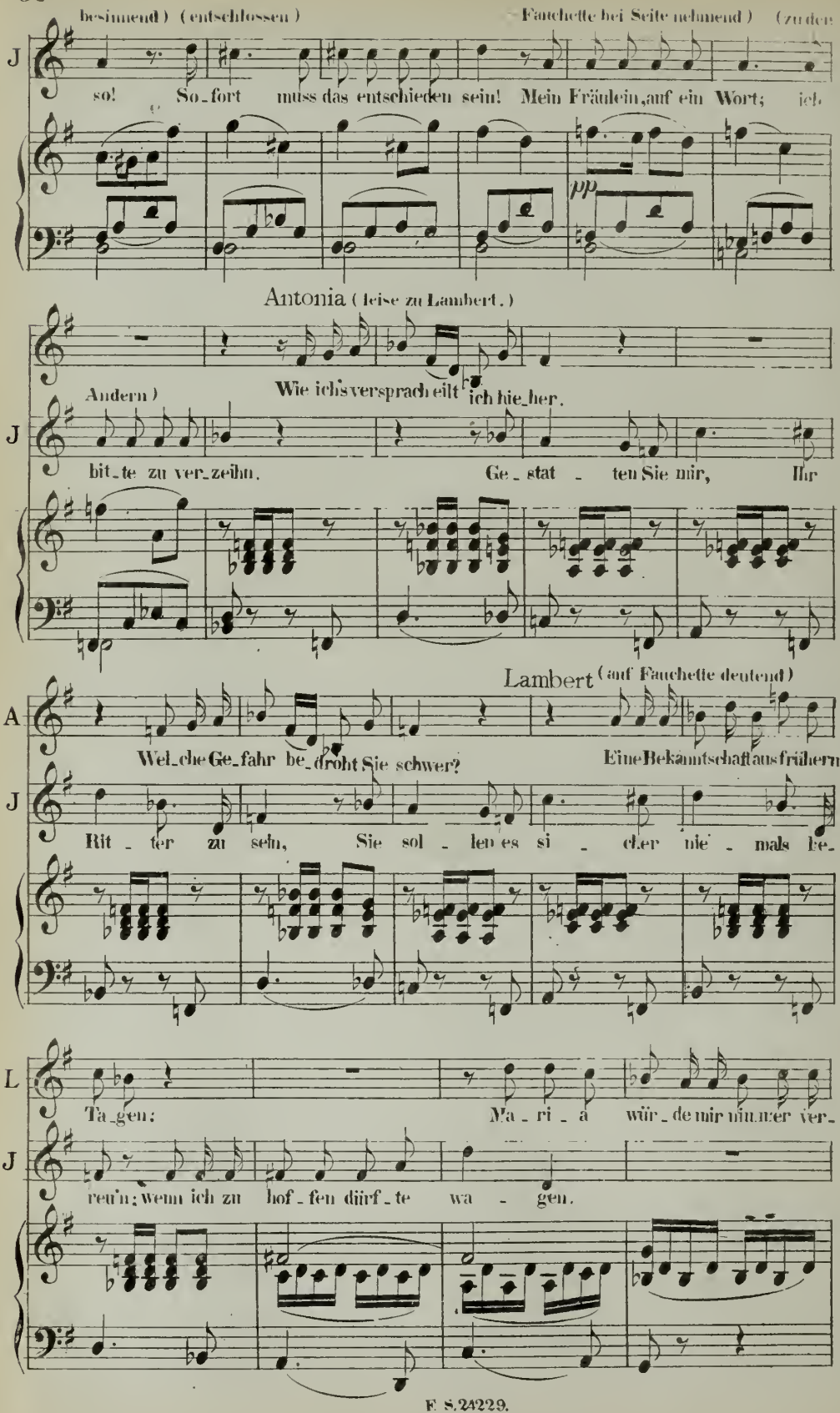

a tempo.
Ich bin Dom Ja - mu - a - ri - o. Pa - ra - guasso. Ca -
a tempo.
bo - Fri - o Mar - quis von I - ta - pi - cu - ro. Pa - pa - guyo Fer -
nam - bu - co! Mei - ne Gü - ter sind grandios, mein Be - sitz mi - ra - cu - los, mei - ne
Klei - dung ta - del - los, mein Ge - müth et - was fu - rios, mei - ne

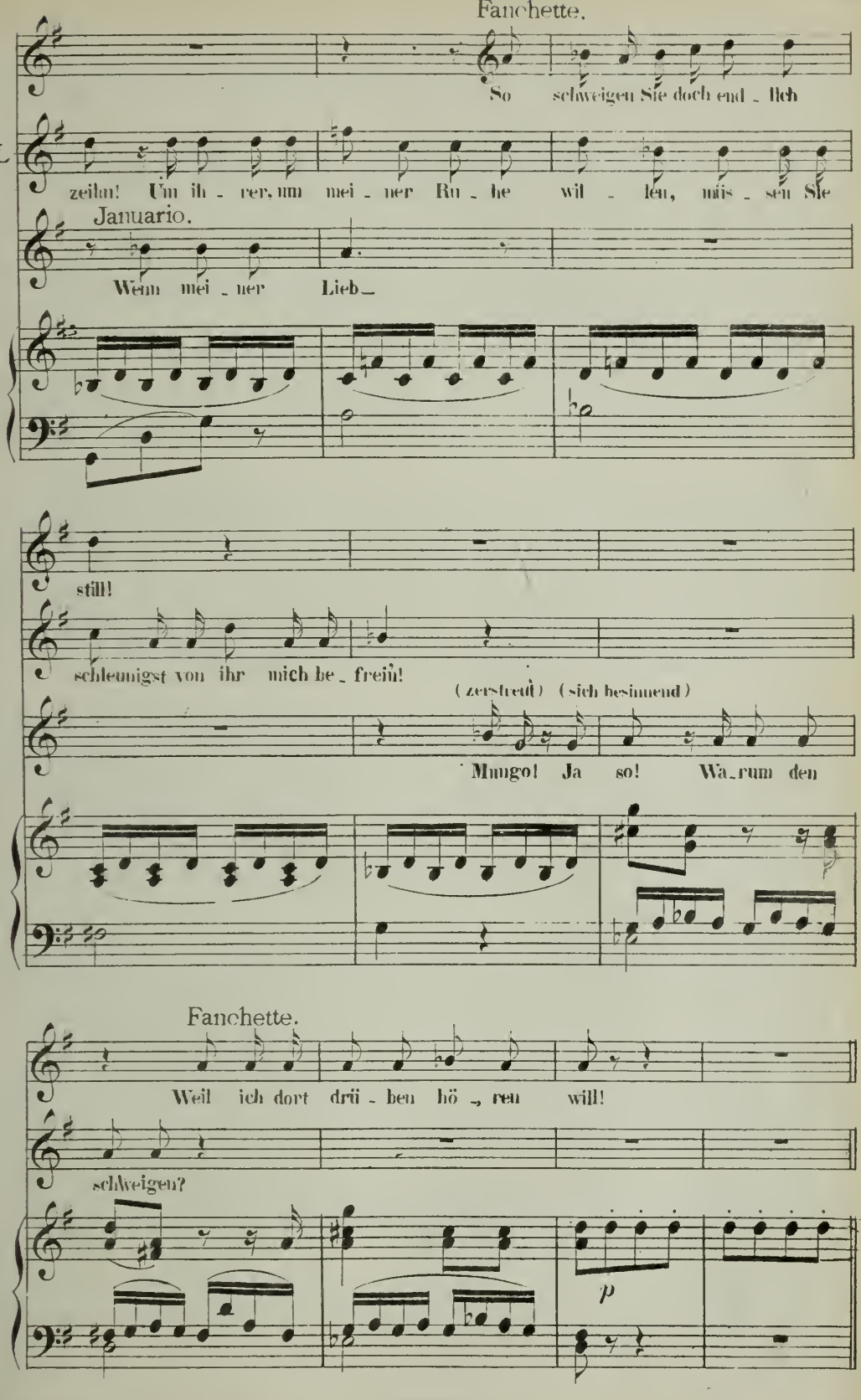

Lan - ne ganz curi - os und mein Witz oft scho - nungs - los, mein Cha -
rac - ter sor - gen - los, mein Ge - sang höchst an - spruchslos, doch mein
accelerando.
Reichthum rie - sengross, gränzen - los, beispiel - los, boden - los, famos! Bum!
accelerando.
f
f
f

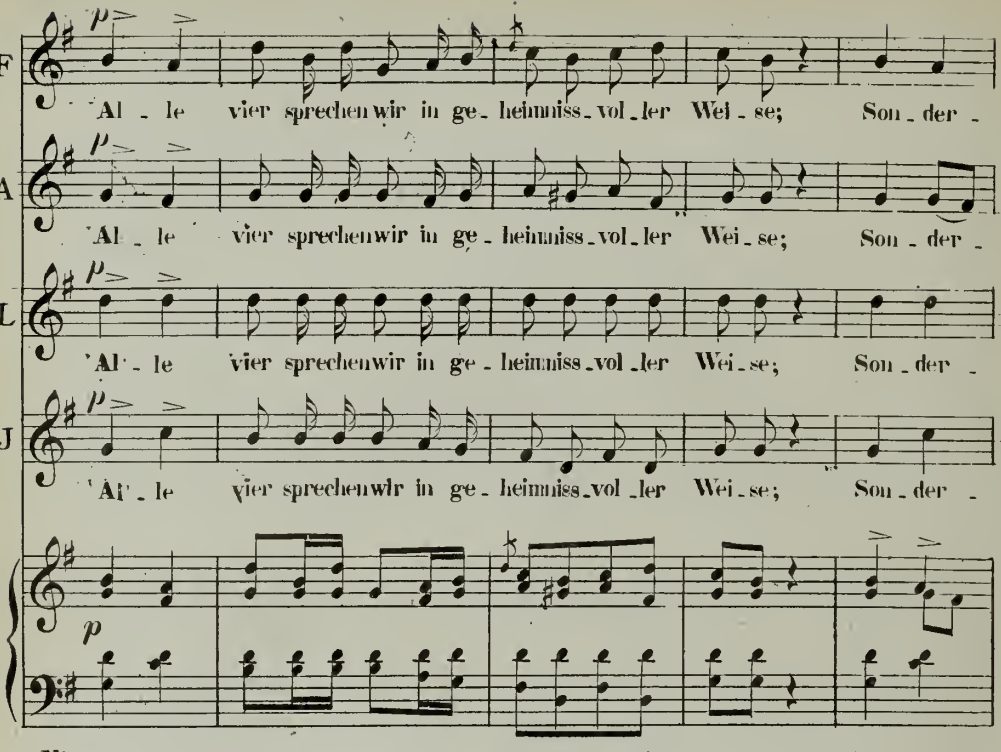
№ 7. Flüster-Quartett.



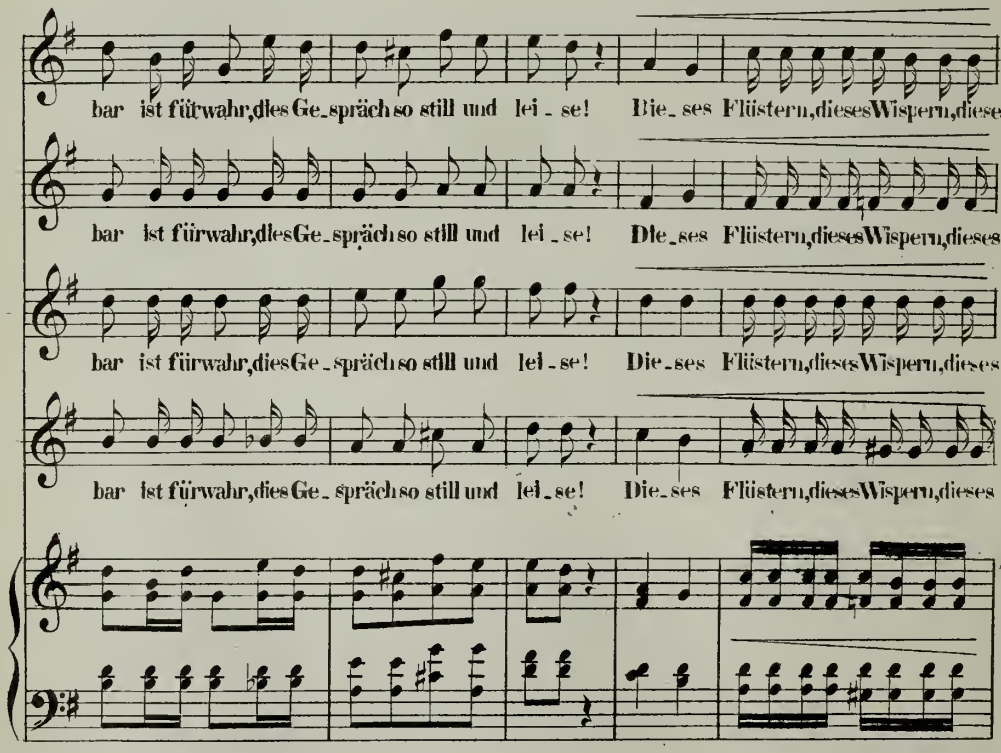

Fauchette.
Er - gebne Die - ne -
Lambert.
Dom Ja-mu-a-ri-o, Plan-zer aus Bra-si-lien.
Januario.
Ich hab' die Ehr!
(für sich)
rin! Un-mög-lich, die-se dort kann nicht im Weg mir sein.
(die Gräfin
Lambert.
Frau
bei Seite nehmend)
(zu den Andern)
Grä-fin auf ein Wort! Ich bit-te zu ver-zeihn!
Januario.
(zerstreut)
(sich
Mum-go! Ja

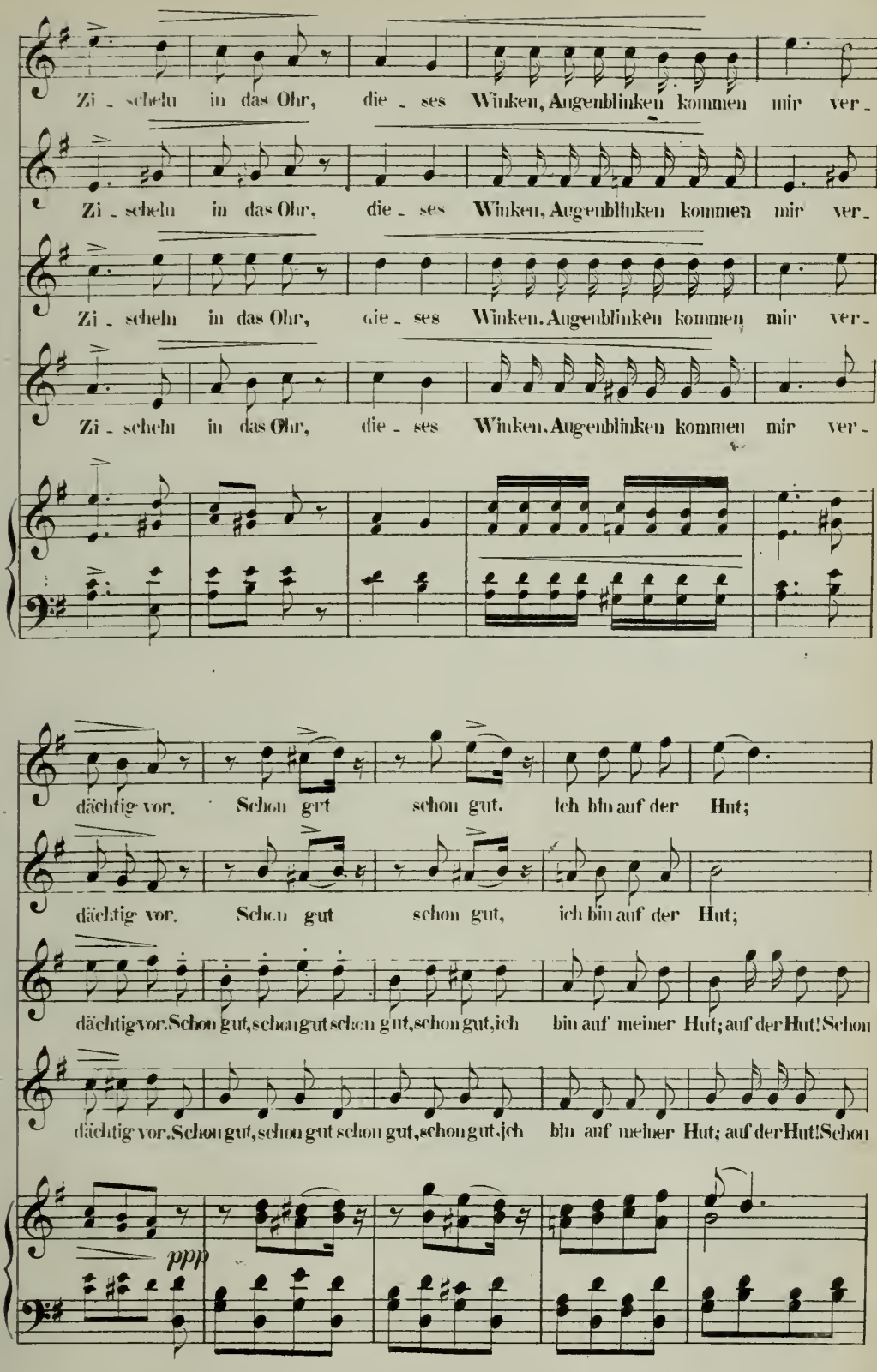

besinnend) (entschlossen)
Fauchette bei Seite nehmend) (zu der
J
so! So-fort muss das entschieden sein! Mein Fräulein, auf ein Wort; ich
pp
Antonia (leise zu Lambert.)
Andern)
Wie ichs versprach eilt ich hie-her.
J
bit-te zu ver-zeihn. Ge-stat-ten Sie mir, Ihr
Lambert (auf Fauchette deutend)
A
Wel-che Ge-fahr be-droht Sie schwer? Eine Bekanntschaft aus frühern
J
Rit-ter zu sehn, Sie sol-len es si-cher nie-mals be-
L
Ta-gen: Ma-ri-a wür-de mir nimmer ver-
J
reu'n; wenn ich zu hof-fen dürf-te wa-gen.

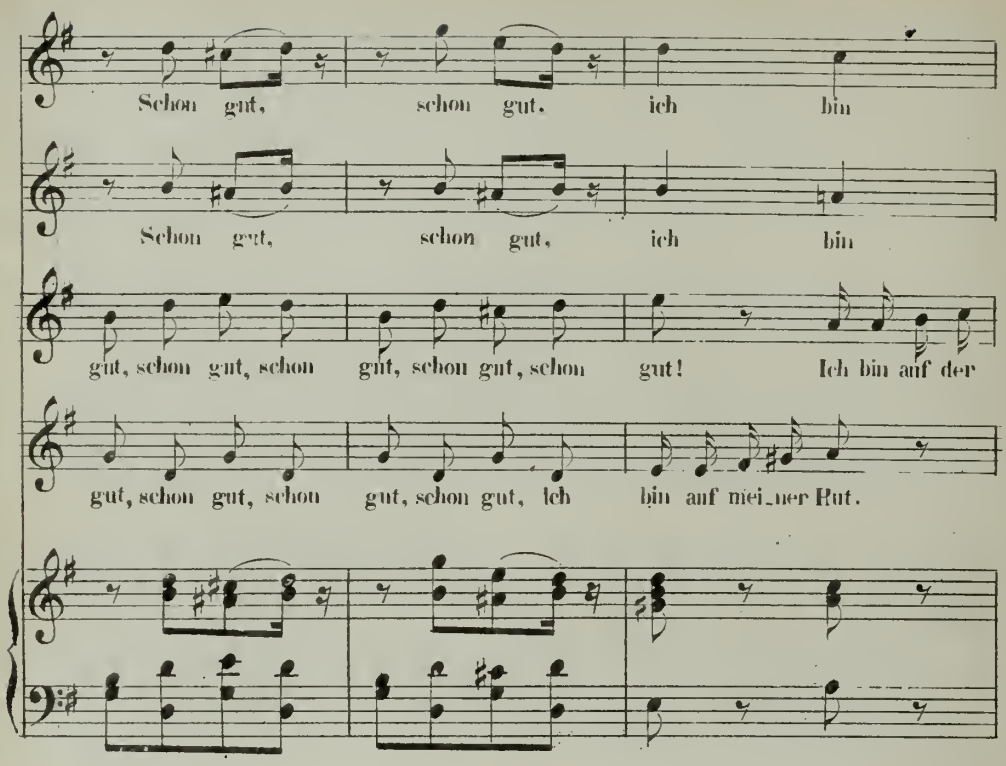

Fanchette.
So schweigen Sie doch end - lich
L
zeiln! Um ih - rer, um mei - ner Ru - he wil - len, müs - sen Sie
Januario.
Wenn mei - ner Lieb -
still!
schleunigst von ihr mich be - freiu!
(zerstreut) (sich besinnend)
Mungo! Ja so! Wa - rum den
Fanchette.
Weil ich dort drü - ben hö - ren will!
schweigen?
p

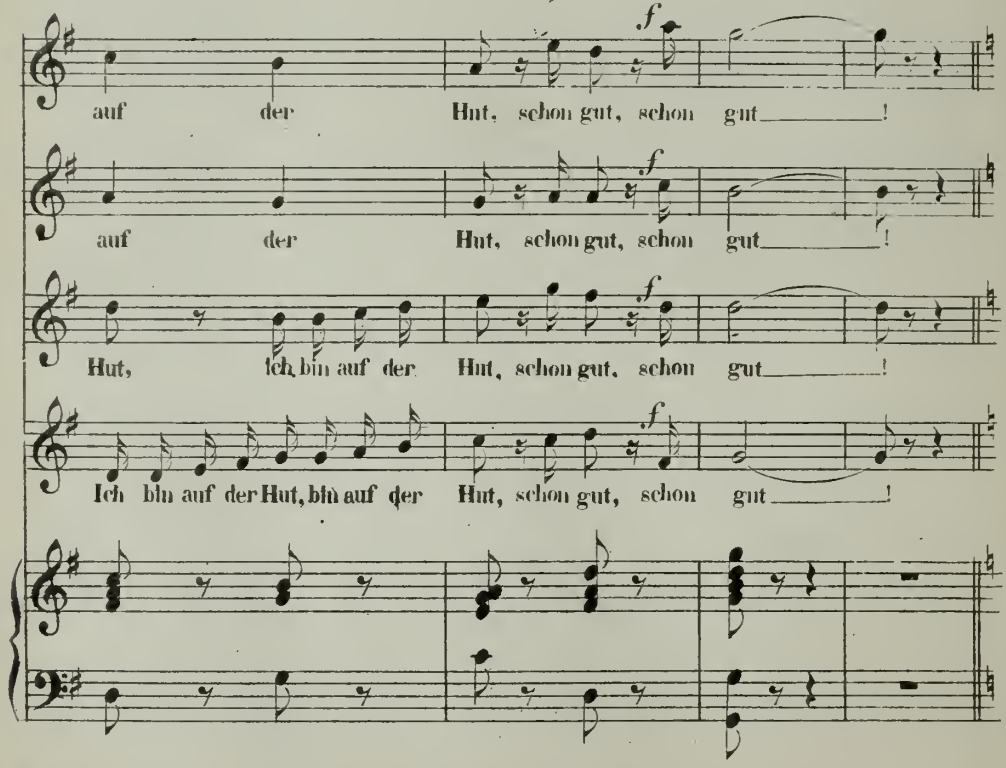


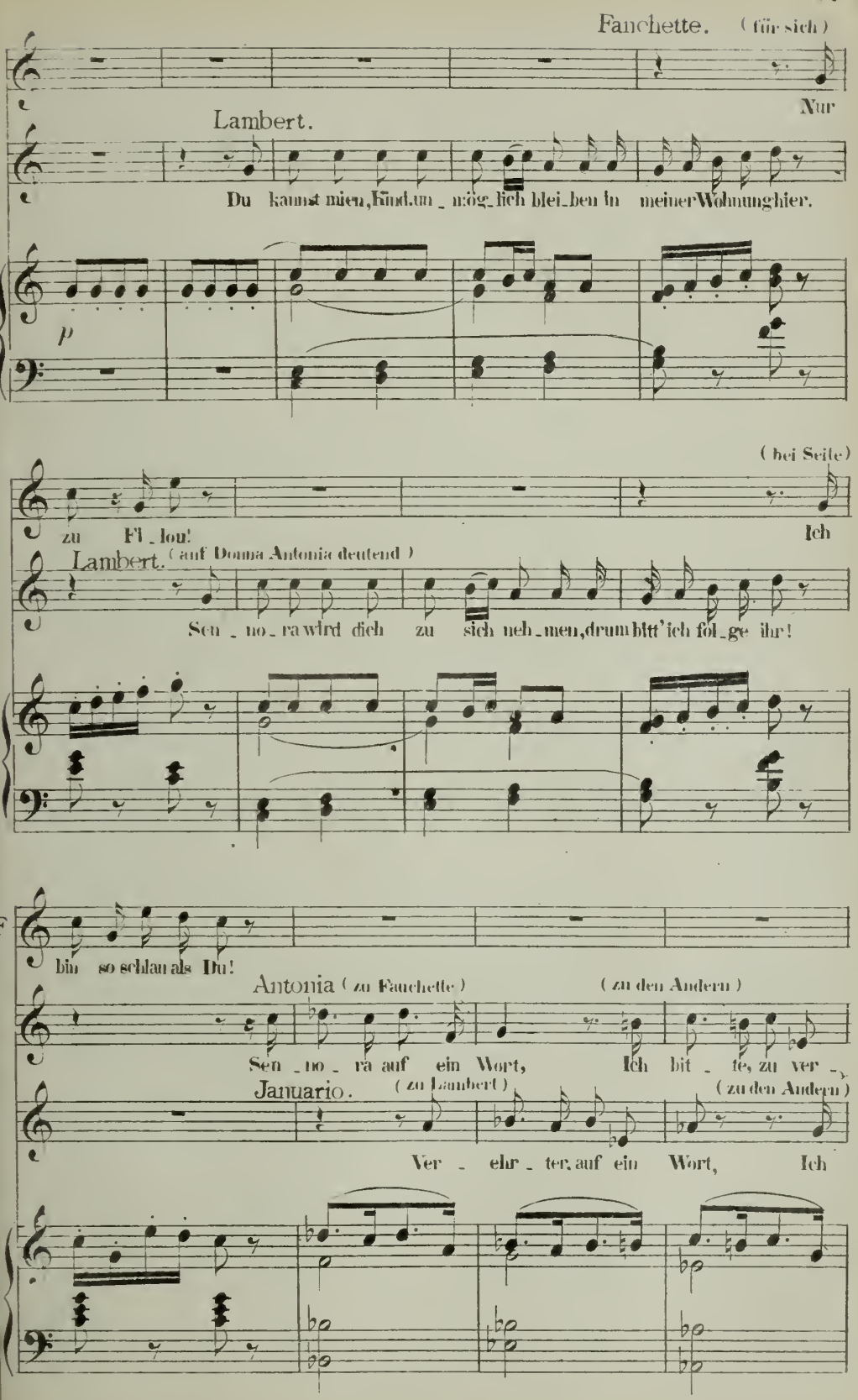
NB. Die Begleitung wird nur gespielt, wenn eine Unterstützung der Singstimmen nothwendig ist.

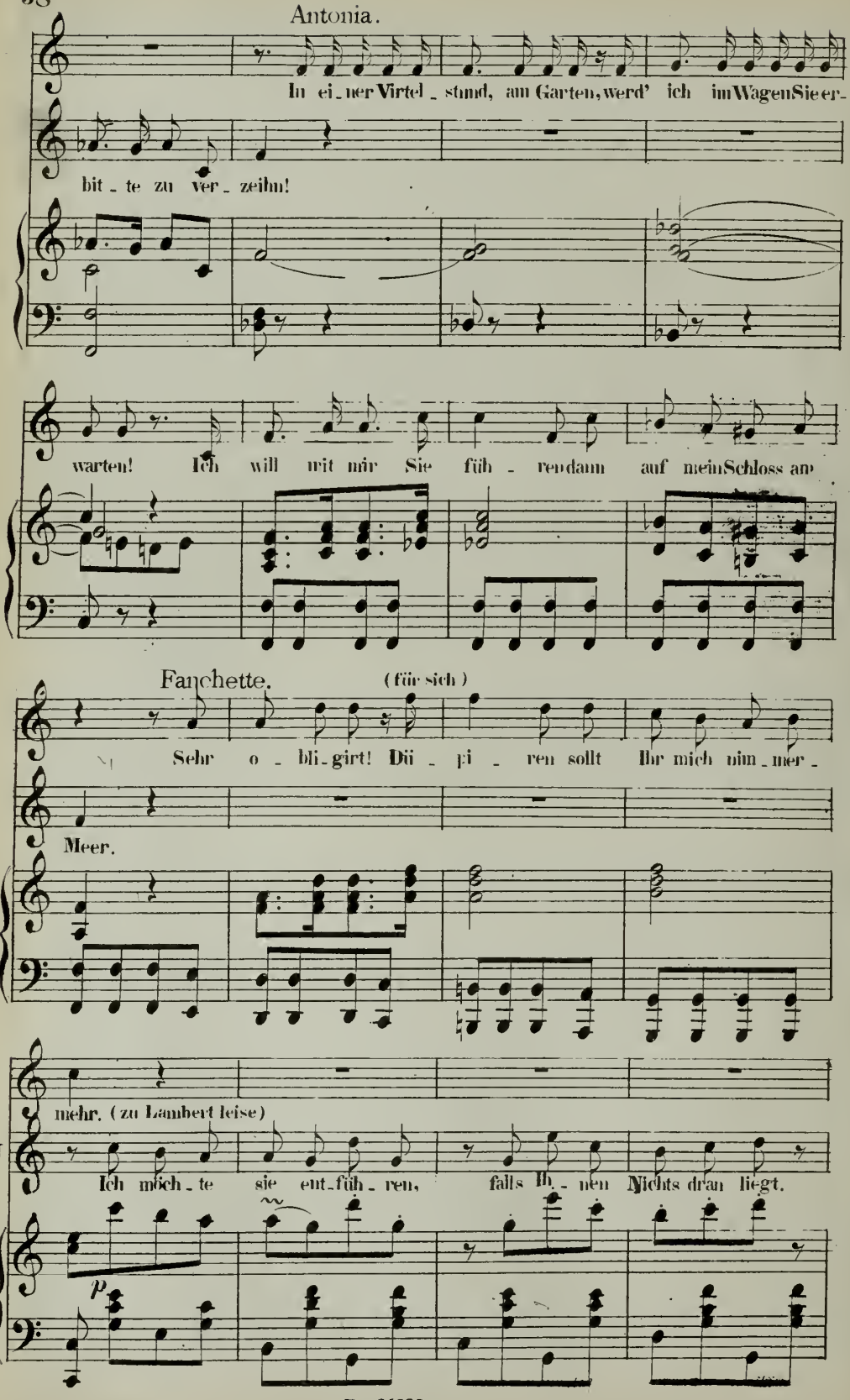


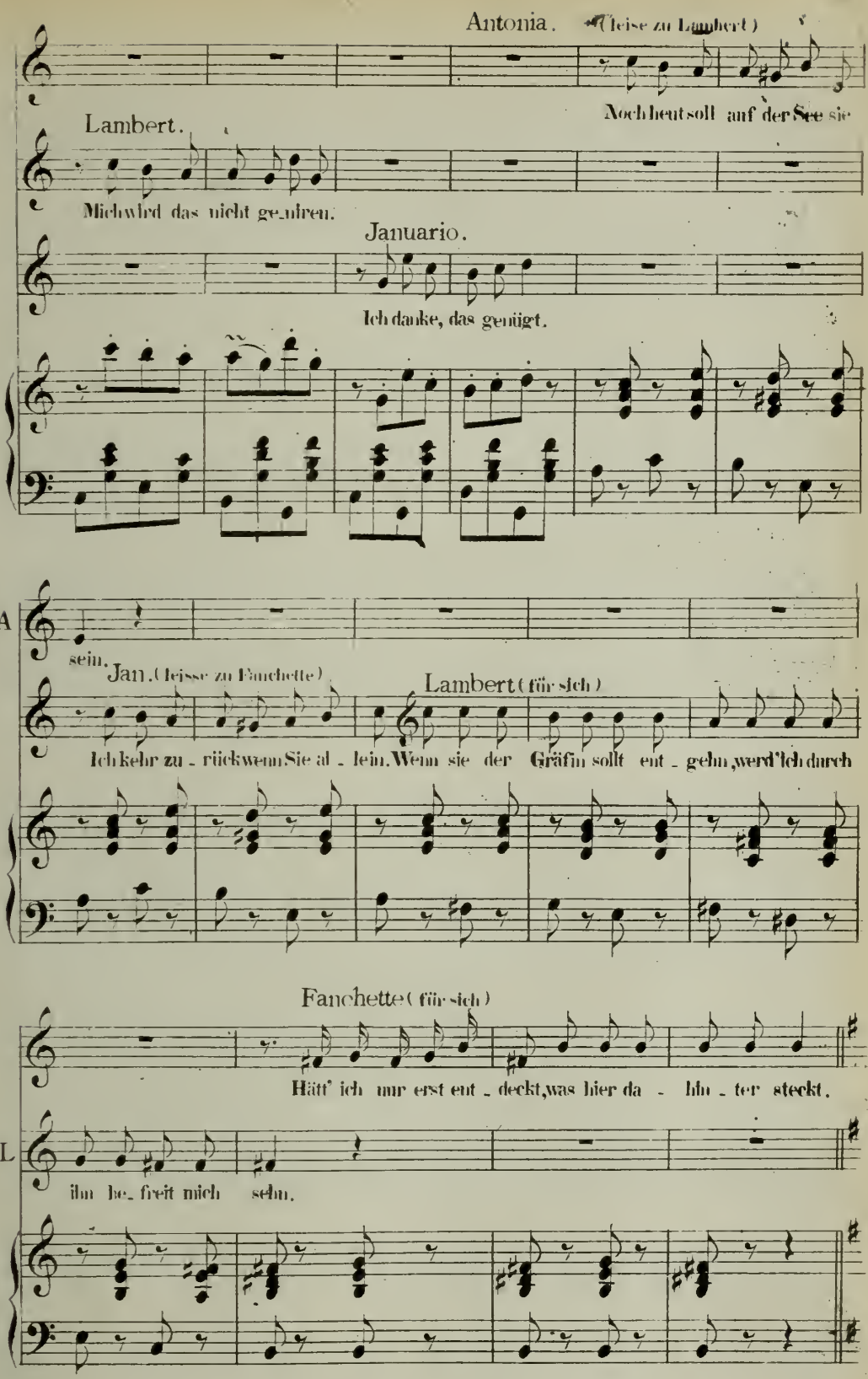

Zi - scheln in das Ohr, die - ses Winken, Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
Zi - scheln in das Ohr, die - ses Winken, Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
Zi - scheln in das Ohr, die - ses Winken, Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
Zi - scheln in das Ohr, die - ses Winken, Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
dächtig vor. Schon gut schon gut. ich bin auf der Hut;
dächtig vor. Schon gut schon gut, ich bin auf der Hut;
dächtig vor. Schon gut, schon gut schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf meiner Hut; auf der Hut! Schon
dächtig vor. Schon gut, schon gut schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf meiner Hut; auf der Hut! Schon
ppp

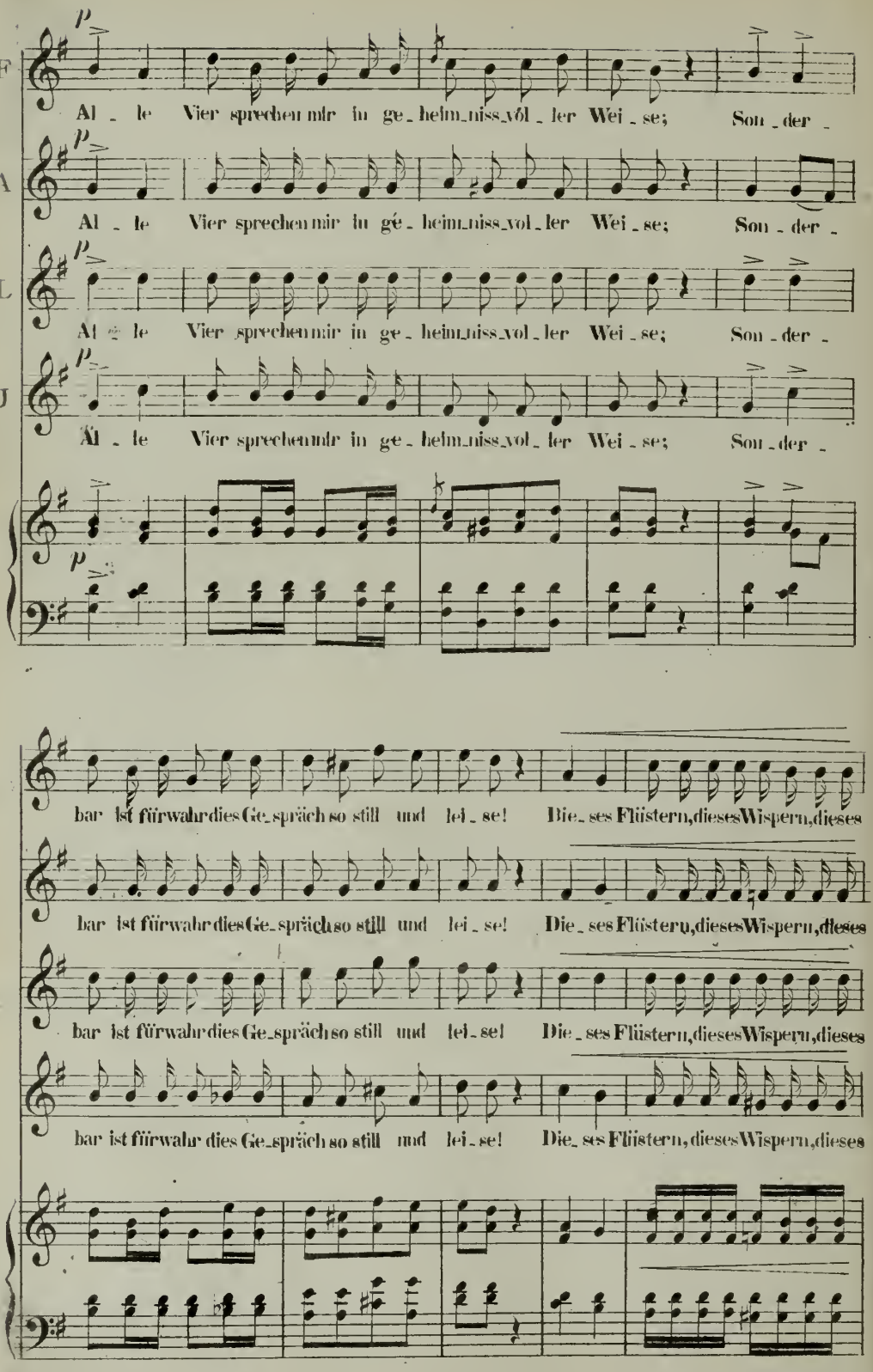

Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin
Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin
gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut! Ich bin auf der
gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf mei_ner Hut.

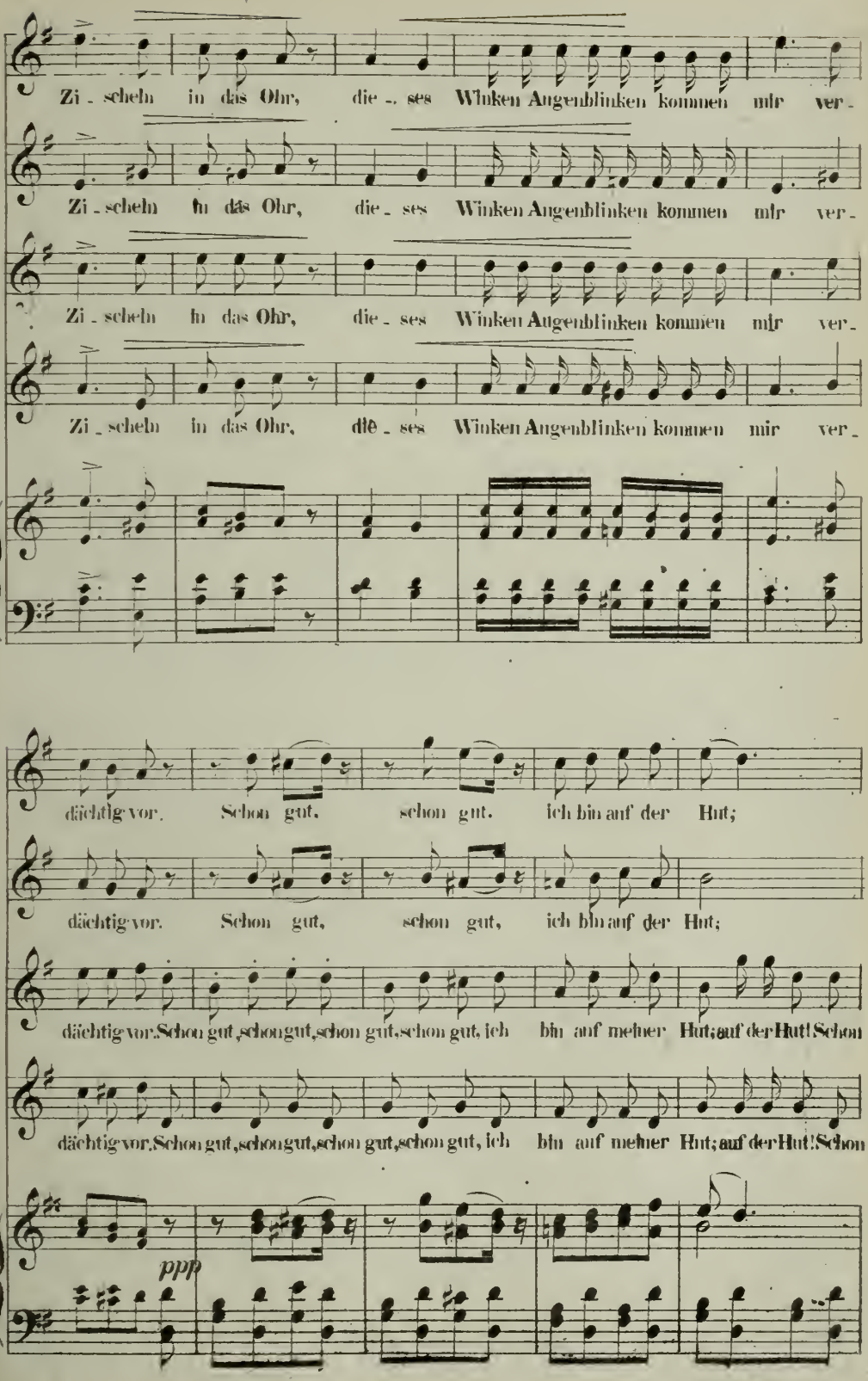

auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!
auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!
Hut, ich bin auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!
Ich bin auf der Hut, bin auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!

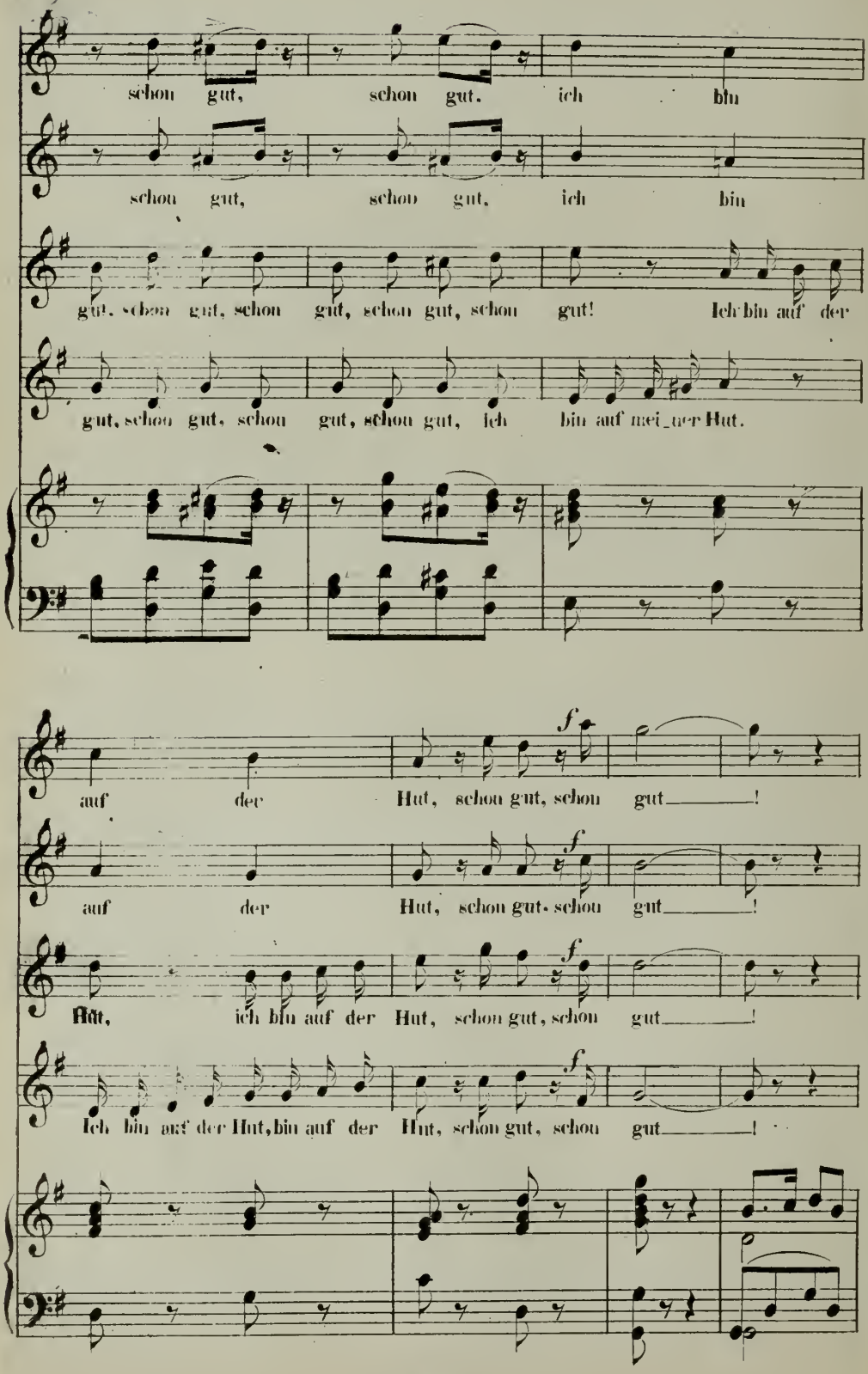

Fanchette. (für sich)
Nur
Lambert.
Du kannst mich, Kind, um_mög_lich blei_ben in meiner Wohnung hier.
p
(bei Seite)
zu Fl_lou!
Ich
Lambert. (auf Donna Antonia deutend)
Sen_no_ra wird dich zu sich neh_men, drum bitt' ich fol_ge ihr!
F
bin so schlau als Du!
Antonia (zu Fanchette)
(zu den Andern)
Sen_no_ra auf ein Wort, Ich bit_te, zu ver_
Januario. (zu Lambert)
(zu den Andern)
Ver_ehr_ter, auf ein Wort, Ich

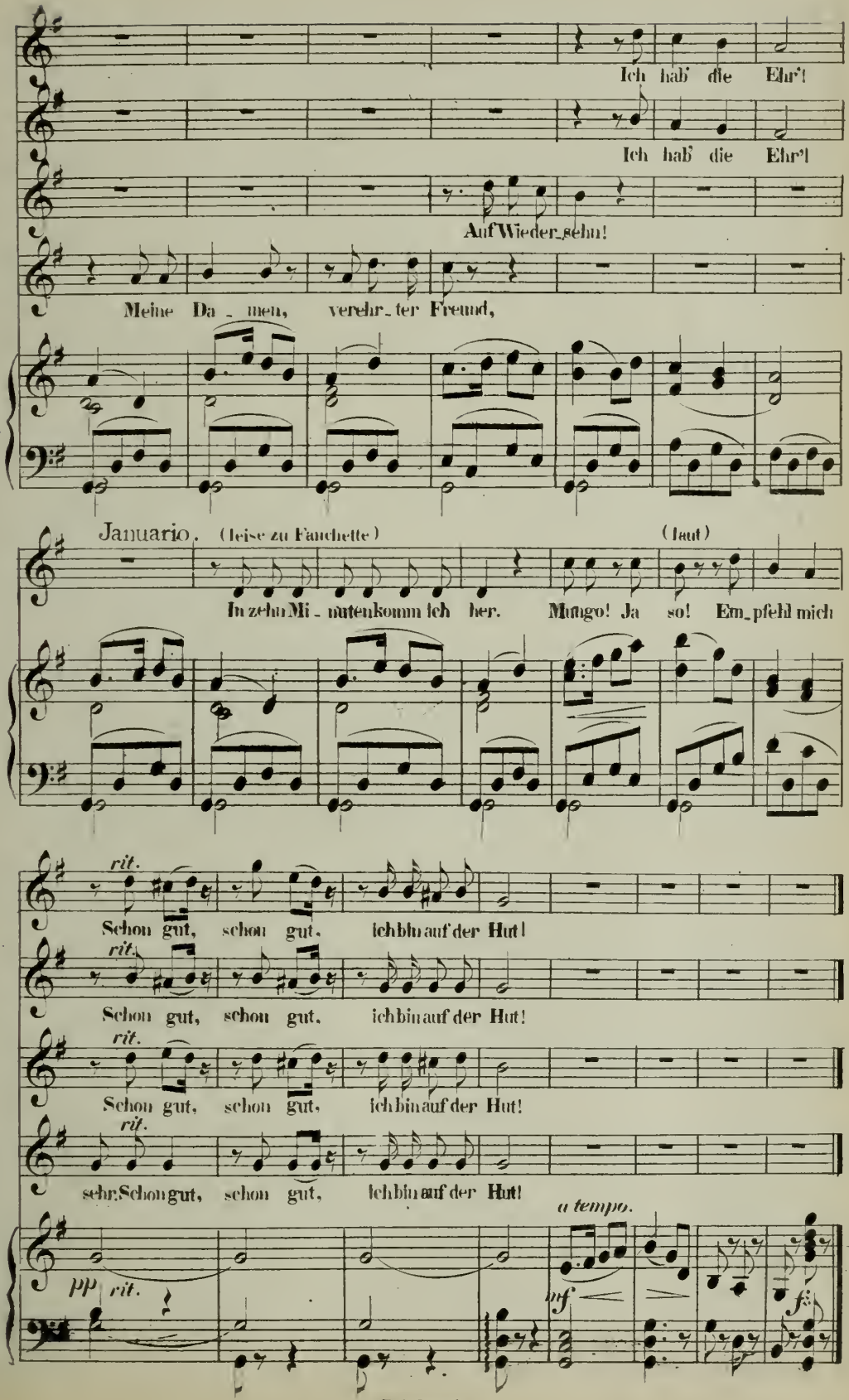

Antonia.
In ei_ner Virtel_stund, am Garten, werd' ich im Wagen Sie er-
bit_te zu ver_zeihn!
warten! Ich will mit mir Sie füh_ren dann auf mein Schloss an
Fanchette. (für sich)
Sehr o_bli_girt! Dii_pi_ren sollt Ihr mich nim_mer_
Meer.
mehr. (zu Lambert leise)
J
Ich möch_te sie ent_füh_ren, falls Ih_nen Nichts dran liegt.
p


Antonia. (leise zu Lambert)
Noch heut soll auf der See sie
Lambert.
Mich wird das nicht gereuen.
Januario.
Ich danke, das genügt.
A
sein.
Jan. (leise zu Fanchette)
Lambert (für sich)
Ich kehr zu - rück wenn Sie al - lein. Wenn sie der Gräfin sollt ent - gehn, werd' ich durch
Fanchette (für sich)
Hätt' ich nur erst ent - deckt, was hier da - hin - ter steckt.
L
ihn be - freit mich sehn.

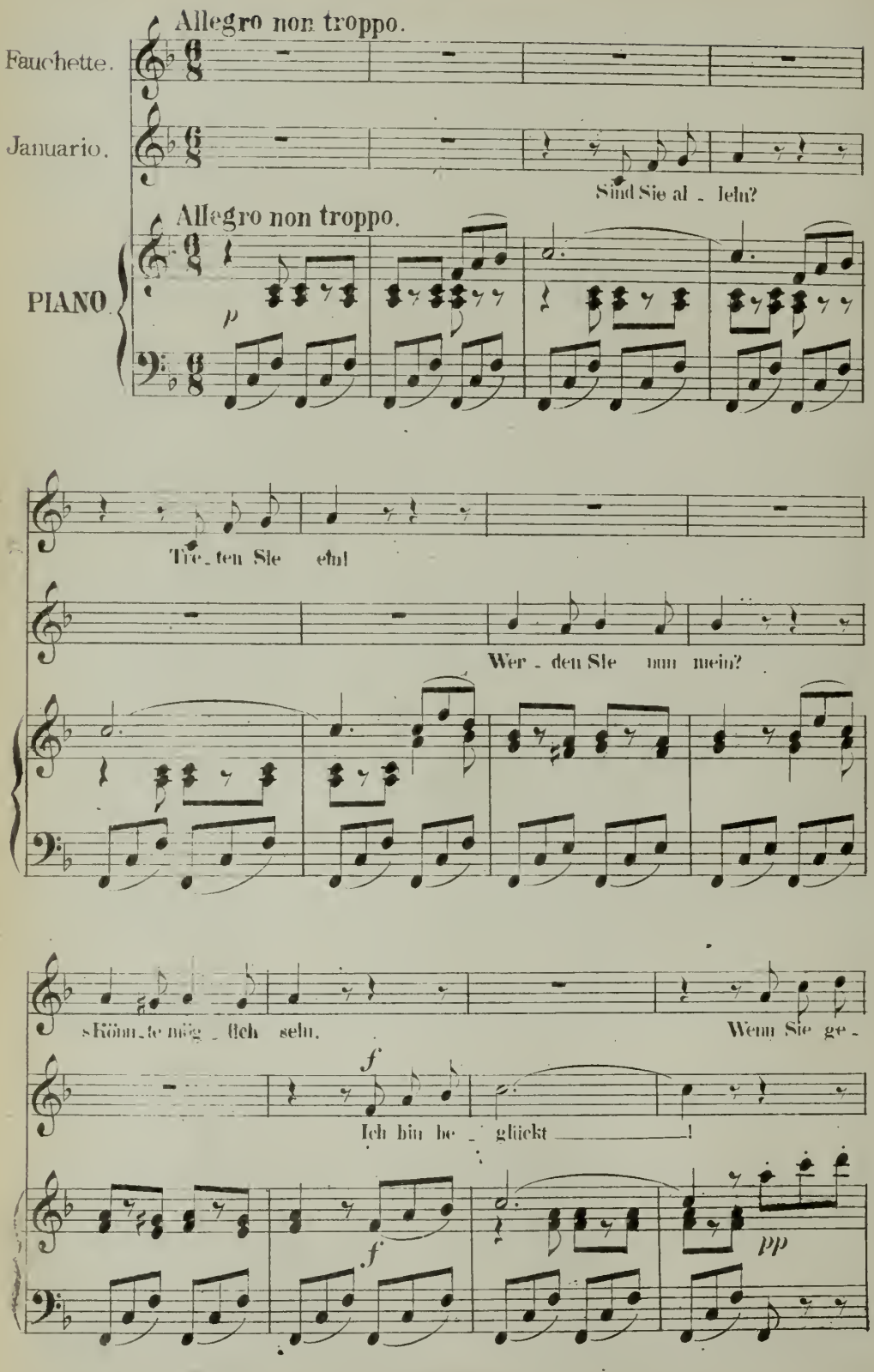

F
A
L
J
p
Al - le Vier sprechen mir in ge - heim - niss - vol - ler Wei - se; Son - der -
Al - le Vier sprechen mir in gé - heim - niss - vol - ler Wei - se; Son - der -
Al - le Vier sprechen mir in ge - heim - niss - vol - ler Wei - se; Son - der -
Äl - le Vier sprechen mir in ge - heim - niss - vol - ler Wei - se; Son - der -
bar ist fürwahr dies Ge - spräch so still und lei - se! Die - ses Flüstern, dieses Wispern, dieses
bar ist fürwahr dies Ge - spräch so still und lei - se! Die - ses Flüstern, dieses Wispern, dieses
bar ist fürwahr dies Ge - spräch so still und lei - se! Die - ses Flüstern, dieses Wispern, dieses
bar ist fürwahr dies Ge - spräch so still und lei - se! Die - ses Flüstern, dieses Wispern, dieses

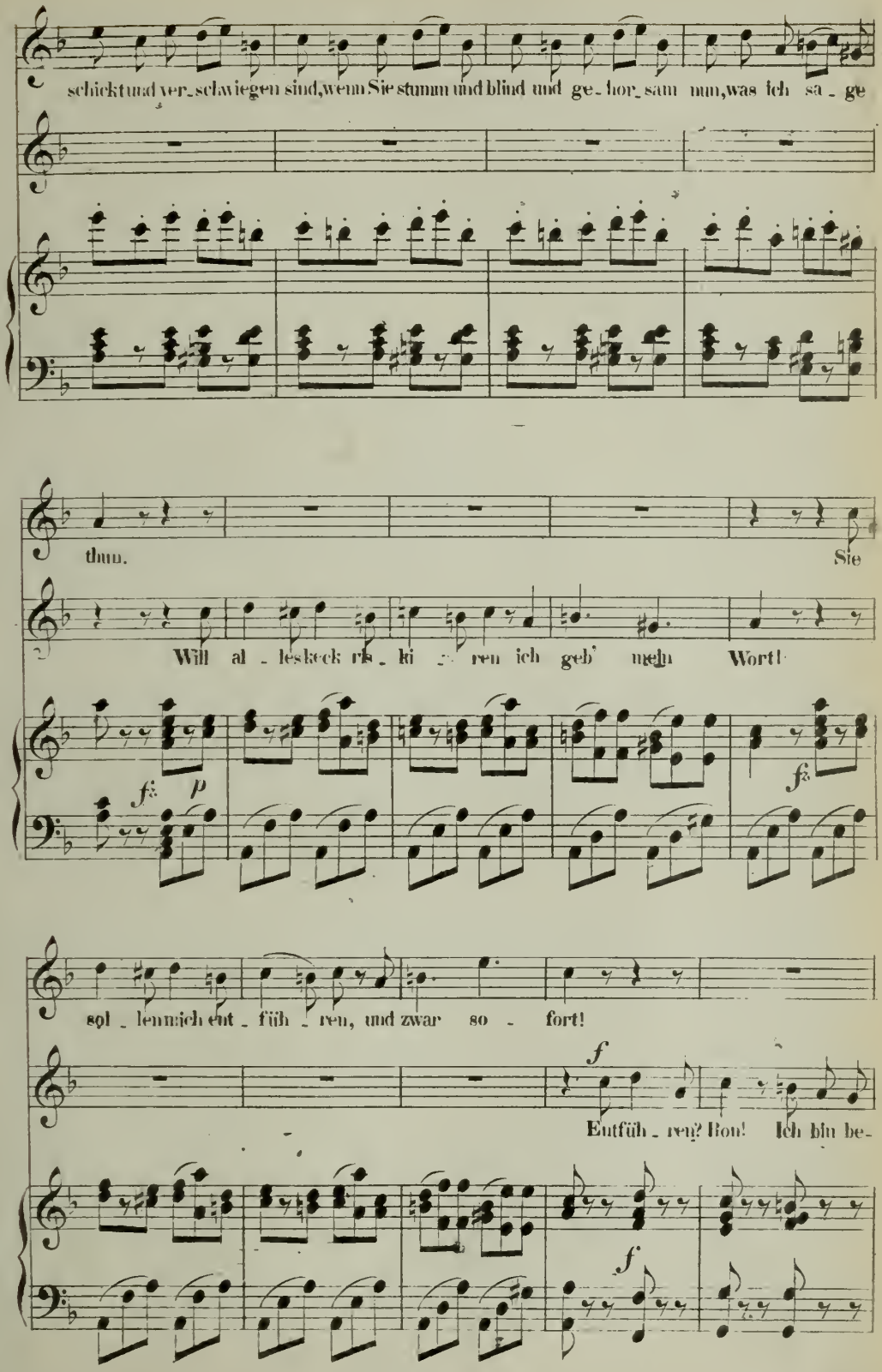

Zi - scheln in das Ohr, dies - es Winken Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
Zi - scheln in das Ohr, dies - es Winken Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
Zi - scheln in das Ohr, dies - es Winken Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
Zi - scheln in das Ohr, dies - es Winken Augenblinken kommen mir ver -
dächtig vor. Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf der Hut;
dächtig vor. Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf der Hut;
dächtig vor. Schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf meiner Hut; auf der Hut! Schon
dächtig vor. Schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf meiner Hut; auf der Hut! Schon
ppp

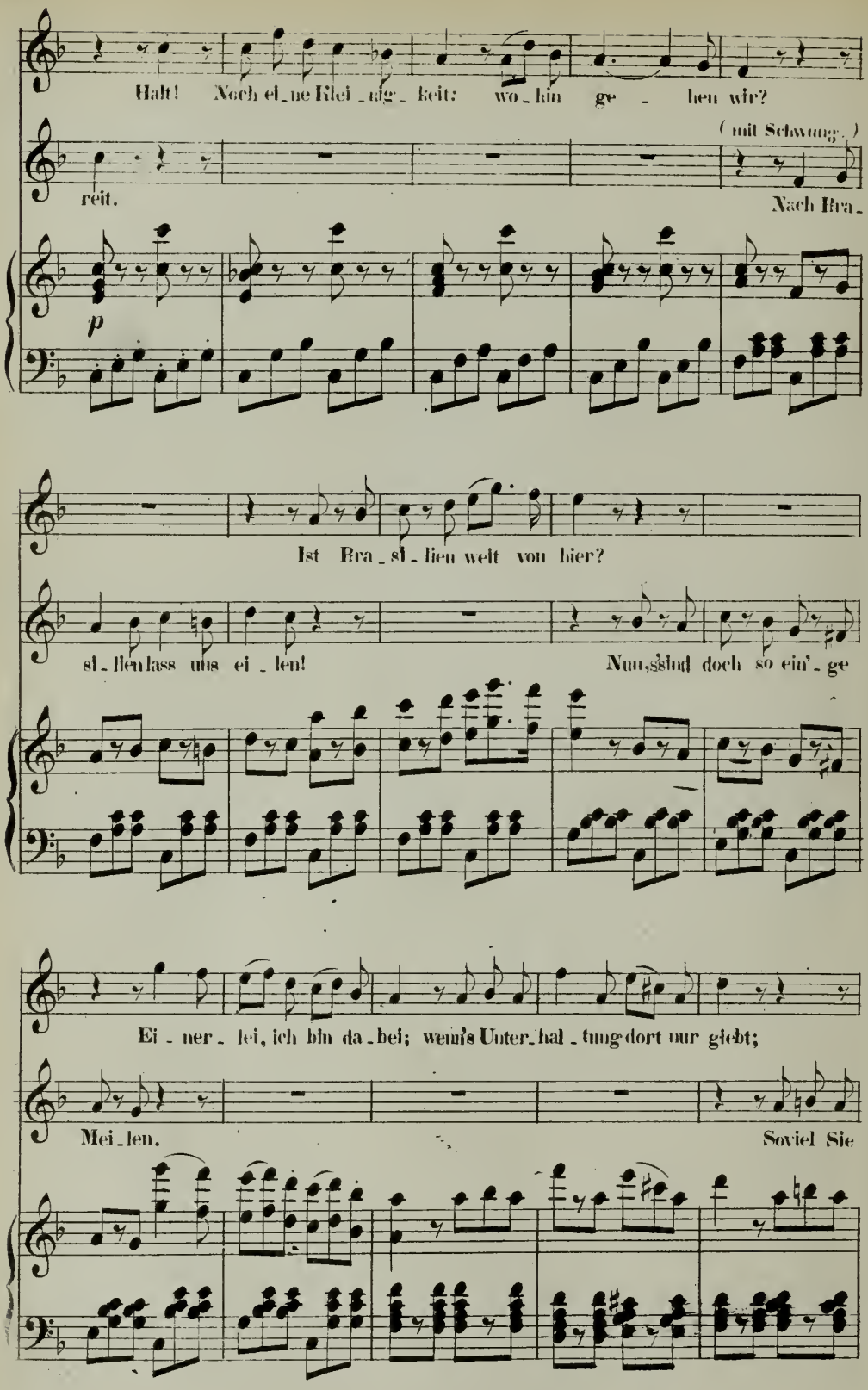

schon gut, schon gut. ich bin
schon gut, schon gut, ich bin
gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut! Ich bin auf der
gut, schon gut, schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf mei_ner Hut.
auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!
auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!
Hut, ich bin auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!
Ich bin auf der Hut, bin auf der Hut, schon gut, schon gut_____!

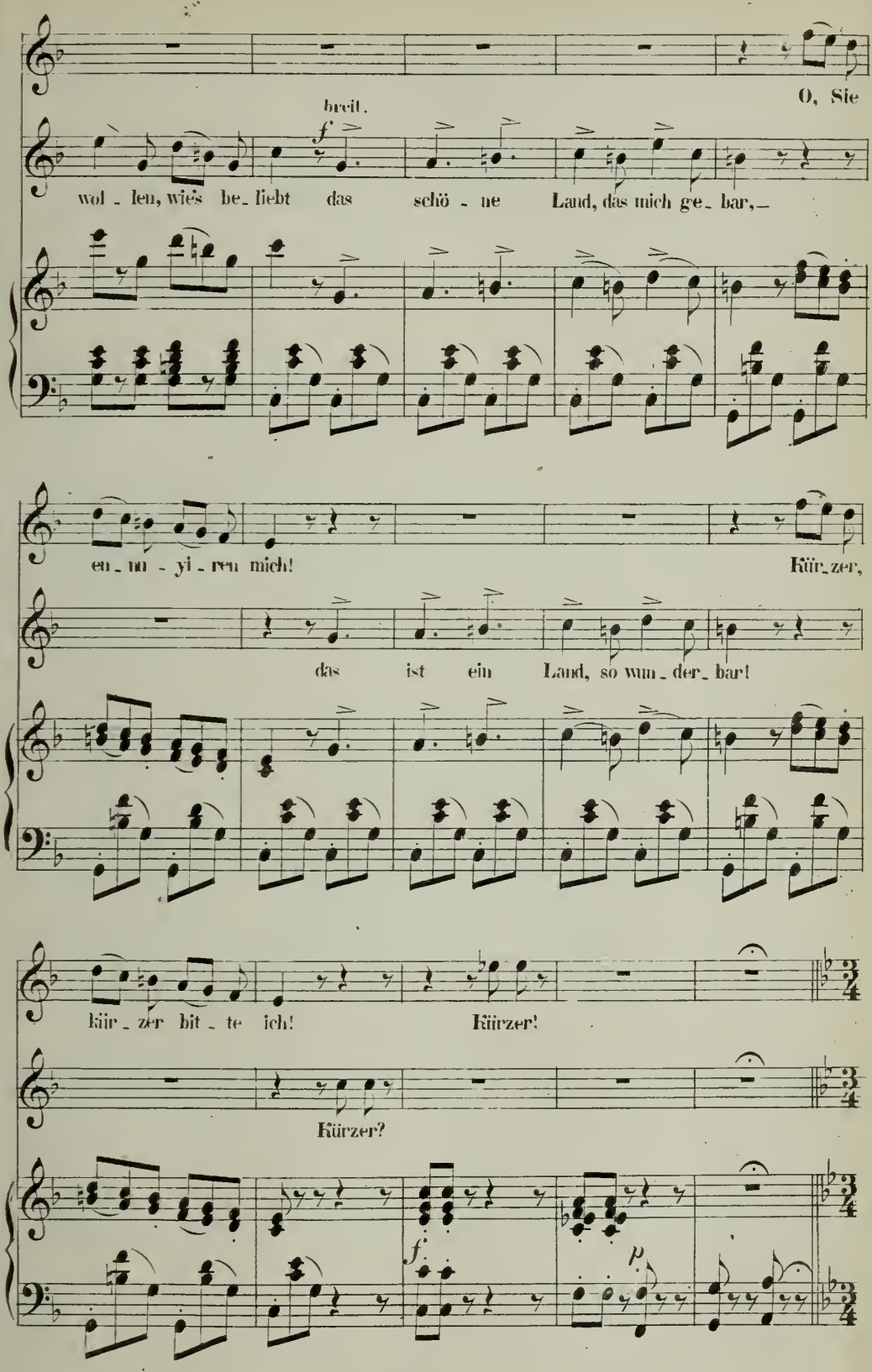

Ich hab' die Ehr'!
Ich hab' die Ehr'!
Auf Wieder_sehn!
Meine Da_men, verehr_ter Freund,
Januario. (leise zu Fanchette)
(laut)
In zehn Mi_nuten komm ich her. Mungo! Ja so! Em_pfehl mich
rit.
Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf der Hut!
rit.
Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf der Hut!
rit.
Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf der Hut!
rit.
sehr. Schon gut, schon gut, ich bin auf der Hut!
a tempo.
pp rit.
pf
f

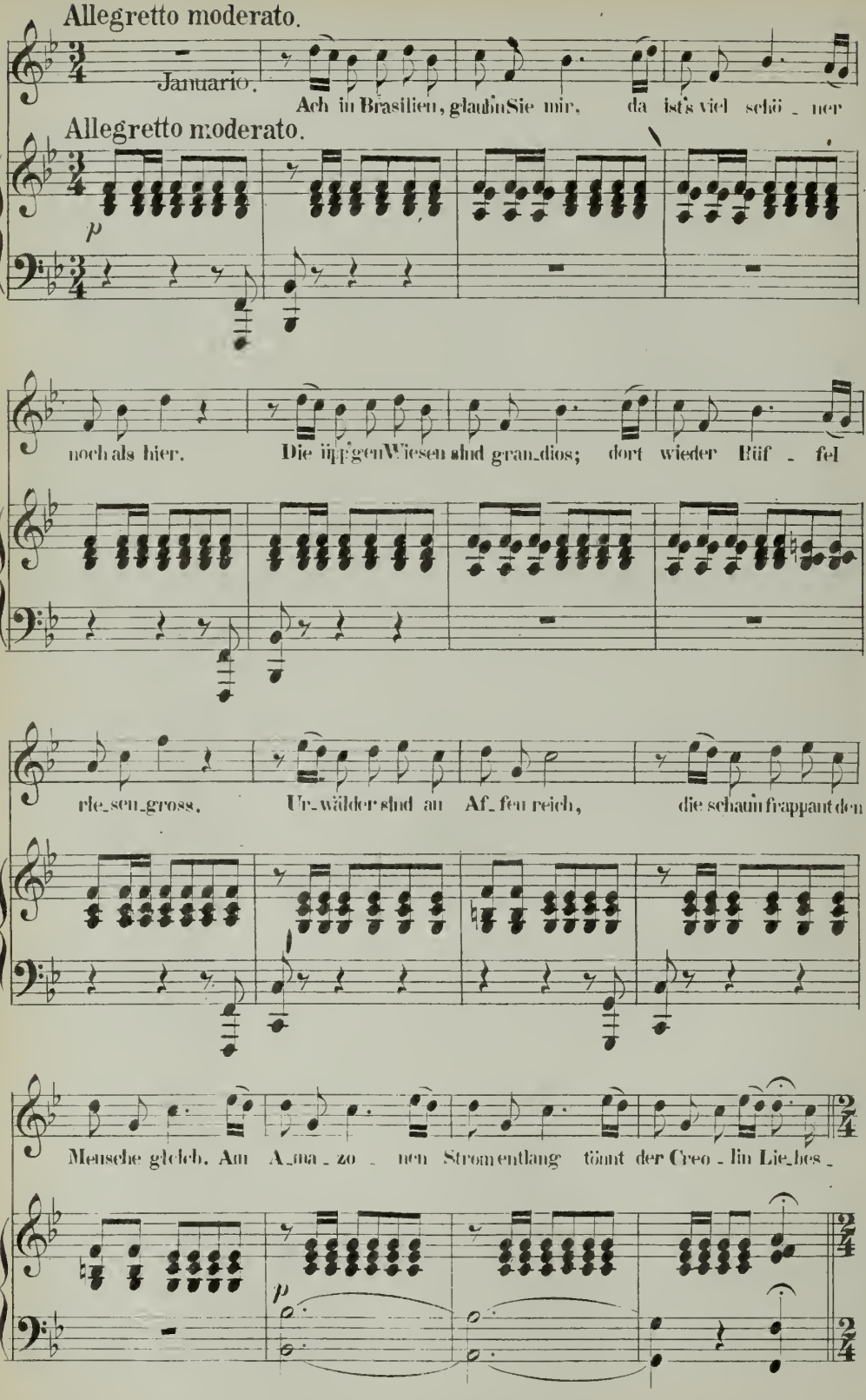
№ 8. Duettino.

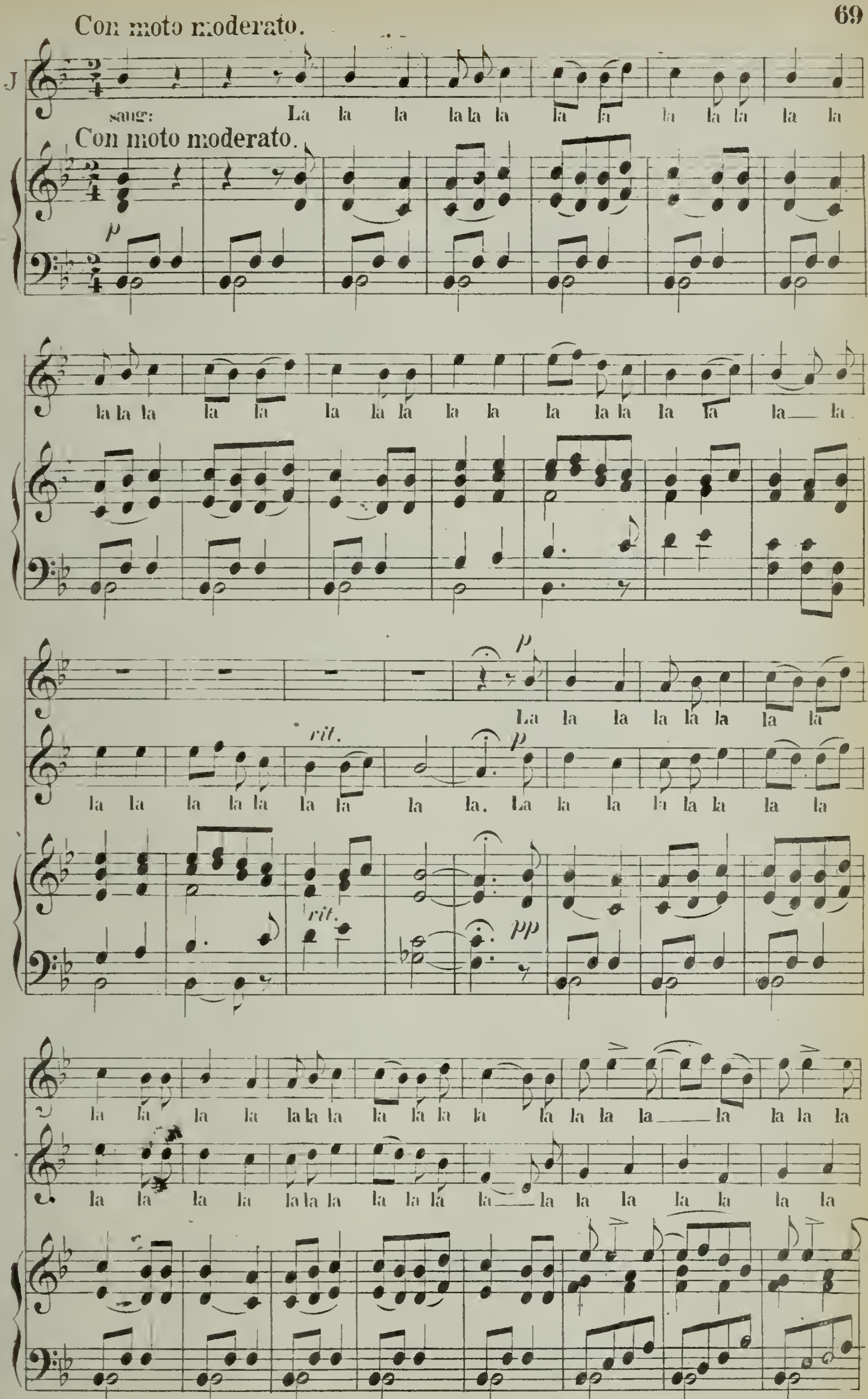

Allegro non troppo.
Fauchette.
Januario.
Sind Sie al - lein?
Allegro non troppo.
PIANO
p
Trö - sten Sie ein!
Wer - den Sie nun mein?
sKönn - te mög - lich sein.
Wenn Sie ge -
f
Ich bin be - glückt !
f
pp

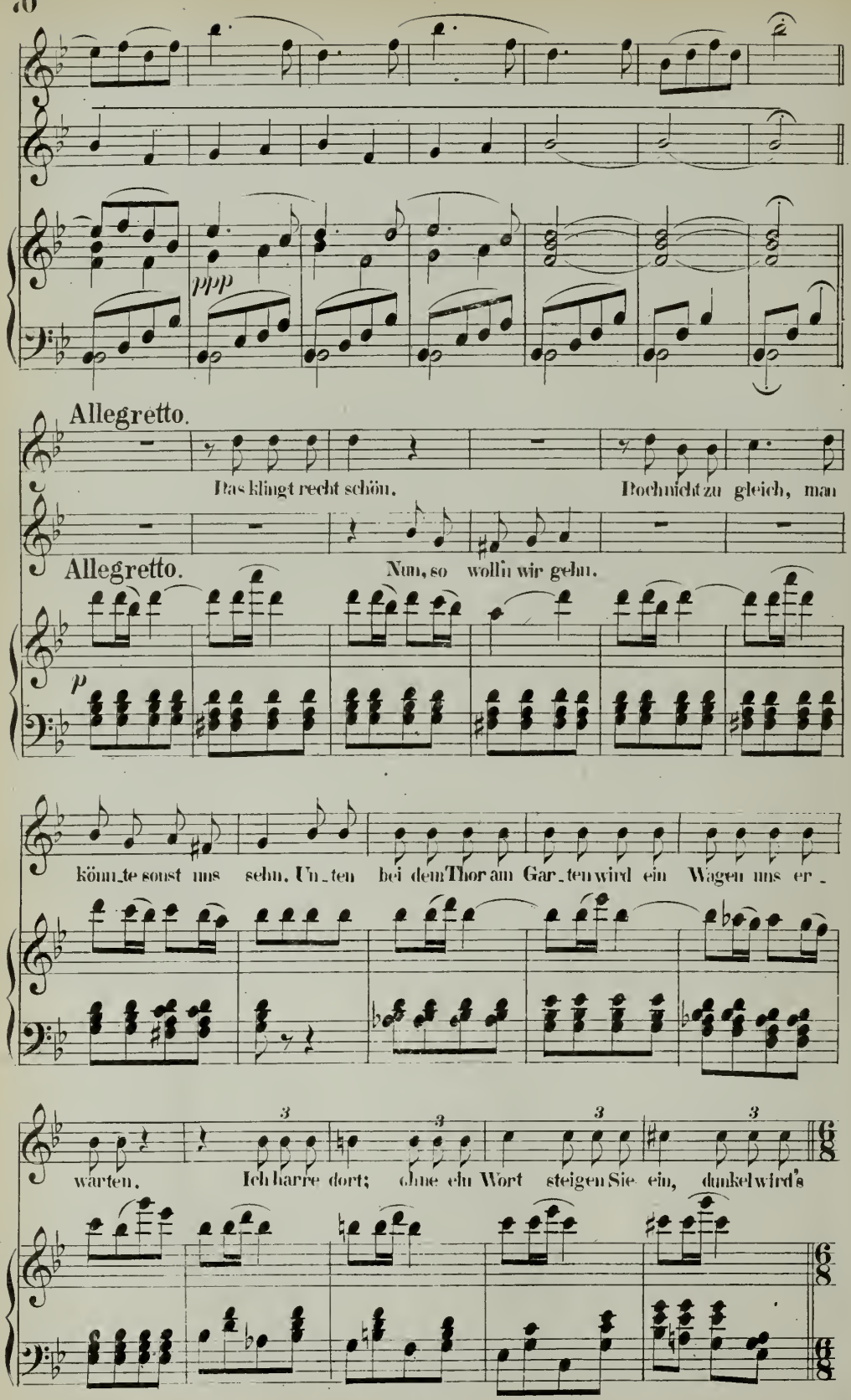

schickt und ver_schwiegen sind, wenn Sie stumm und blind und ge_hor_sam nun, was ich sa_ge
thun. Sie
Will al_les kleck rls_ki_ren ich geb' mehr Wort!
sol_len mich ent_füh_ren, und zwar so_fort!
Entfüh_ren? Bon! Ich bin be-

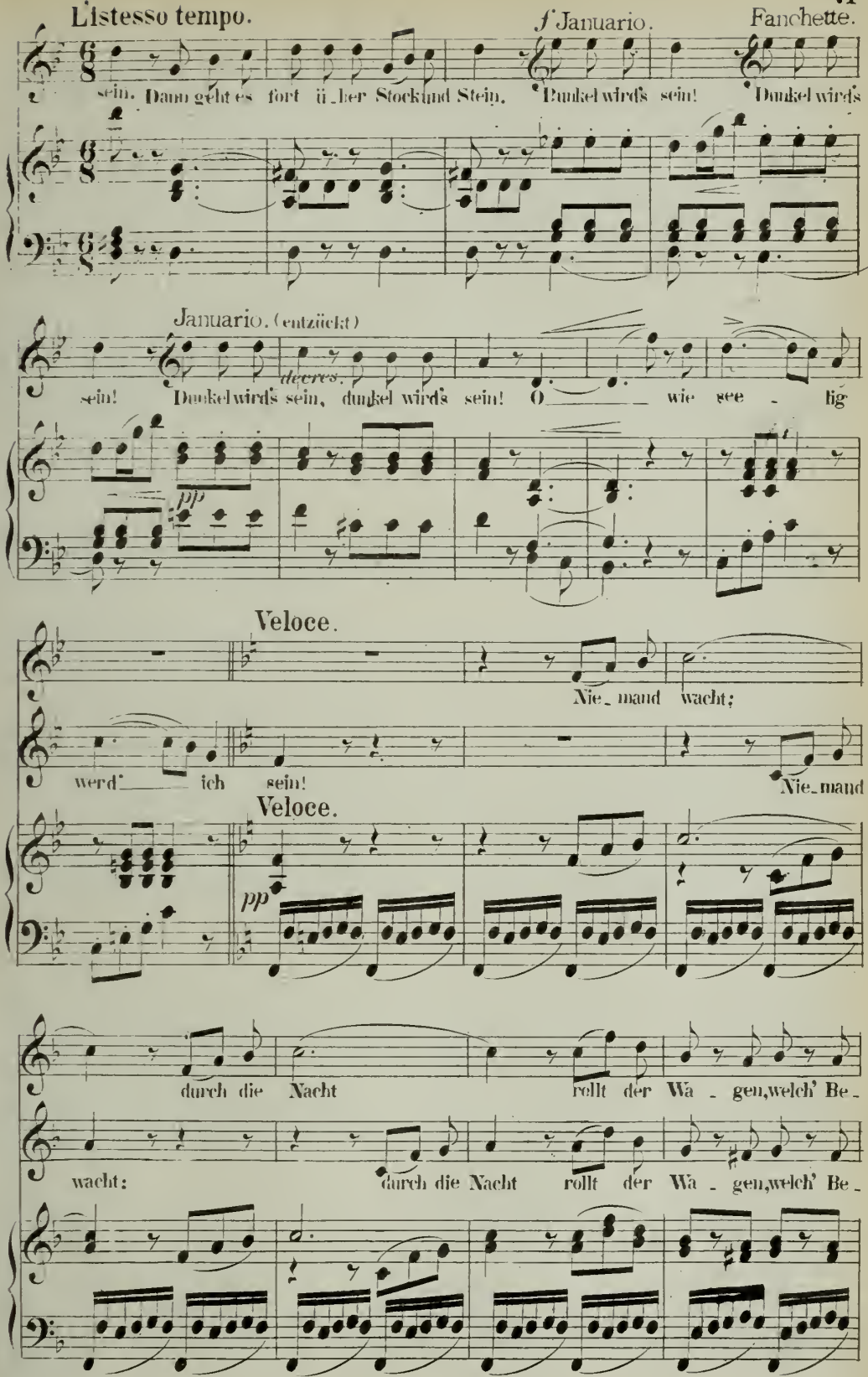

Halt! Noch ei_ne Klei_nig_keit: wo_hin ge_hen wir?
reit.
(mit Schwung.)
Nach Bra_
p
Ist Bra_si_lien weit von hier?
si_lien lass uns ei_len!
Nun, sind doch so ein'_ge
Ei_ner_lei, ich bin da_bei; wenn's Unter_hal_tung dort nur giebt;
Mei_len.
Soviel Sie

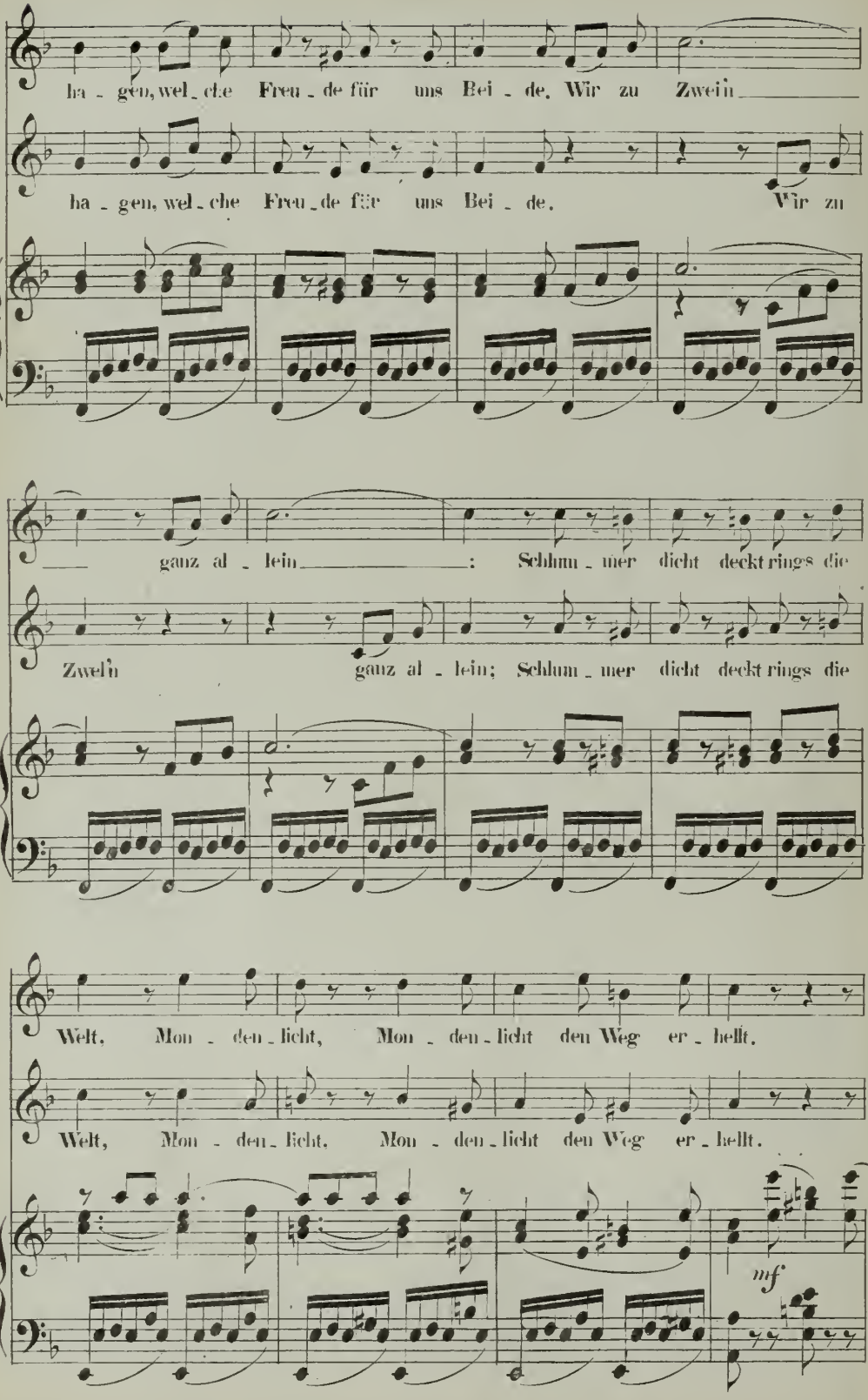

breit.
O, Sie
wol - len, wies be - liebt das schö - ne Land, das mich ge - bar, —
en - tu - yi - ren mich!
Kür - zer,
das ist ein Land, so wun - der - bar!
kür - zer bit - te ich!
Kürzer!
Kürzer?

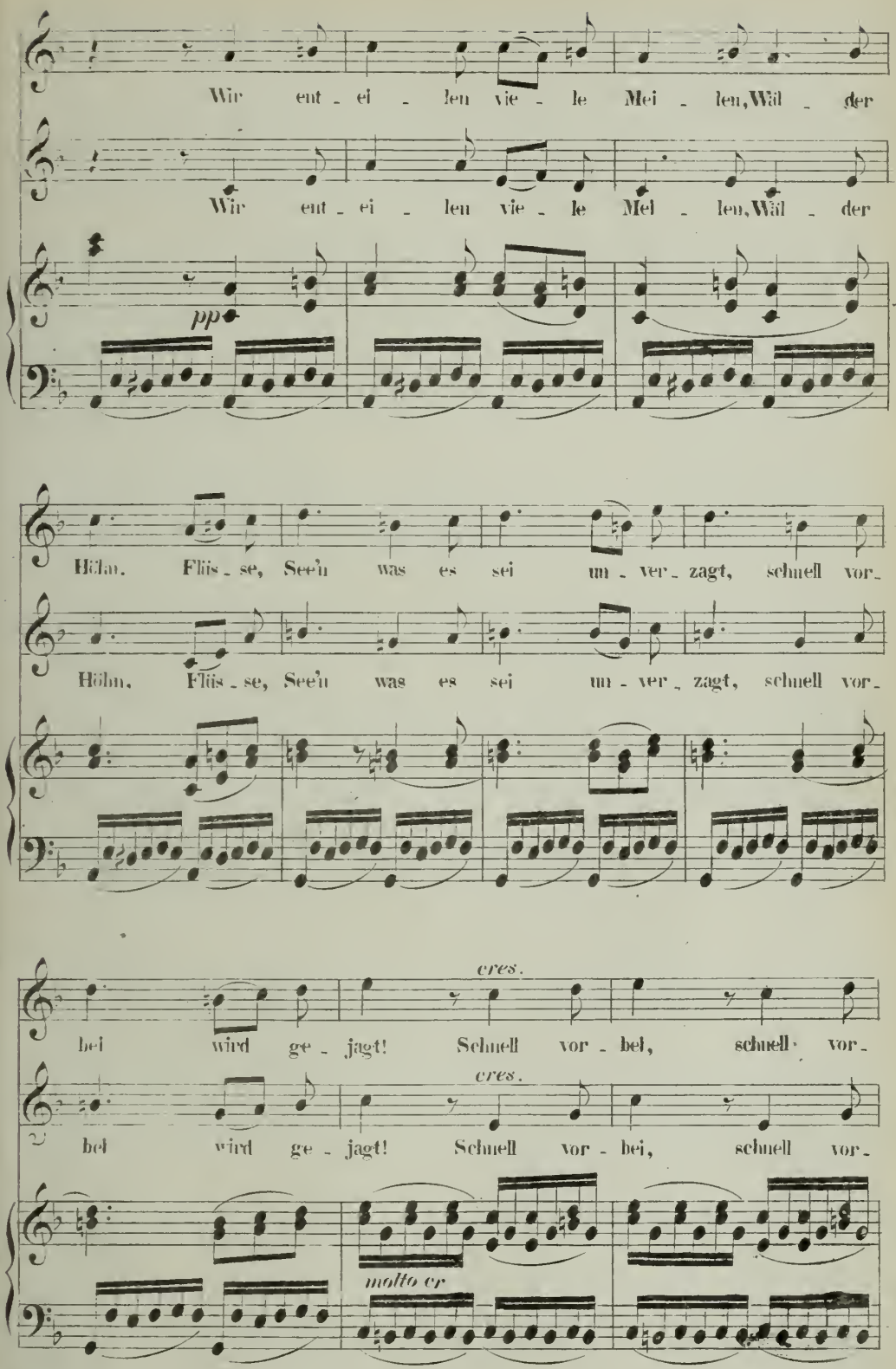

Allegretto moderato.
Januario.
Ach in Brasilien, glaubn Sie mir, da ist's viel schö_ner
Allegretto moderato.
p
noch als hier. Die üpp'gen Wiesen sind gran_dios; dort wieder Rüf_fel
rie_sen_gross. Ur_wälder sind an Af_fen reich, die schaun frappant den
Menschе gleich. Am A_ma_zo_nen Strom entlang tönt der Creo_lin Lie_bes_
p

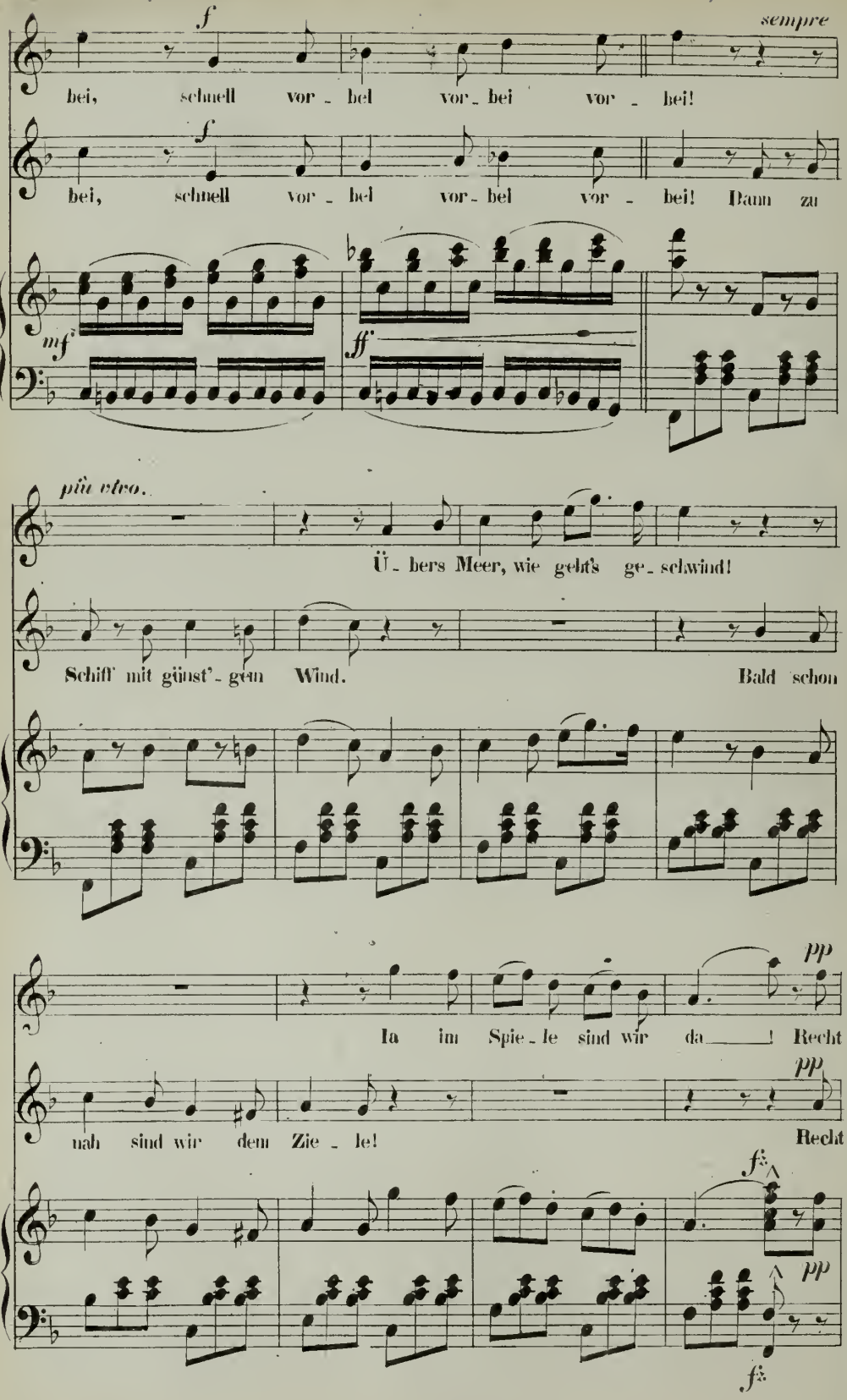

Con moto moderato.
J
sang:
La la la la la la la la la la la la la
Con moto moderato.
p
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
p
La la la la la la la la
rit.
la la la la la la la la la. La la la la la la la la
rit.
pp
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

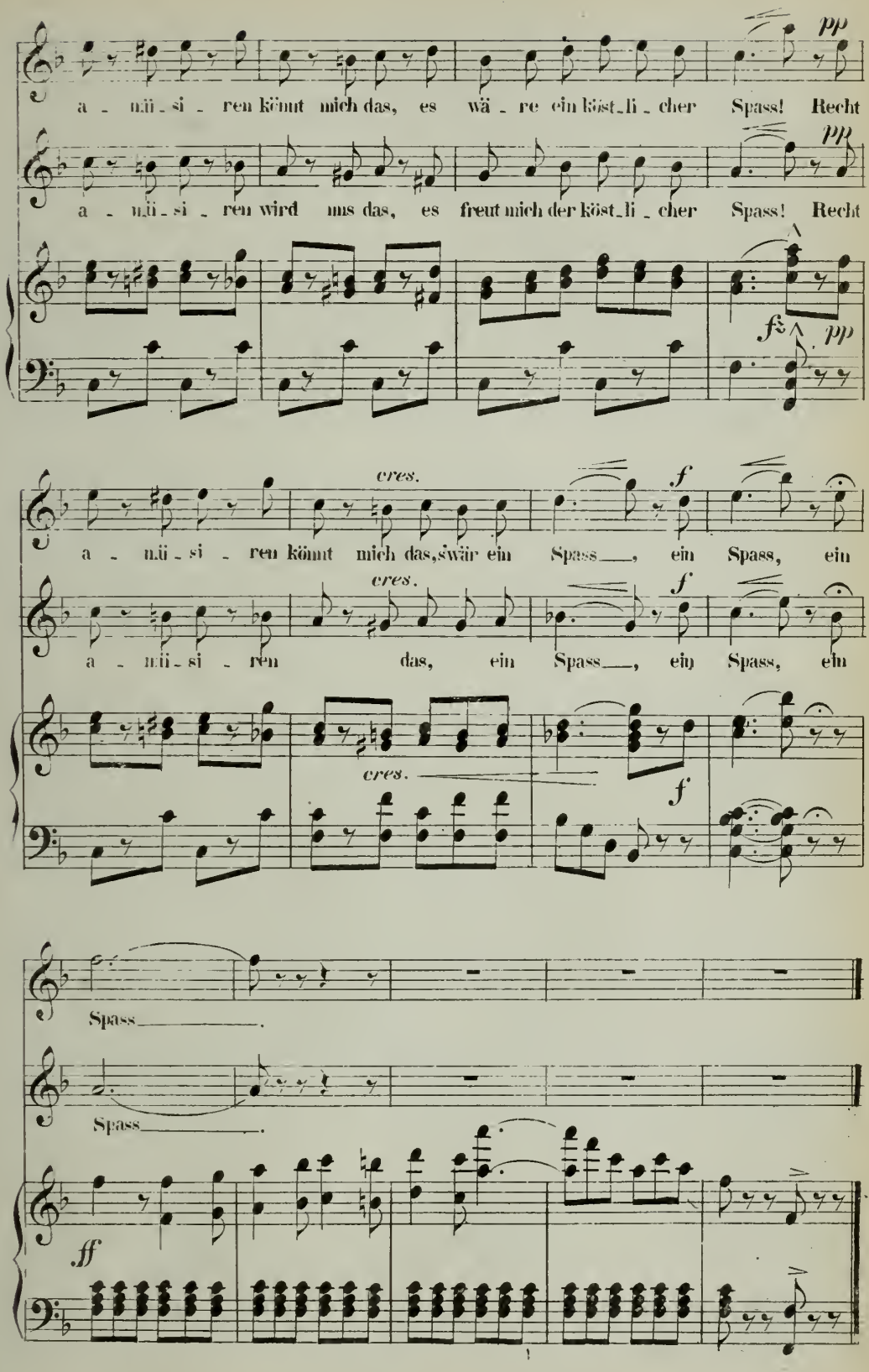

ppp
Allegretto.
Das klingt recht schön. Doch nicht zu gleich, man
Allegretto.
Nun, so wollʼn wir gehn.
p
könnte sonst uns sehn. Unten bei dem Thor am Garten wird ein Wagen uns er-
warten. Ich harre dort; ohne ein Wort steigen Sie ein, dunkel wird's


L'istesso tempo.
f Januario.
Fanchette.
sein. Dann geht es fort über Stock und Stein. Dunkel wird's sein! Dunkel wird's
Januario. (entzückt)
decres.
sein! Dunkel wird's sein, dunkel wird's sein! O wie see - lig
pp
Veloce.
Nie_mand wacht;
werd' ich sein! Nie_mand
Veloce.
pp
durch die Nacht rollt der Wa - gen, welch' Be_
wacht; durch die Nacht rollt der Wa - gen, welch' Be_


ha - gen, wel - che Freu - de für uns Bei - de, Wir zu Zwei'n
ha - gen, wel - che Freu - de für uns Bei - de. Wir zu
gan z al - lein: Schlum - mer dicht deckt rings die
Zwei'n gan z al - lein; Schlum - mer dicht deckt rings die
Welt, Mon - den - licht, Mon - den - licht den Weg er - hellt.
Welt, Mon - den - licht. Mon - den - licht den Weg er - hellt.
mf


Wir ent - ei - len vie - le Mei - len, Wäl - der
Wir ent - ei - len vie - le Mei - len, Wäl - der
pp
Höhn. Flüs - se, See'n was es sei un - ver - zagt, schnell vor -
Höhn. Flüs - se, See'n was es sei un - ver - zagt, schnell vor -
cres.
bei wird ge - jagt! Schnell vor - bei, schnell vor -
cres.
bei wird ge - jagt! Schnell vor - bei, schnell vor -
molto cr


f
sempre
bei, schnell vor - bei vor - bei vor - bei!
f
bei, schnell vor - bei vor - bei vor - bei! Dann zu
mf
ff
più vivo.
Ü - bers Meer, wie geht's ge - schwind!
Schiff mit günst' - gem Wind.
Bald schon
pp
Ja im Spie - le sind wir da ____! Recht
pp
nah sind wir dem Zie - le! Recht
fz
pp
fz


pp
a - mü - si - ren könnt mich das, es wä - re ein köst - li - cher Spass! Recht
pp
a - mü - si - ren wird ms das, es freut mich der köst - li - cher Spass! Recht
fz
pp
cres.
f
a - mü - si - ren könnt mich das, swär ein Spass___, ein Spass, ein
cres.
f
a - mü - si - ren das, ein Spass___, ein Spass, ein
cres.
f
Spass_____.
Spass_____.
ff

№ 9 Finale I.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

f *p*

cres molto.

Domingos.

Nur her_ein meine Herrn denn vor Zeugen will ich Er_klä_rung sogleich, schweige

p

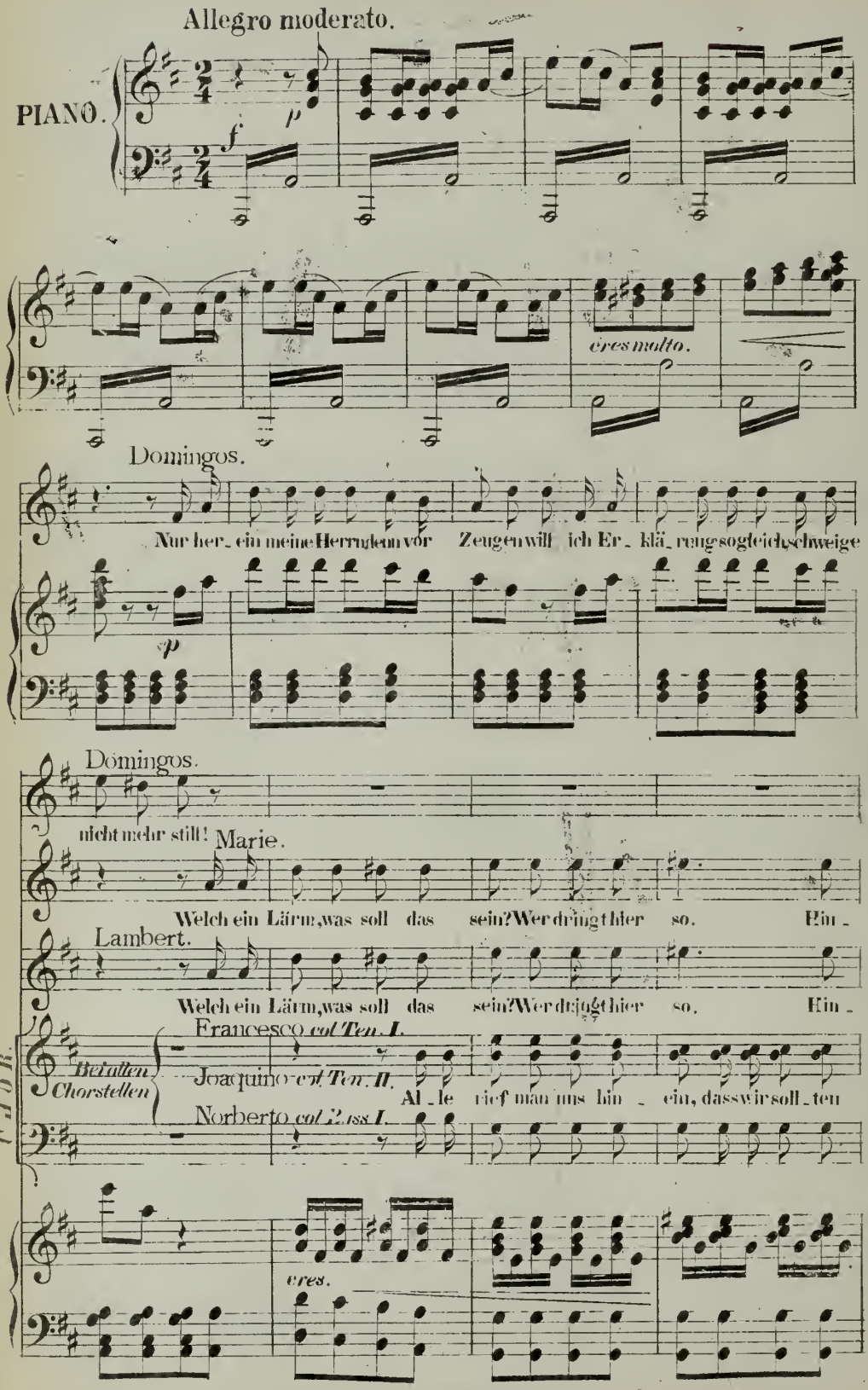
Domingos.

nicht mehr still!

Marie.

Welch ein Lärm, was soll das sein? Wer dringt hier so. Hin_

Lambert.



Welch ein Lärm, was soll das sein? Wer dringt hier so. Hin_

CHOR.

Bei allen Chorstellen

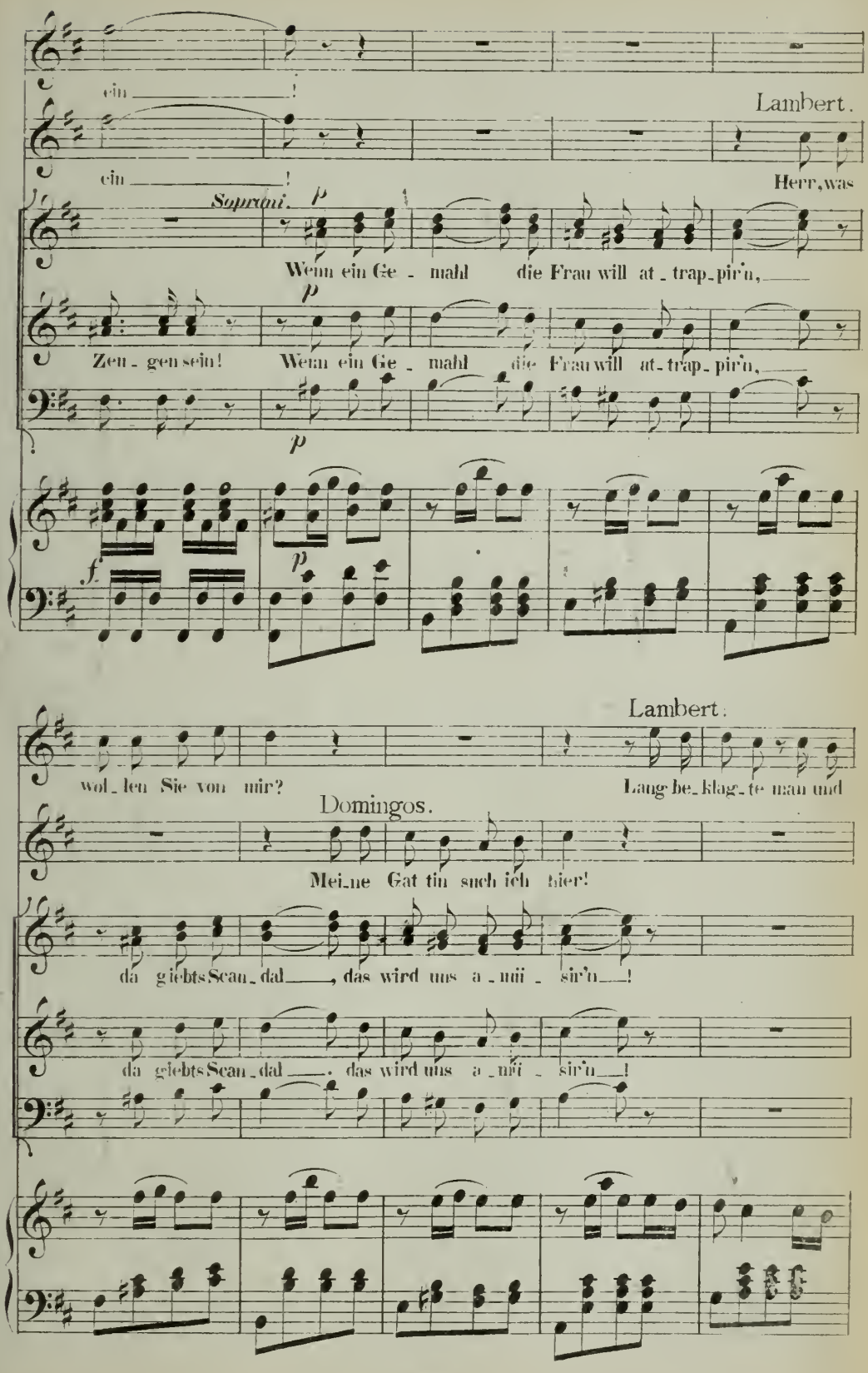
Francesco *col Ten. I.*

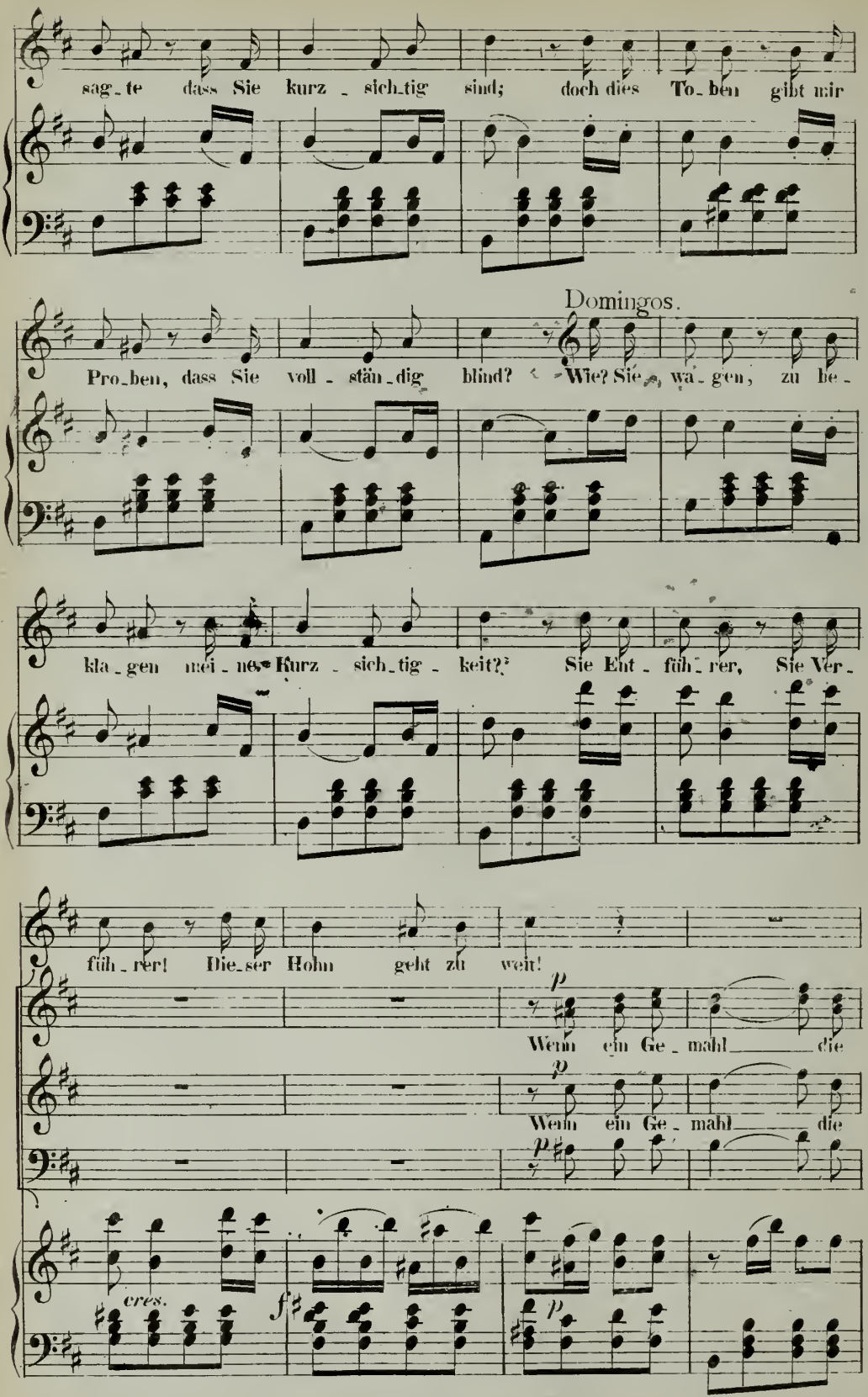
Joaquino *col Ten. II.*

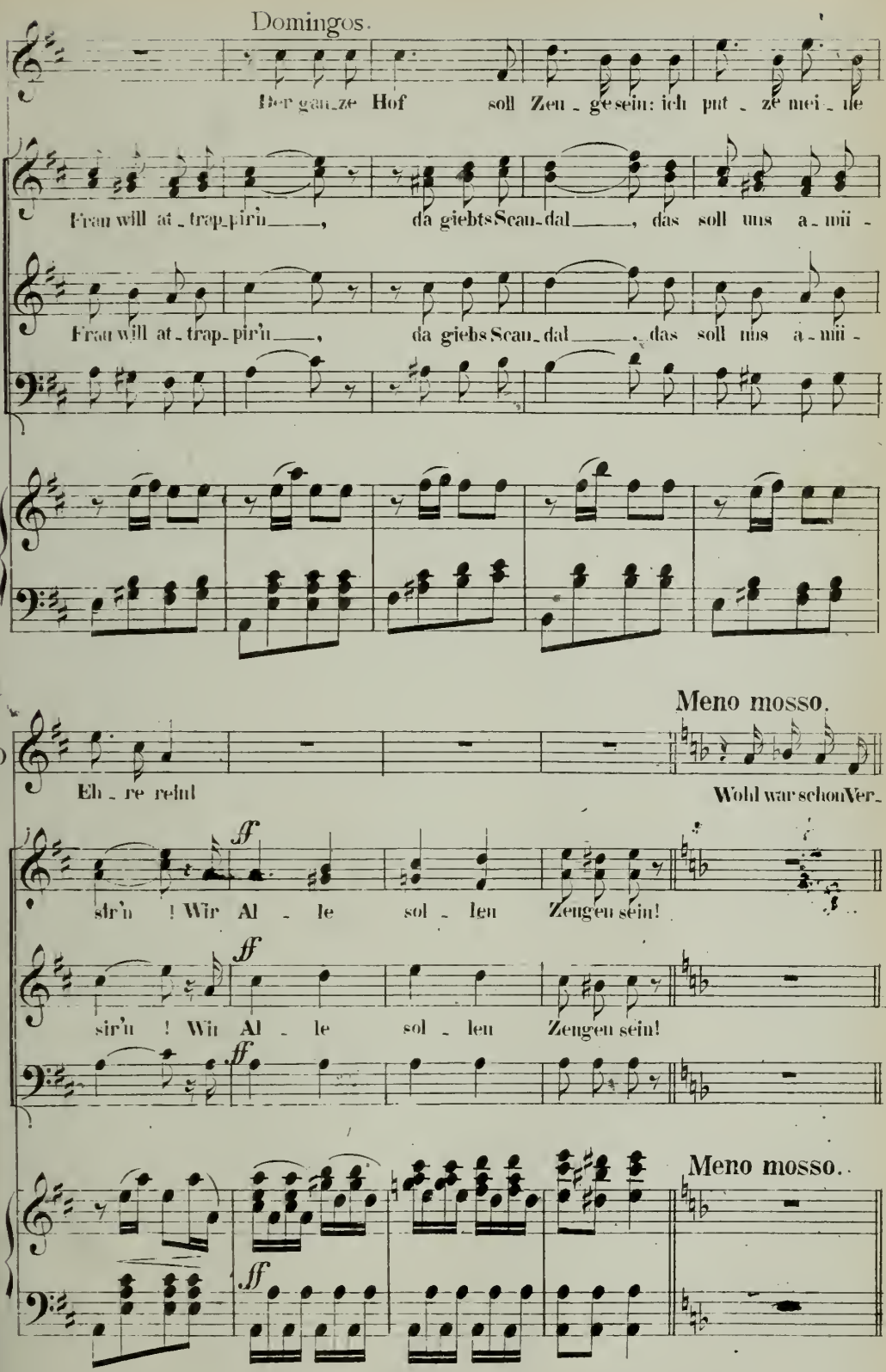
Norberto *col Bass I.*

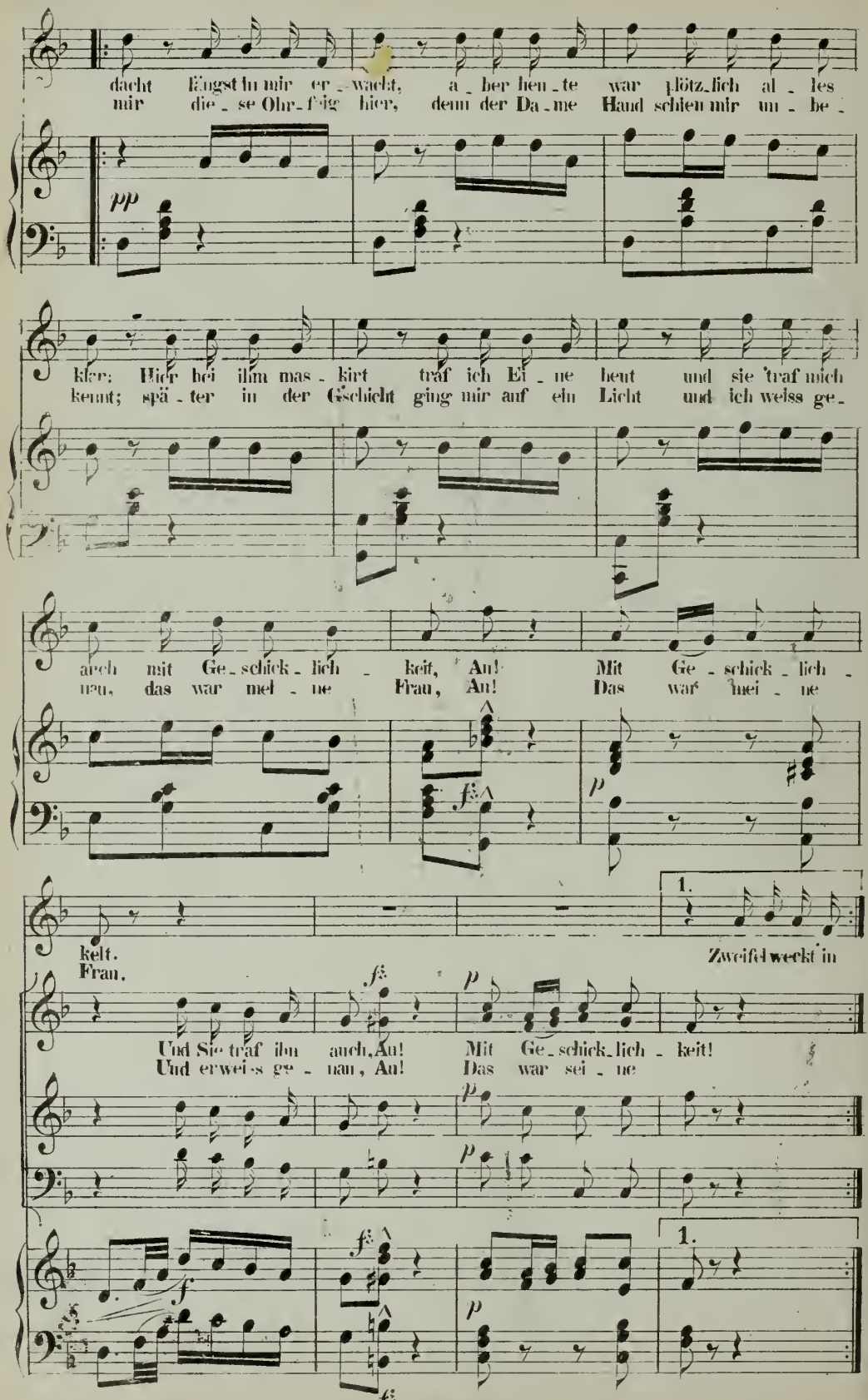
Al_le rief man uns hin_ein, dass wir soll_ten

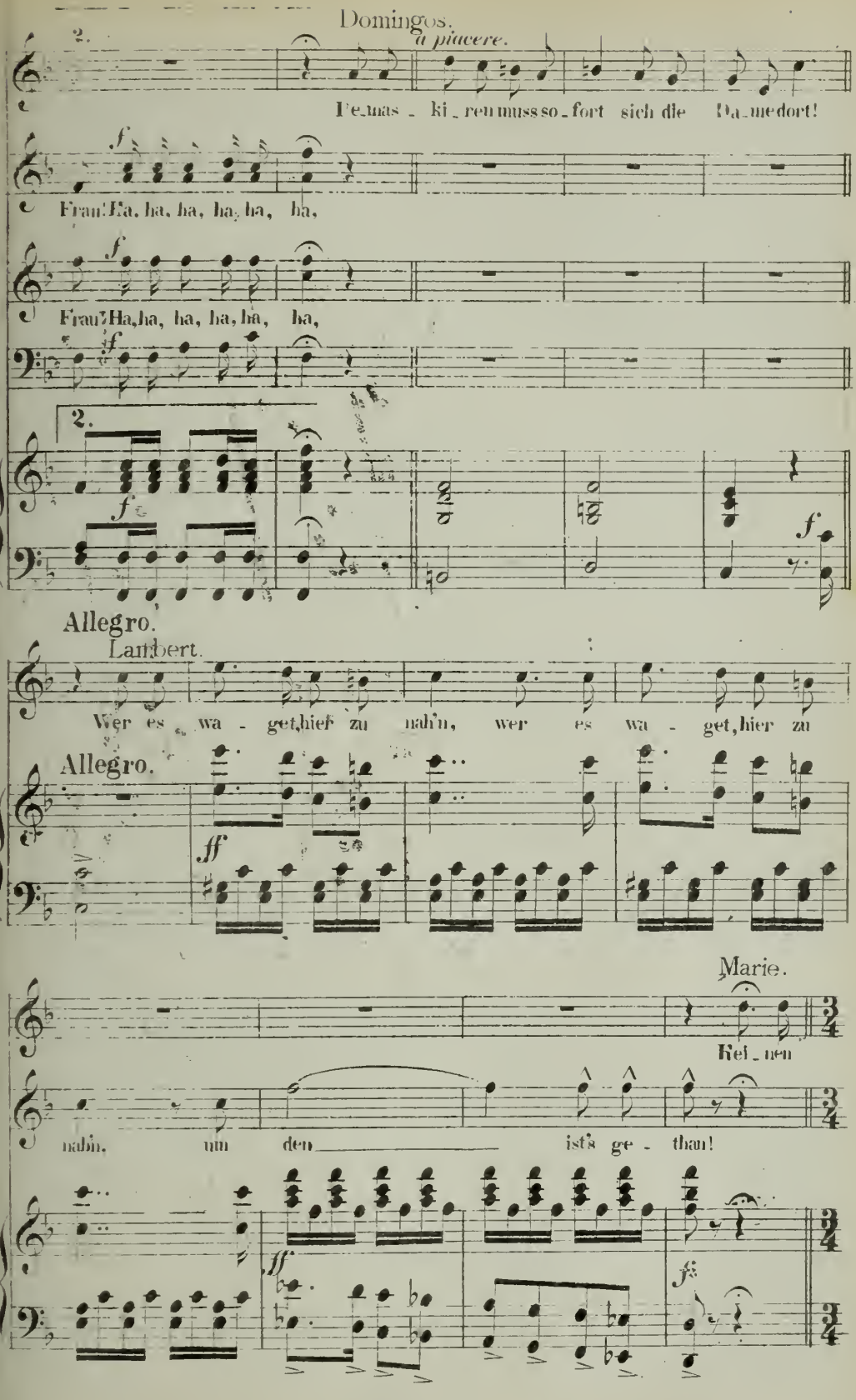
cres.

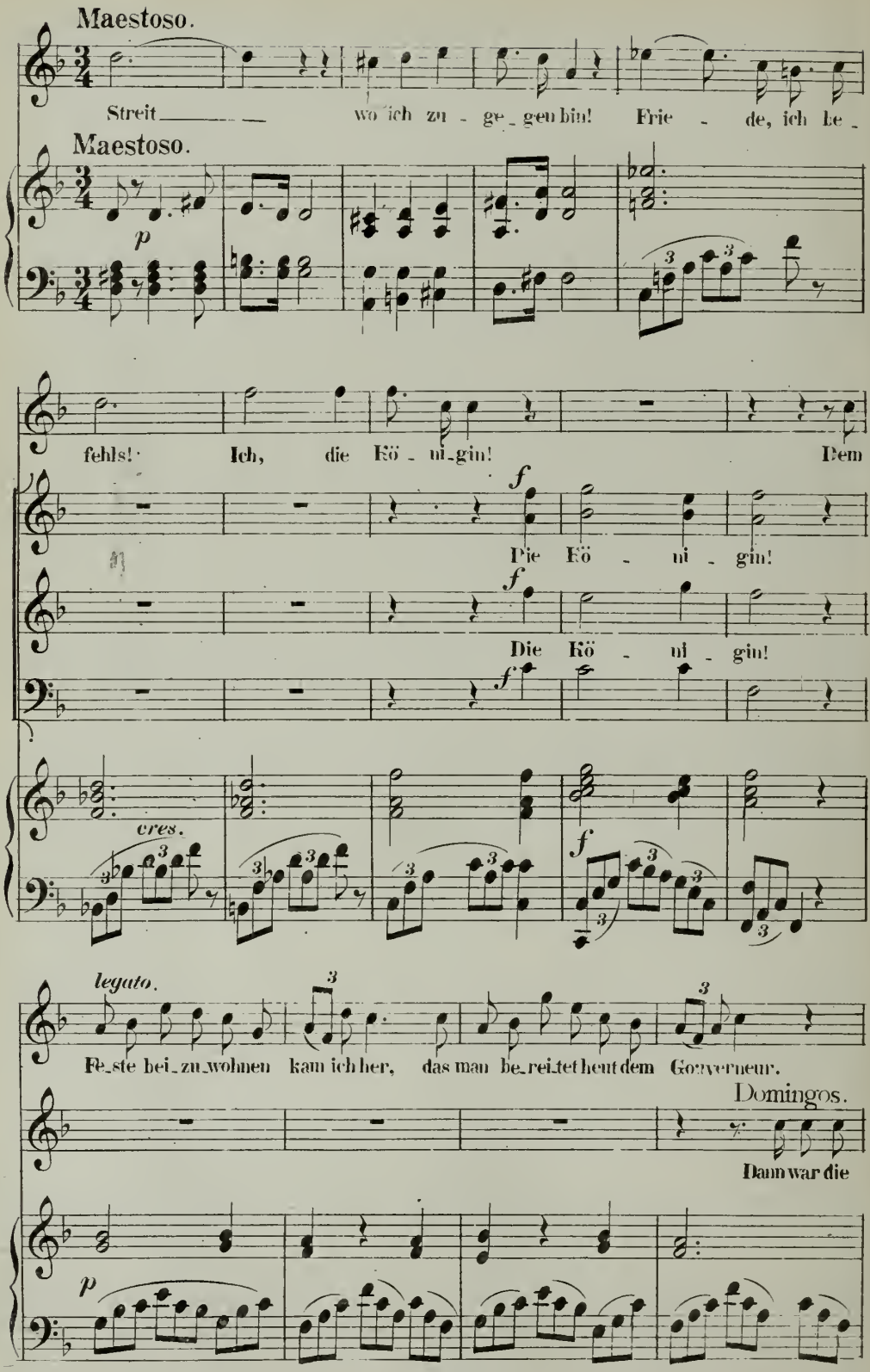

ein _____!
Lambert.
ein _____!
Herr, was
Soprani. p
Wenn ein Ge - mahl die Frau will at - trap - pir'n, ____
Zeu - gen sein! Wenn ein Ge - mahl die Frau will at - trap - pir'n, ____
p
f.
p
Lambert.
wol - len Sie von mir?
Lang be - klag - te man und
Domingos.
Mei - ne Gat tin such ich hier!
da giebts Scan - dal ____, das wird uns a - nui - sir'n ____!
da giebts Scan - dal ____, das wird uns a - nui - sir'n ____!

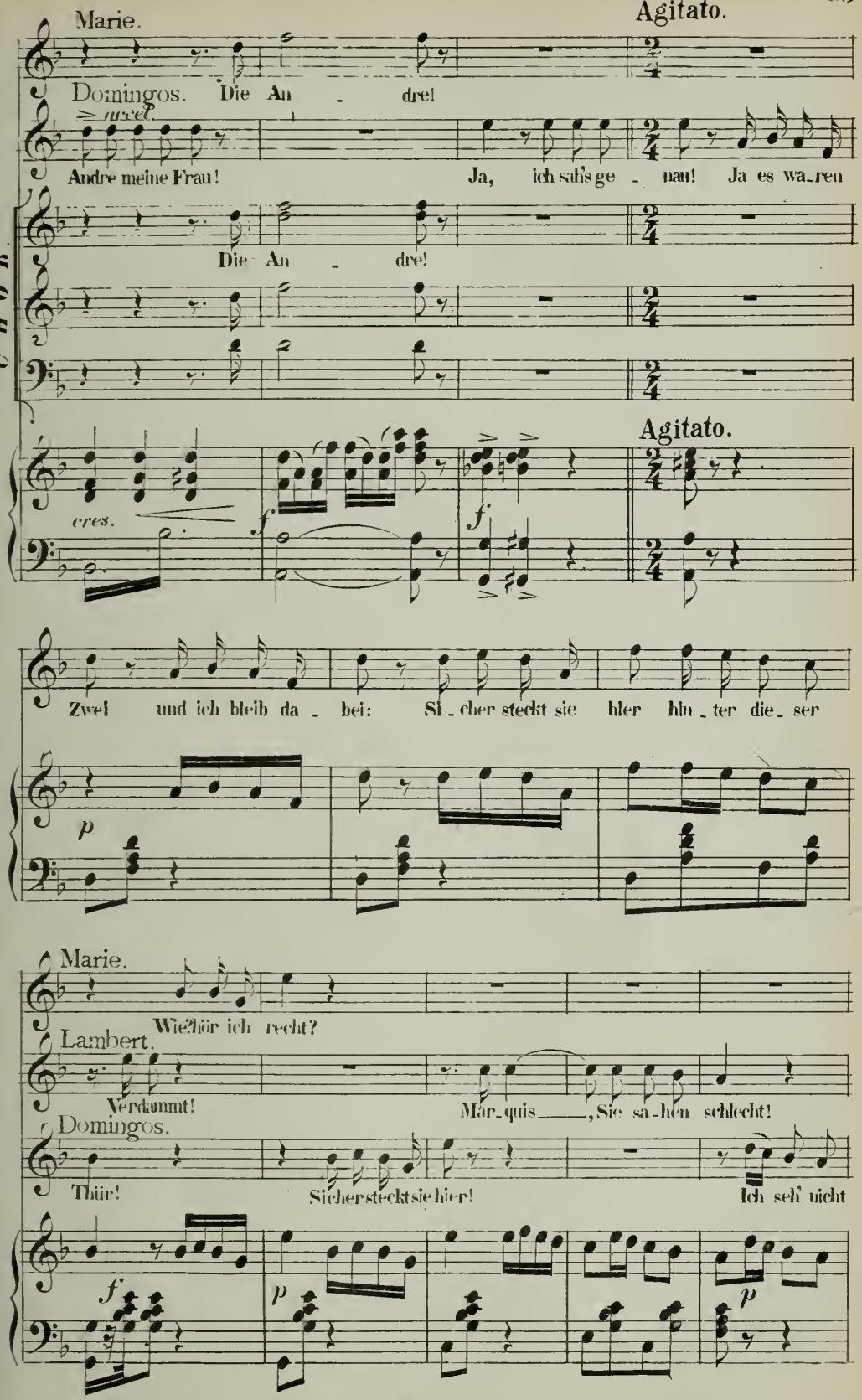

sag_te dass Sie kurz_sich_tig sind; doch dies To_ben gibt mir
Domingos.
Pro_ben, dass Sie voll_stän_dig blind? Wie? Sie wa_gen, zu be_
kla_gen mei_ne Kurz_sich_tig_keit? Sie Eht_füh_rer, Sie Ver_
füh_rer! Die_ser Hohn geht zu weit!
p
Wenn ein Ge_mahl die
p
Wenn ein Ge_mahl die
p
cres.
f
p

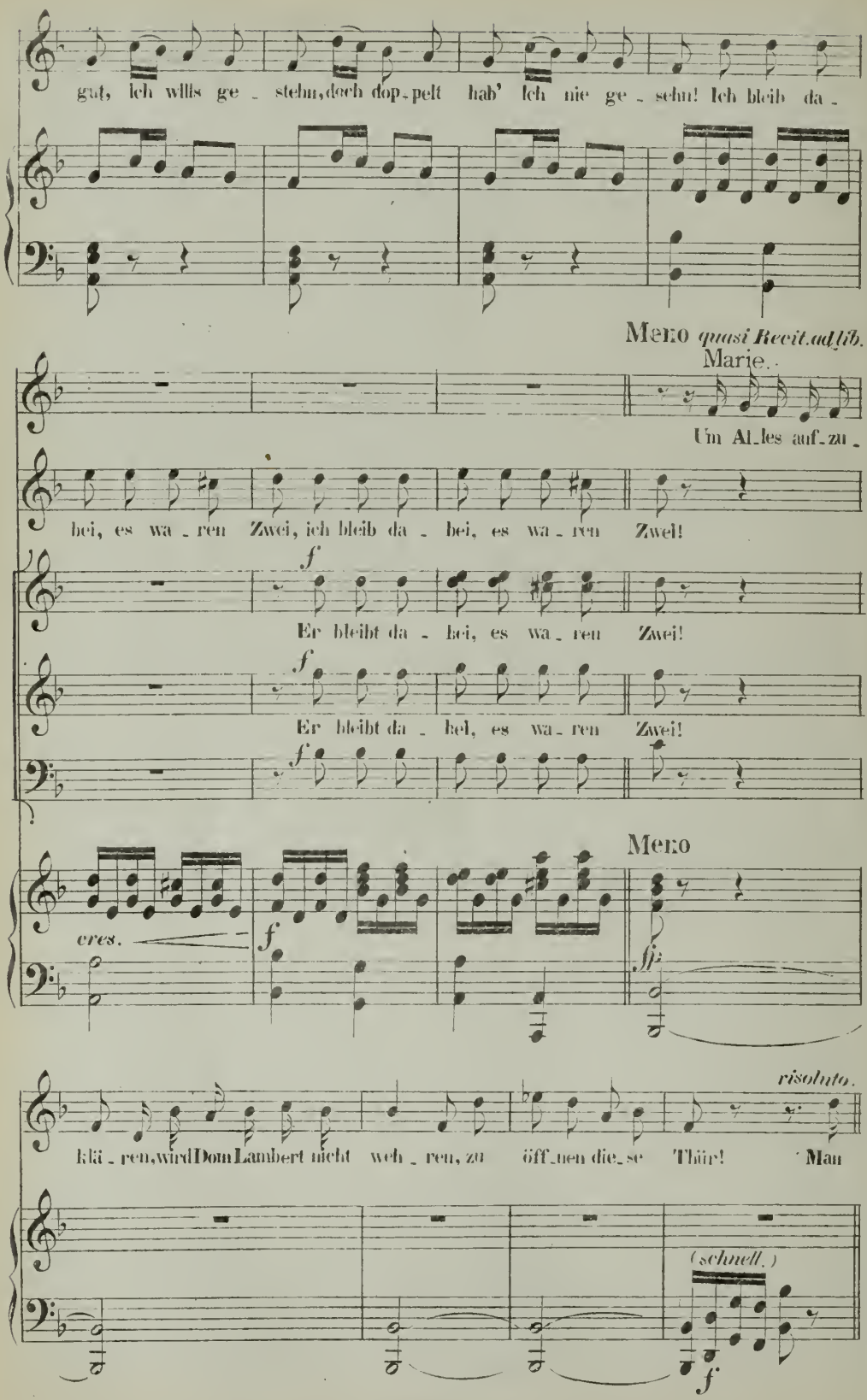

Domingos.
Der ganze Hof soll Zeu - ge sein: ich put - ze mei - ne
Frau will at - trap - pir'n ____, da giebts Scan - dal ____, das soll uns a - mii -
Frau will at - trap - pir'n ____, da giebts Scan - dal ____, das soll uns a - mii -
Meno mosso.
D
Eh - re rein! Wohl war schon Ver -
sir'n ! Wir Al - le sol - len Zeugen sein!
sir'n ! Wir Al - le sol - len Zeugen sein!
Meno mosso.

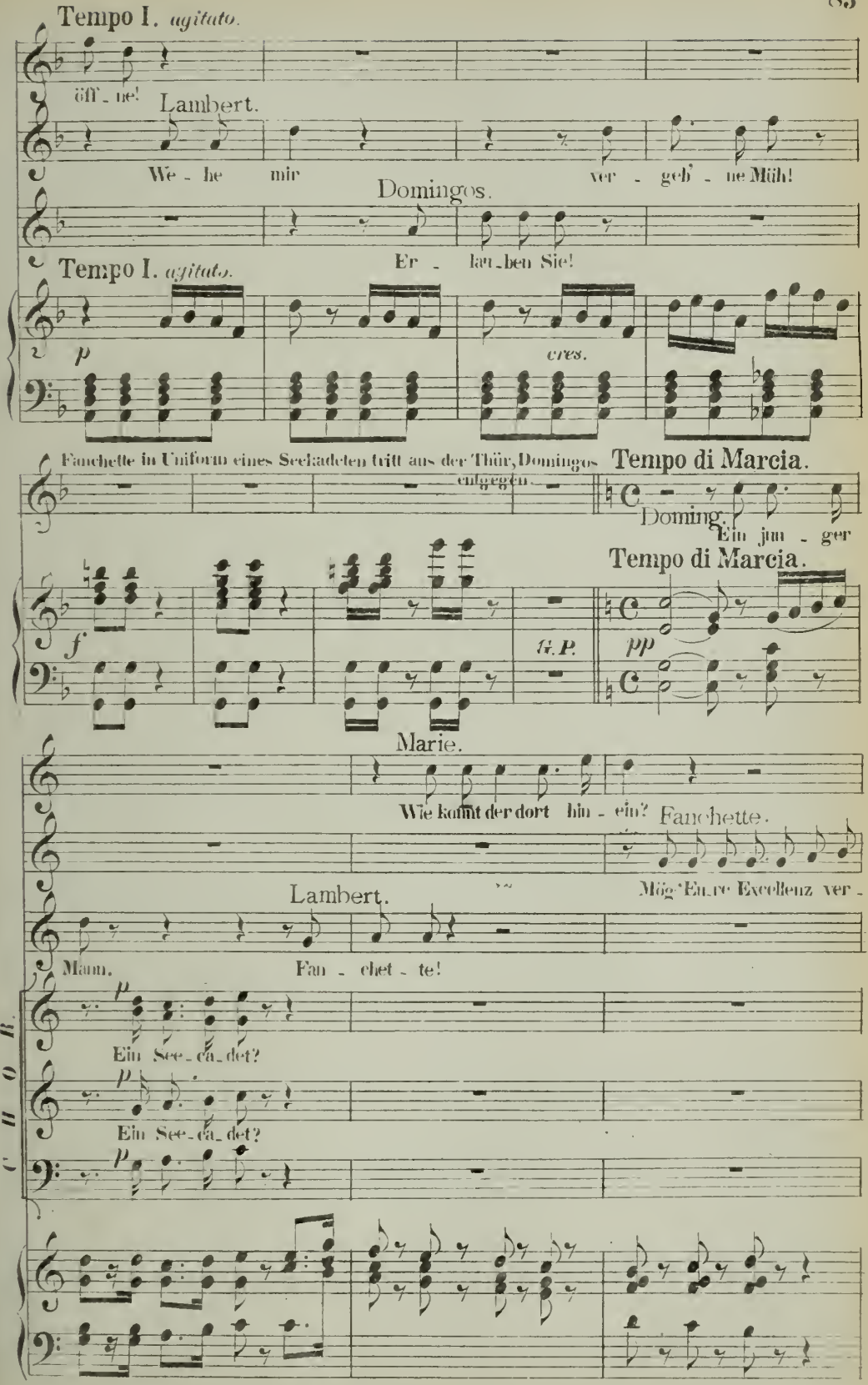

dacht Ängst in mir er - wacht, a - ber heu - te war plötz - lich al - les
mir die - se Ohr - feig hier, denn der Da - me Hand schien mir un - be -
pp
kier: Hier bei ihm mas - kirt traf ich Ei - ne heut und sie traf mich
kennt; spä - ter in der Geschicht ging mir auf ein Licht und ich weiss ge -
auch mit Ge - schick - lich - keit, Au! Mit Ge - schick - lich -
neu, das war mei - ne Frau, Au! Das war mei - ne
f
p
1.
kelt.
Frau.
Zweifel weckt in
f
p
Und Sie traf ihn auch, Au! Mit Ge - schick - lich - keit!
Und erweis es ge - nau, Au! Das war sei - ne
p
p
f
f
p
1.
f

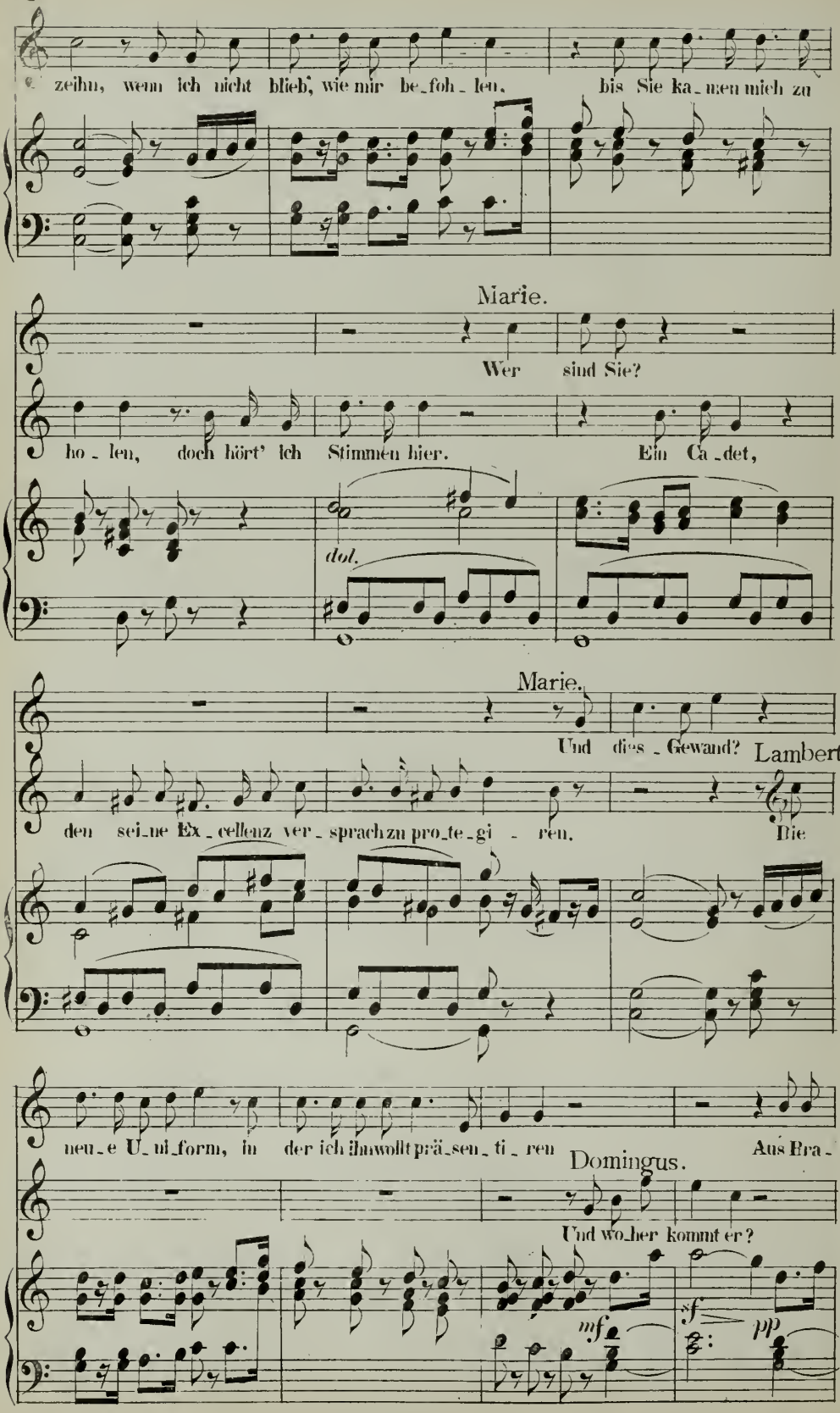

Domingos.
2.
a piacere.
Fe_nas - ki_ren muss so_fort sich die Da_men dort!
f
Frau! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
f
Frau! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
f
2.
f
f
Allegro.
Lambert.
Wer es wa - get, hier zu nah'n, wer es wa - get, hier zu
Allegro.
ff
Marie.
Kei_nen
nah'n, um den ist's ge - than!
ff
f

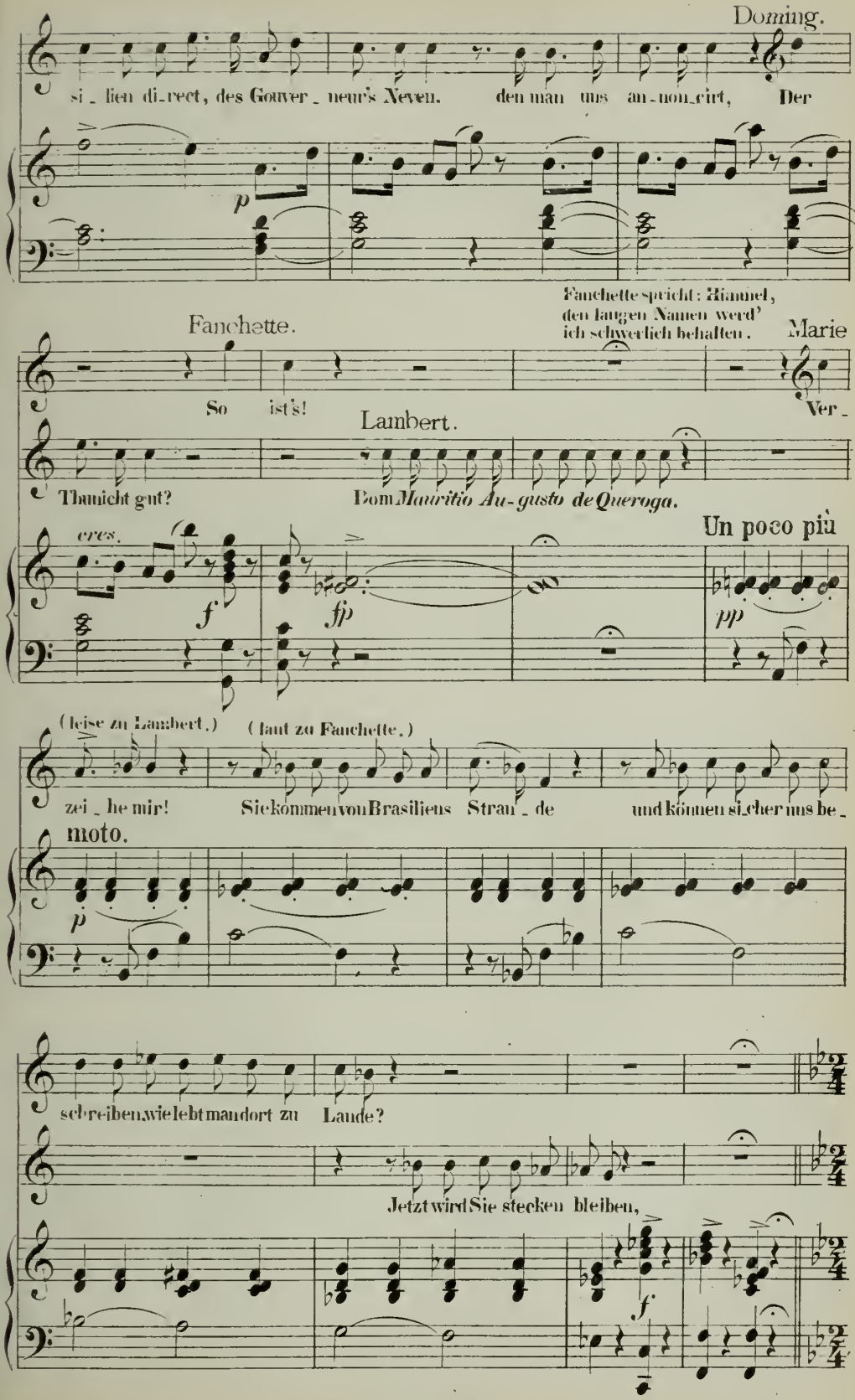

Maestoso.
Streit wo ich zu - ge - gen bin! Frie - de, ich be -
Maestoso.
p
fehls! Ich, die Kö - ni - gin! Dem
f
Die Kö - ni - gin!
f
Die Kö - ni - gin!
f
cres.
f
legato.
Fe - ste bei - zu - wohnen kam ich her, das man be - rei - tet heut dem Gouverneur.
Domingos.
Dann war die
p

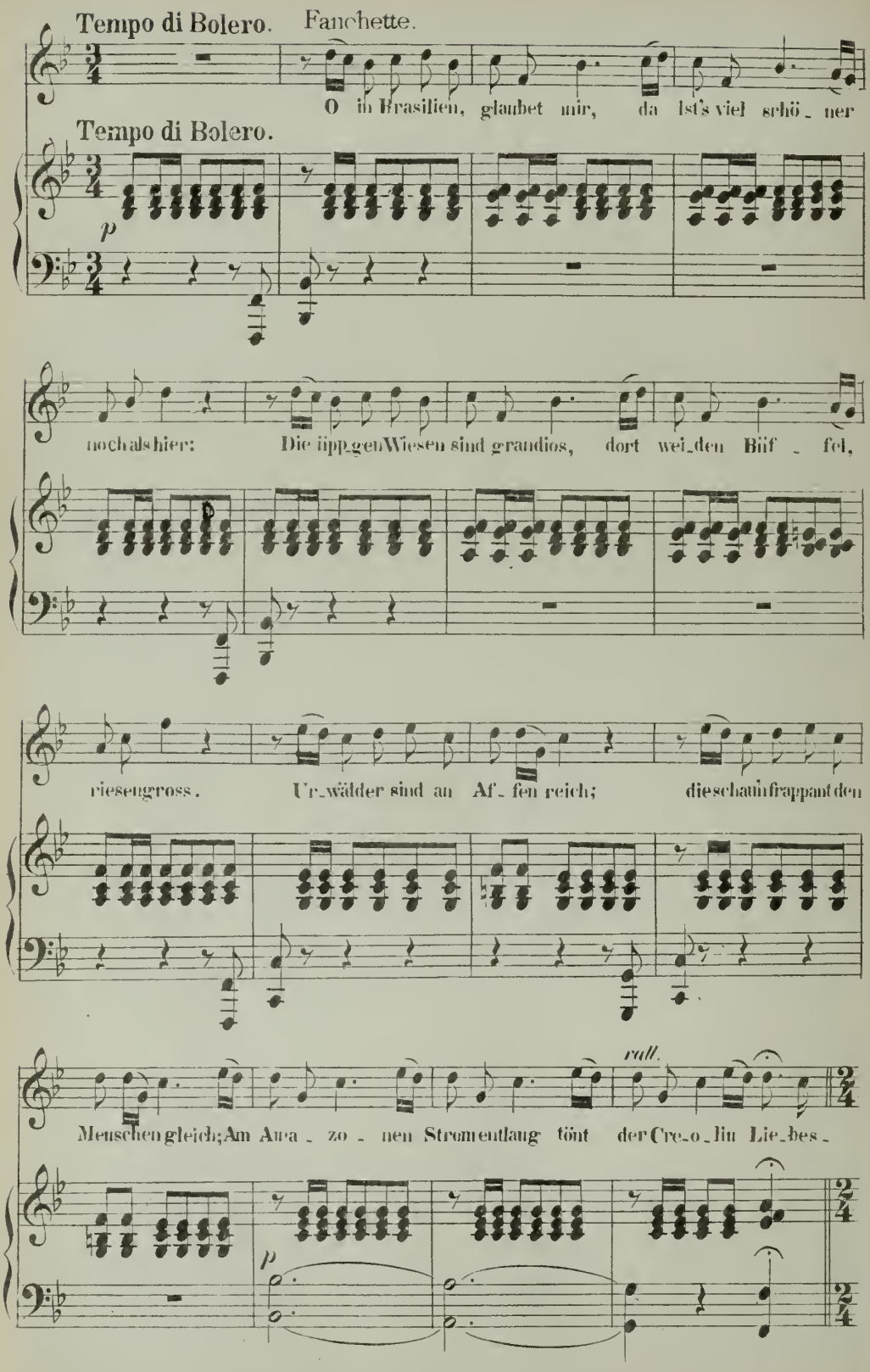

Marie.
Agitato.
Domingos. Die An - dre!
Andre meine Frau!
Ja, ich sah's ge - nau! Ja es wa-ren
Die An - dre!
CHOR.
Agitato.
cres.
Zwei und ich bleib da - bei: Si - cher steckt sie hier hin - ter die - ser
Marie.
Wie? hör ich recht?
Lambert.
Verdammt!
Mar-quis ____, Sie sa-hen schlecht!
Domingos.
Thür!
Sicher steckt sie hier!
Ich seh' nicht

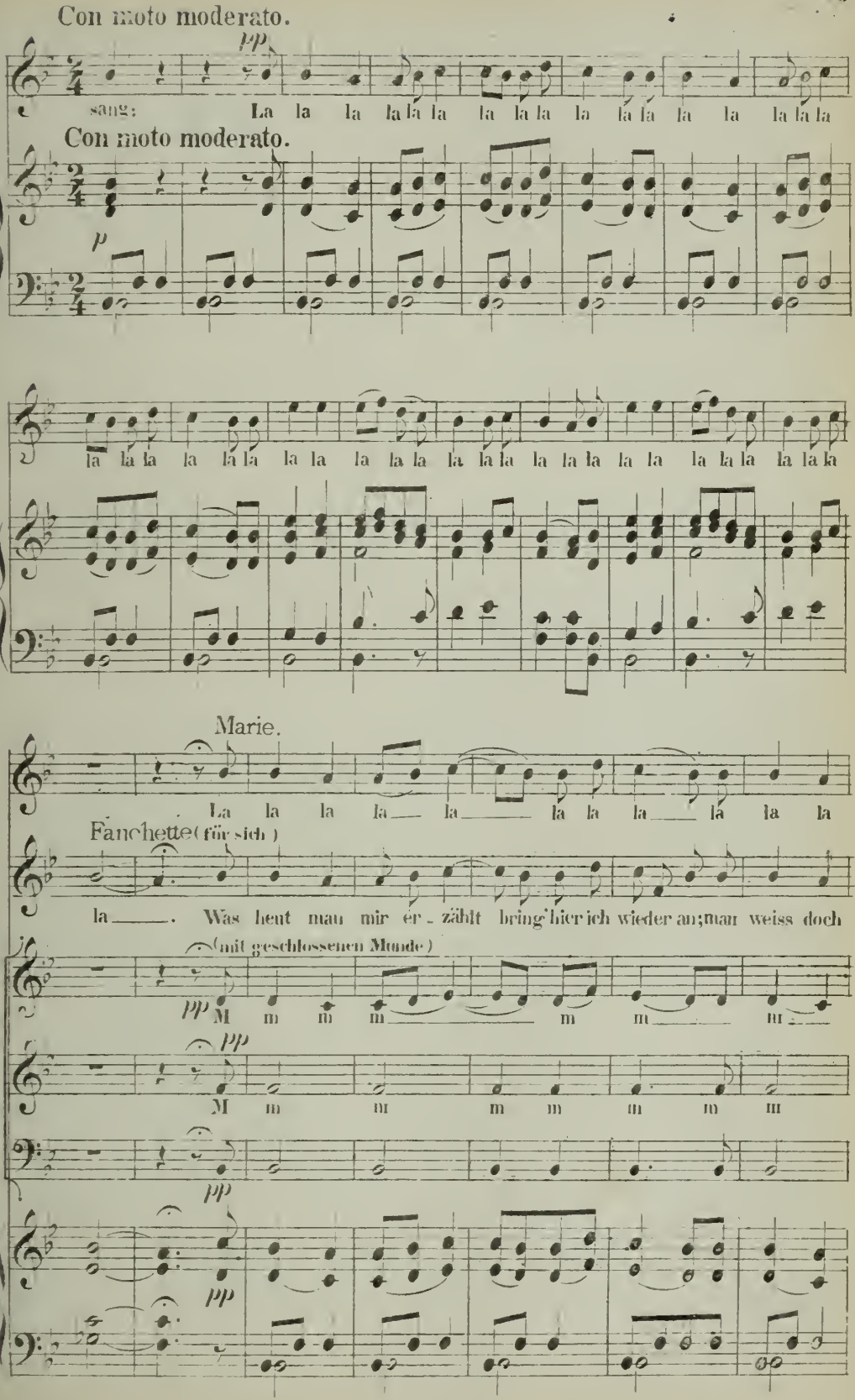

gut, ich wills ge - stehn, doch dop - pelt hab' ich nie ge - sehn! Ich bleib da -
Mero quasi Recit. ad lib.
Marie.
Um Al - les auf - zu -
bei, es wa - ren Zwei, ich bleib da - bei, es wa - ren Zwei!
f
Er bleibt da - bei, es wa - ren Zwei!
f
Er bleibt da - bei, es wa - ren Zwei!
f
Mero
cres.
f
ff
risoluto.
klä - ren, wird Dom Lambert nicht weh - ren, zu öff - nen die - se Thür! Man
(schnell.)
f

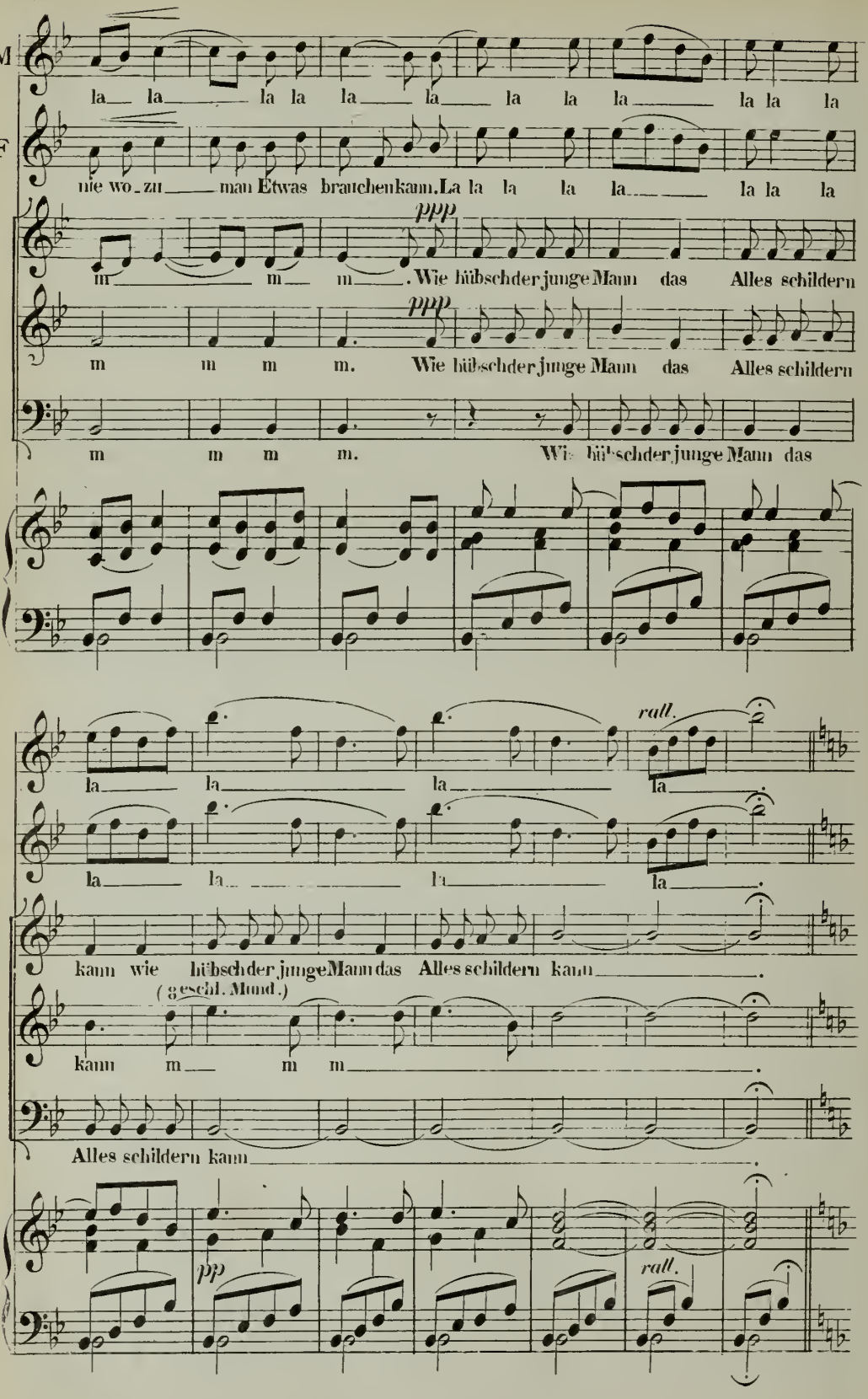

Tempo I. agitato.
öff - ne!
Lambert.
We - he mir ver - geb' - ne Müh!
Domingos.
Er - lau - ben Sie!
Tempo I. agitato.
p
cres.
Fanchette in Uniform eines Seekadeten tritt aus der Thür, Domingos entgegen.
Tempo di Marcia.
Doming.
Ein jun - ger
Tempo di Marcia.
f
H.P.
pp
Marie.
Wie kommt der dort hin - ein?
Fanchette.
Lambert.
Mög' Eu.re Excellenz ver -
Mann.
Fan - chet - te!
p
Ein See - ca - det?
p
Ein See - ca - det?
p
CHOR.

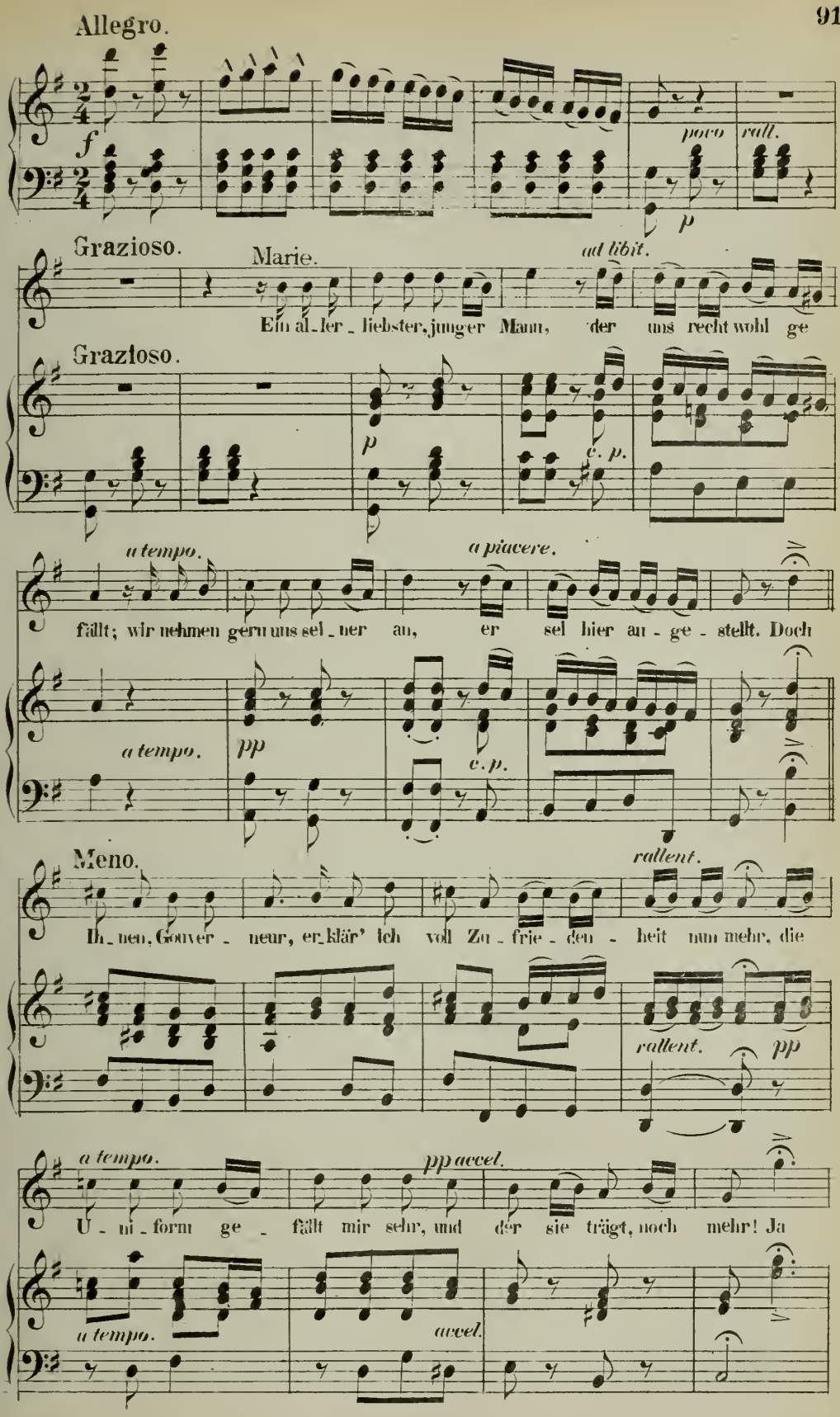

zeihn, wenn ich nicht blieb, wie mir be_foh_len, bis Sie ka_men mich zu
Marie.
Wer sind Sie?
ho_len, doch hört' ich Stimmen hier. Ein Ca_det,
dol.
Marie.
Und dies Gewand? Lambert.
den sei_ne Ex_cellenz ver_sprach zu pro_te_gi_ren. Die
neu_e U_ni_form, in der ich ihn wollt prä_sen_ti_ren Aus Bra_
Domingus.
Und wo_her kommt er?
mf
sf
pp

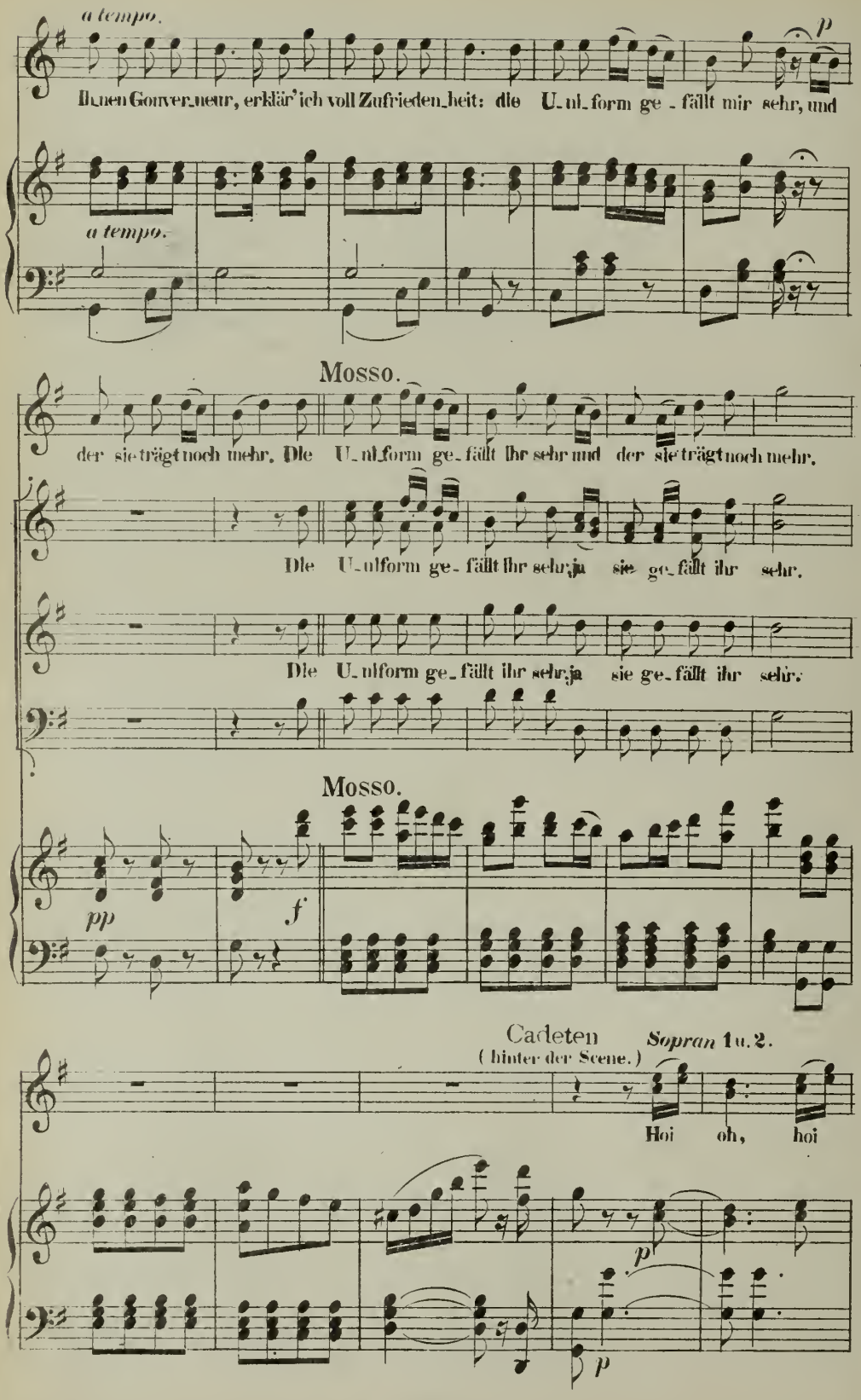

Doming.
si_lien di_rect, des Gouver_neur's Neven. den man uns an_non_cirt, Der
Fanchette spricht: Himmel, den langen Namen werd' ich schwerlich behalten.
Fanchette.
Marie
So ist's!
Ver_
Lambert.
Thunicht gut?
Dom Mauritio Au_gusto de Queroga.
cres.
Un poco più
(leise zu Lambert.)
(laut zu Fanchette.)
zei_he mir!
Sie kommen von Brasiliens Strau_de
und können si_cher uns be_
moto.
schreiben, wie lebt man dort zu Lande?
Jetzt wird Sie stecken bleiben,

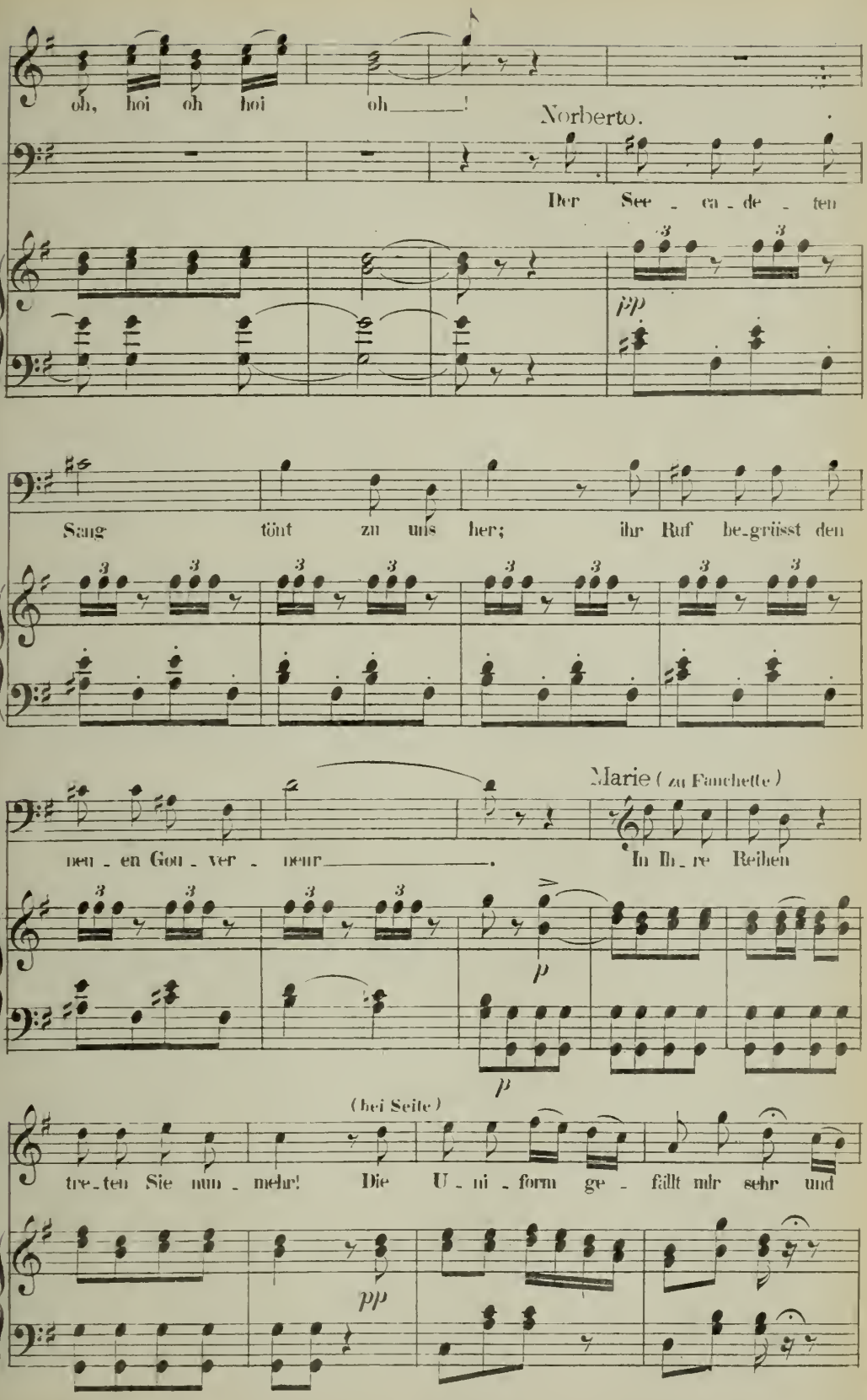

Tempo di Bolero. Fanchette.
O in Brasilien, glaubet mir, da ist's viel schö_ner
Tempo di Bolero.
p
noch als hier: Die üpp_gen Wiesen sind grandios, dort wei_den Büf_fel,
rie sengross. Ur_wälder sind an Af_fen reich; die schau frappant den
rall.
Menschen gleich; Am Ama_zo_nen Strom entlang tönt der Cre_o_lin Lie_bes_
p

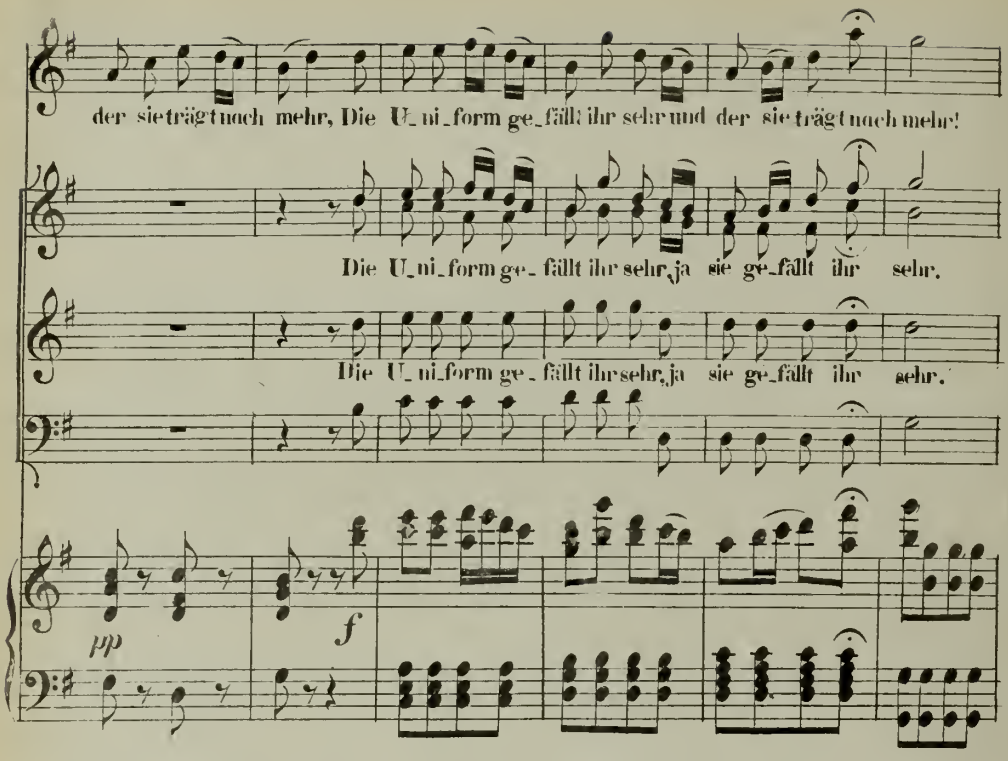

Con moto moderato.
pp
sang: La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Con moto moderato.
p
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Marie.
La la la la la la la la la la la la
Fanchette (für sich)
la . Was heut man mir er - zählt bring' hier ich wieder an; man weiss doch
(mit geschlossenen Munde)
pp M m m m m m m m
pp M m m m m m m m
pp
pp


M
F
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
nie wo zu man Etwas brauchen kann. La la la la la la la la
ppp
m m m. Wie hübsch der junge Mann das Alles schildern
ppp
m m m m. Wie hübsch der junge Mann das Alles schildern
m m m m. Wie hübsch der junge Mann das
rall.
la la la la
la la la la
kann wie hübsch der junge Mann das Alles schildern kann
(geschl. Mund.)
kann m m m
Alles schildern kann
pp
rall.

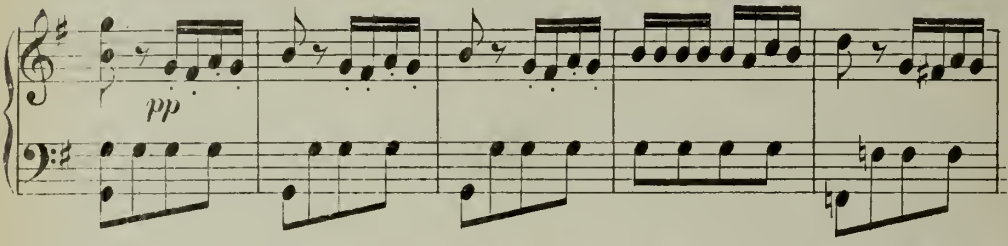

Allegro.
f
poco rall.
p
Grazioso.
Marie.
ad libit.
Ein al_ler_liebster, jung'er Mann, der uns recht wohl ge
Grazioso.
p
c. p.
a tempo.
a piacere.
fällt; wir nehmen gern uns sel_ner an, er sei hier an_ge_stellt. Doch
a tempo.
pp
c. p.
Meno.
rallent.
Ih_nen, Gouver_neur, er_klär' ich voll Zu_frie_den_heit nun mehr, die
rallent.
pp
a tempo.
pp accel.
U_ni_form ge_fällt mir sehr, und der sie trägt, noch mehr! Ja
a tempo.
accel.


a tempo.
p
Ihnen Gouver_neur, erklär' ich voll Zufrieden_heit: die U_nif_form ge_fällt mir sehr, und
a tempo.
Mosso.
der sie trägt noch mehr. Die U_nif_form ge_fällt ihr sehr und der sie trägt noch mehr.
Die U_nif_form ge_fällt ihr sehr, ja sie ge_fällt ihr sehr.
Die U_nif_form ge_fällt ihr sehr, ja sie ge_fällt ihr sehr.
Mosso.
pp
f
Cadeten
(hinter der Scene.)
Sopran 1 u. 2.
Hoi oh, hoi
p
p

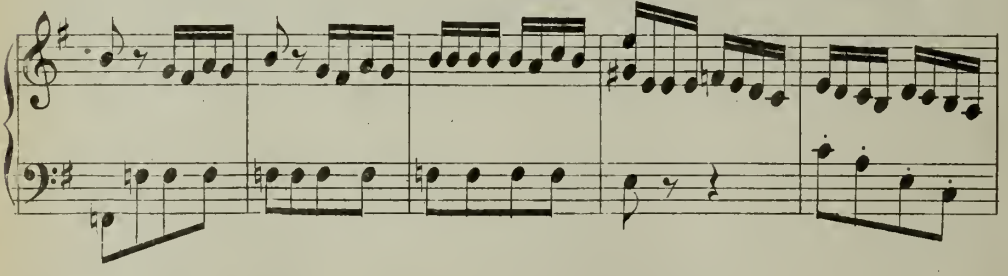

oh, hoi oh hoi oh_____!
Norberto.
Der See_ca_de_ten
pp
Sang tönt zu uns her; ihr Ruf be_grüsst den
Marie (zu Fanchette)
neu_en Gou_ver_neur_____. In Ih_re Reihen
p
p
(bei Seite)
tre_ten Sie nun_mehr! Die U_ni_form ge_fällt mir sehr und
pp



Dialog. *Lambert* (leise zu Fanchette) Du bist nun ein Mann und musst es bleiben! *Fanchette* Auf

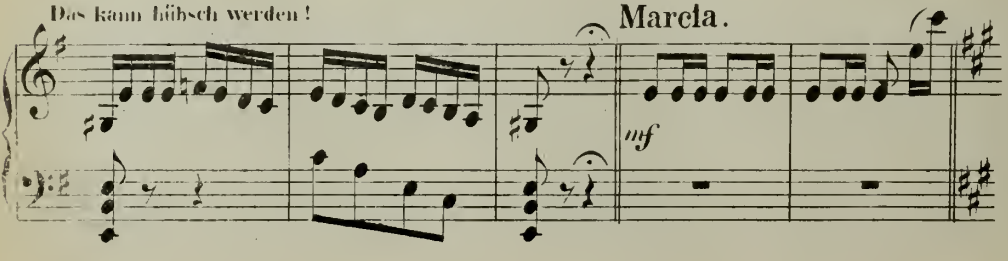


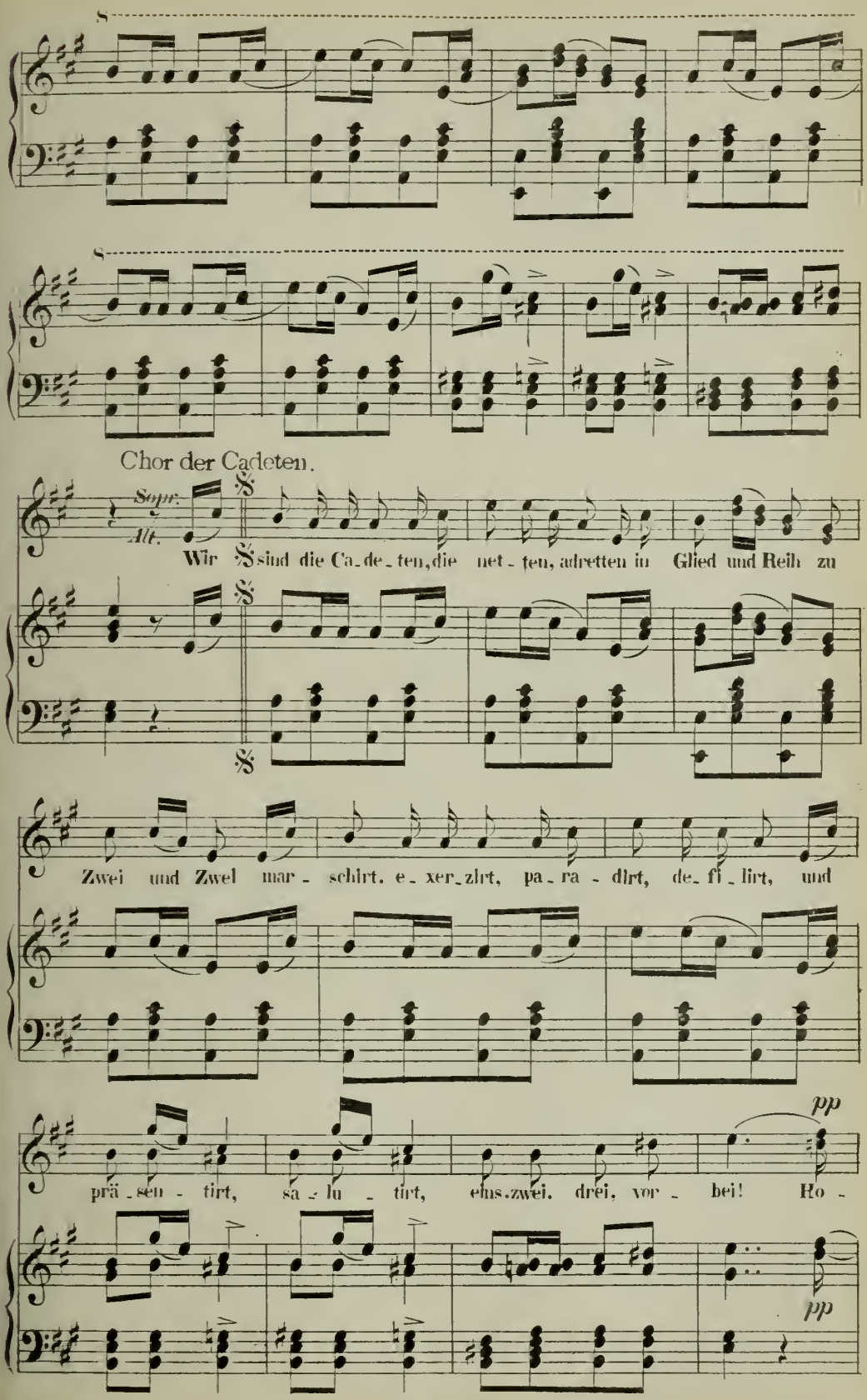
wie lange? *Lambert* Für immer, oder wir sind Beide verloren! *Fanchette* Ich, für immer Mann?

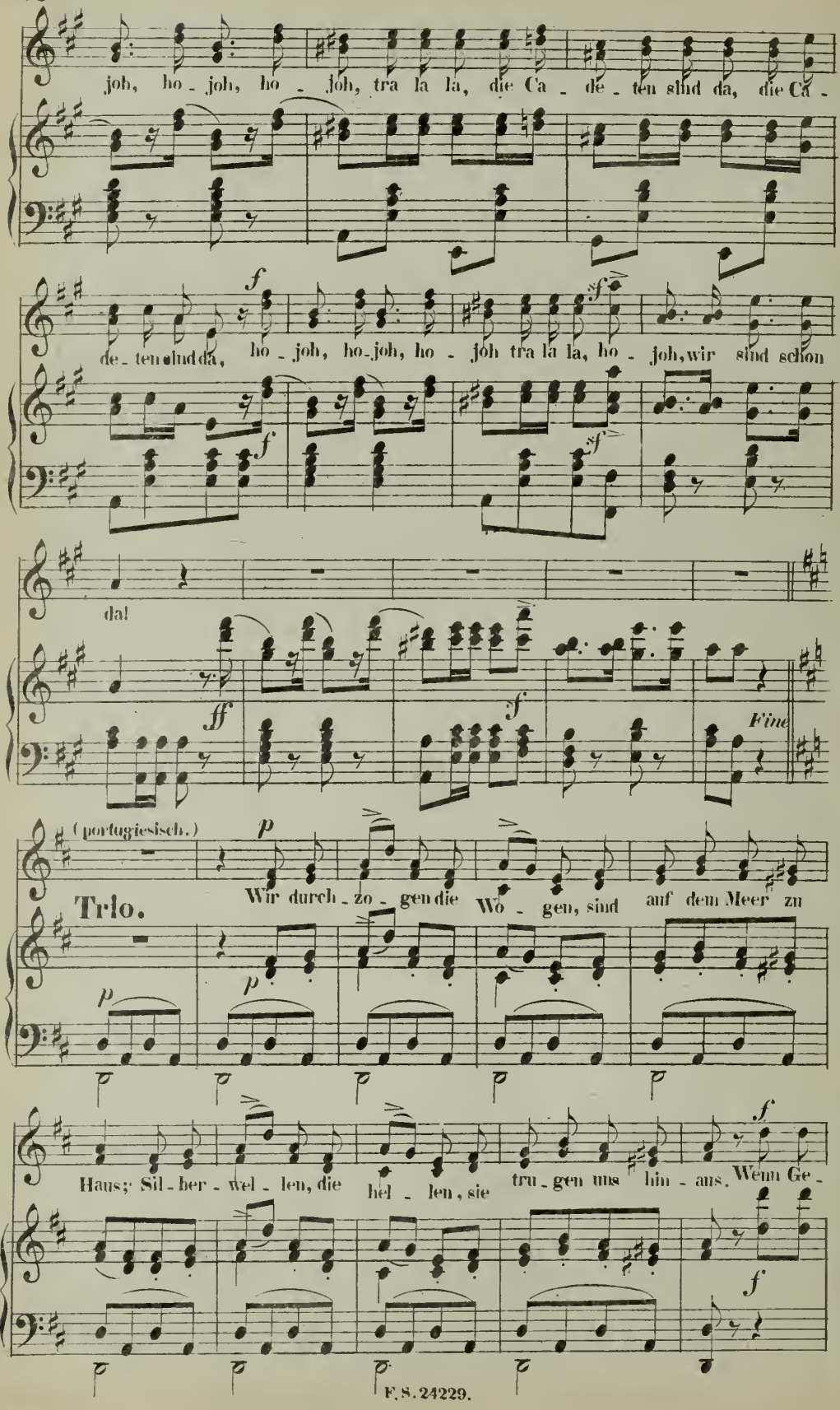


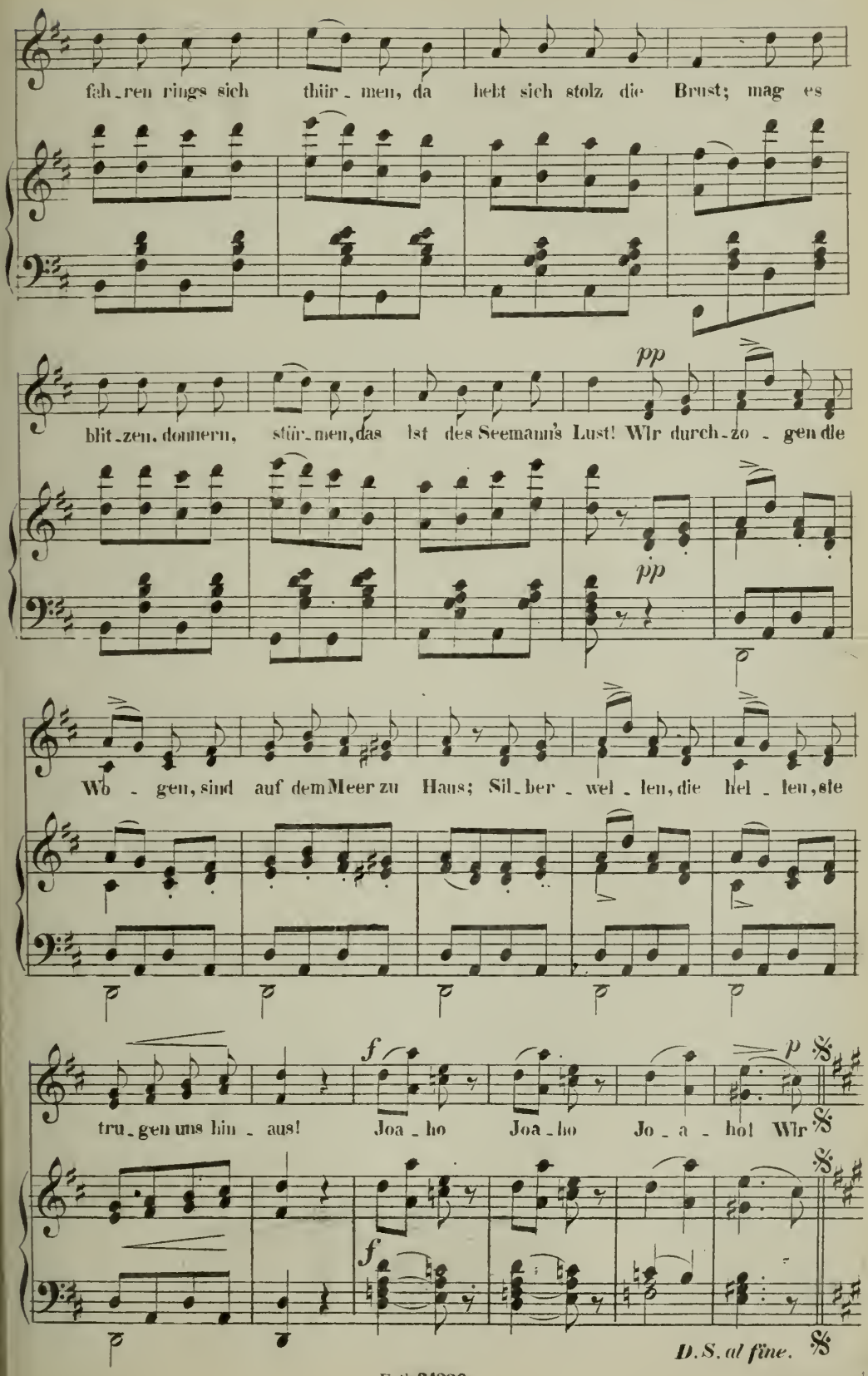
Das kann hübsch werden!

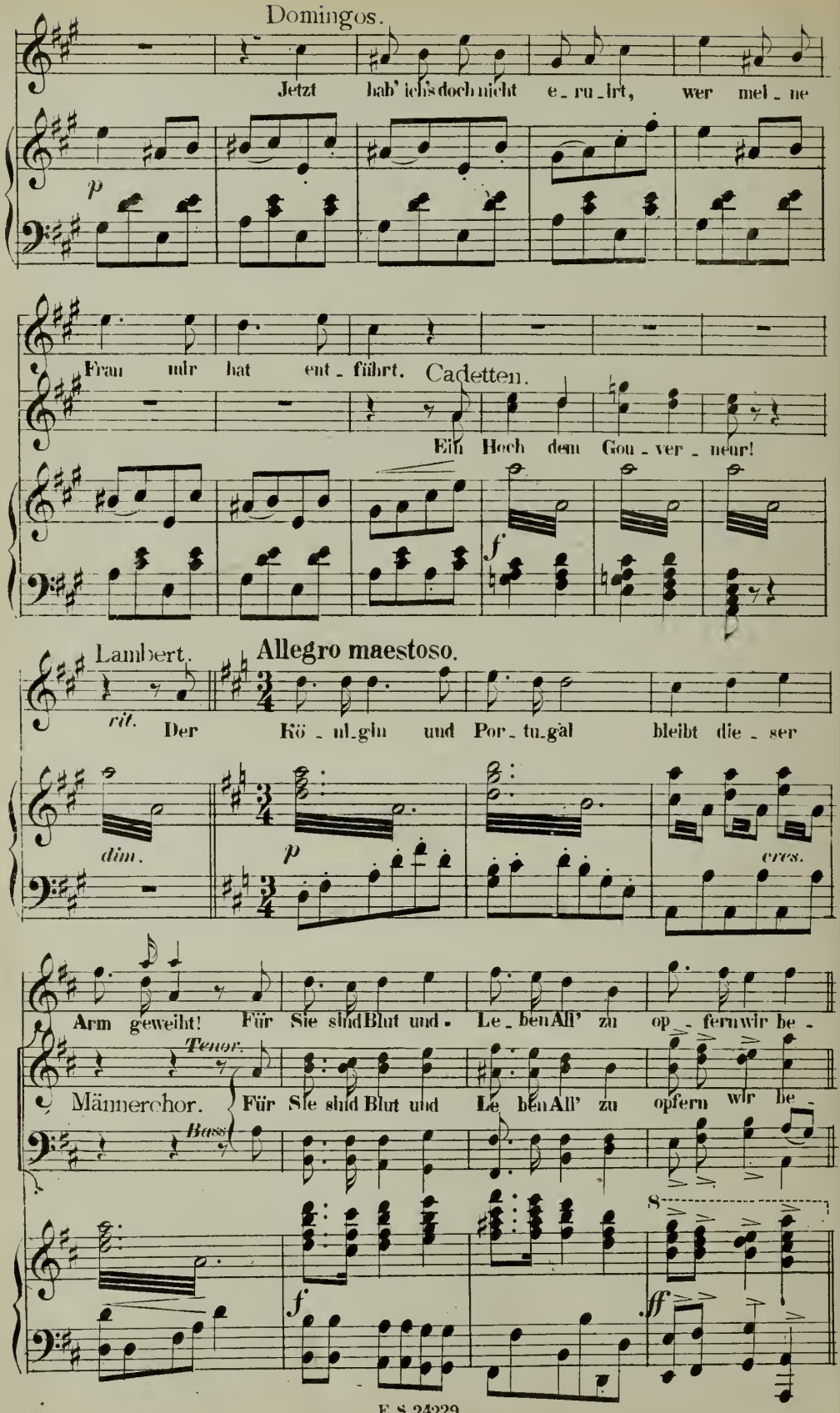
Marcia.

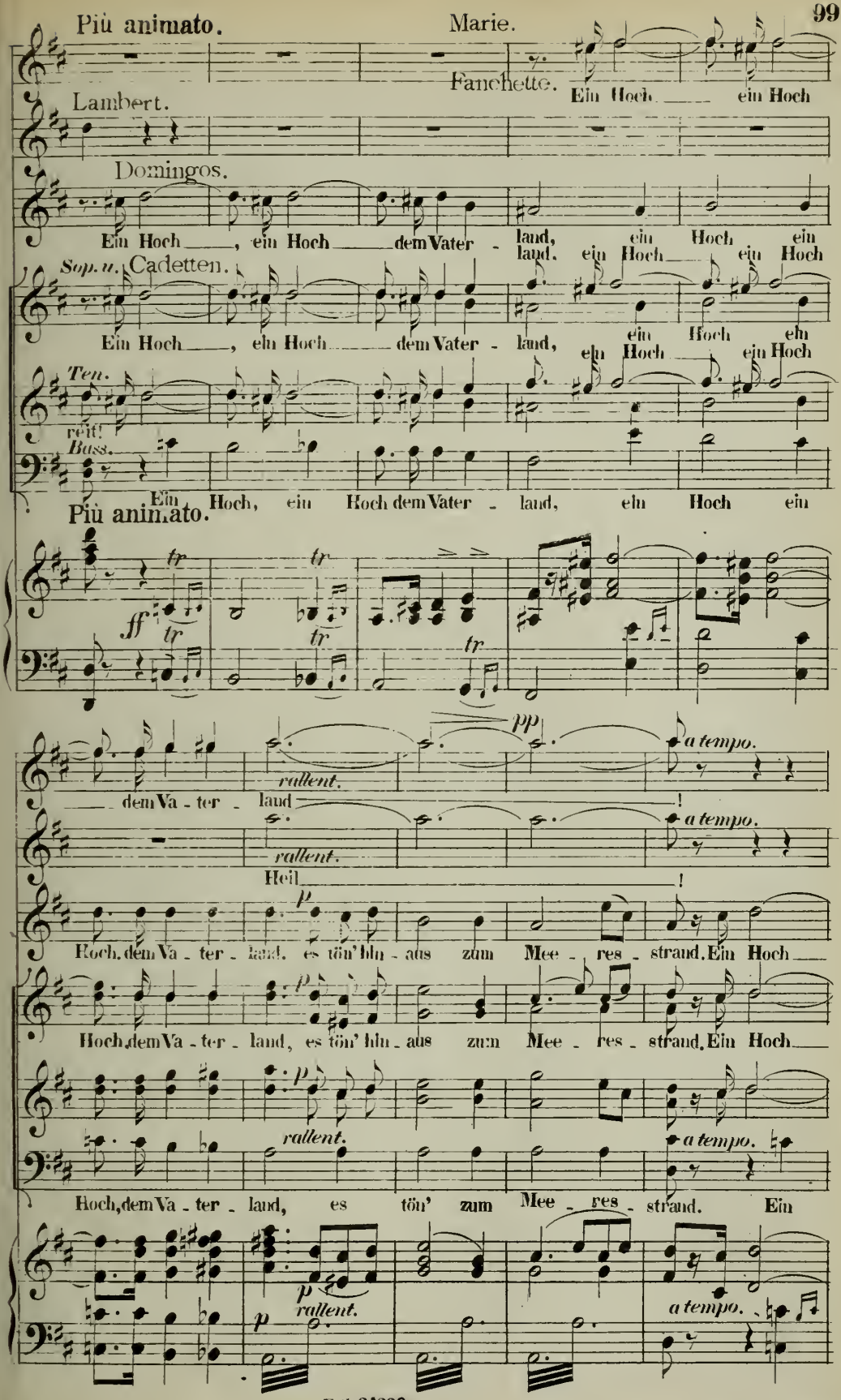


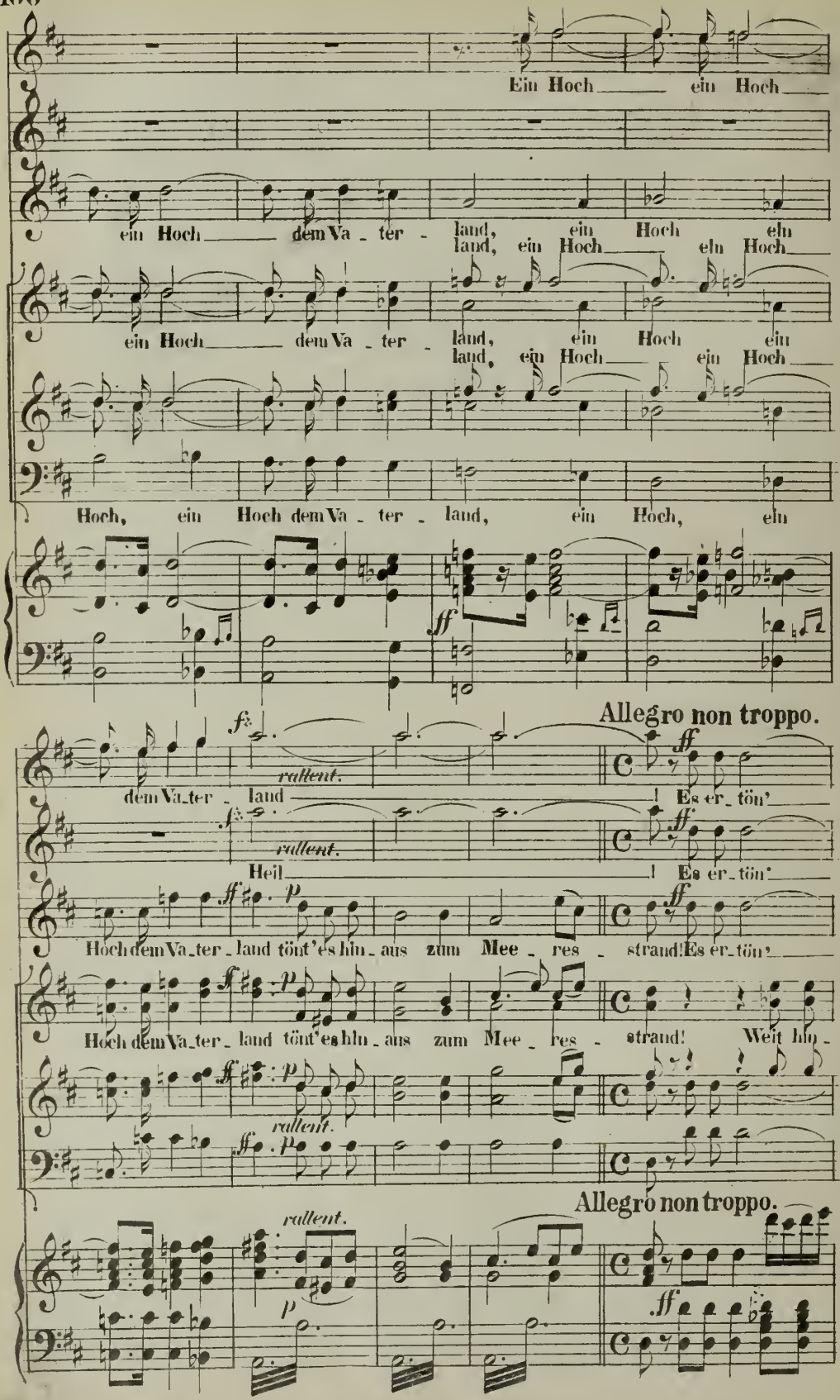

Chor der Cadeten.
Sopr.
Alt.
Wir sind die Ca-de-ten, die net-ten, adretten in Glied und Reih zu
Zwei und Zwei mar-schirt, e-xer-zirt, pa-ra-dirt, de-fi-lirt, und
präsen-tirt, sa-lu-tirt, eins, zwei, drei, vor-bei! Ho-
pp
pp

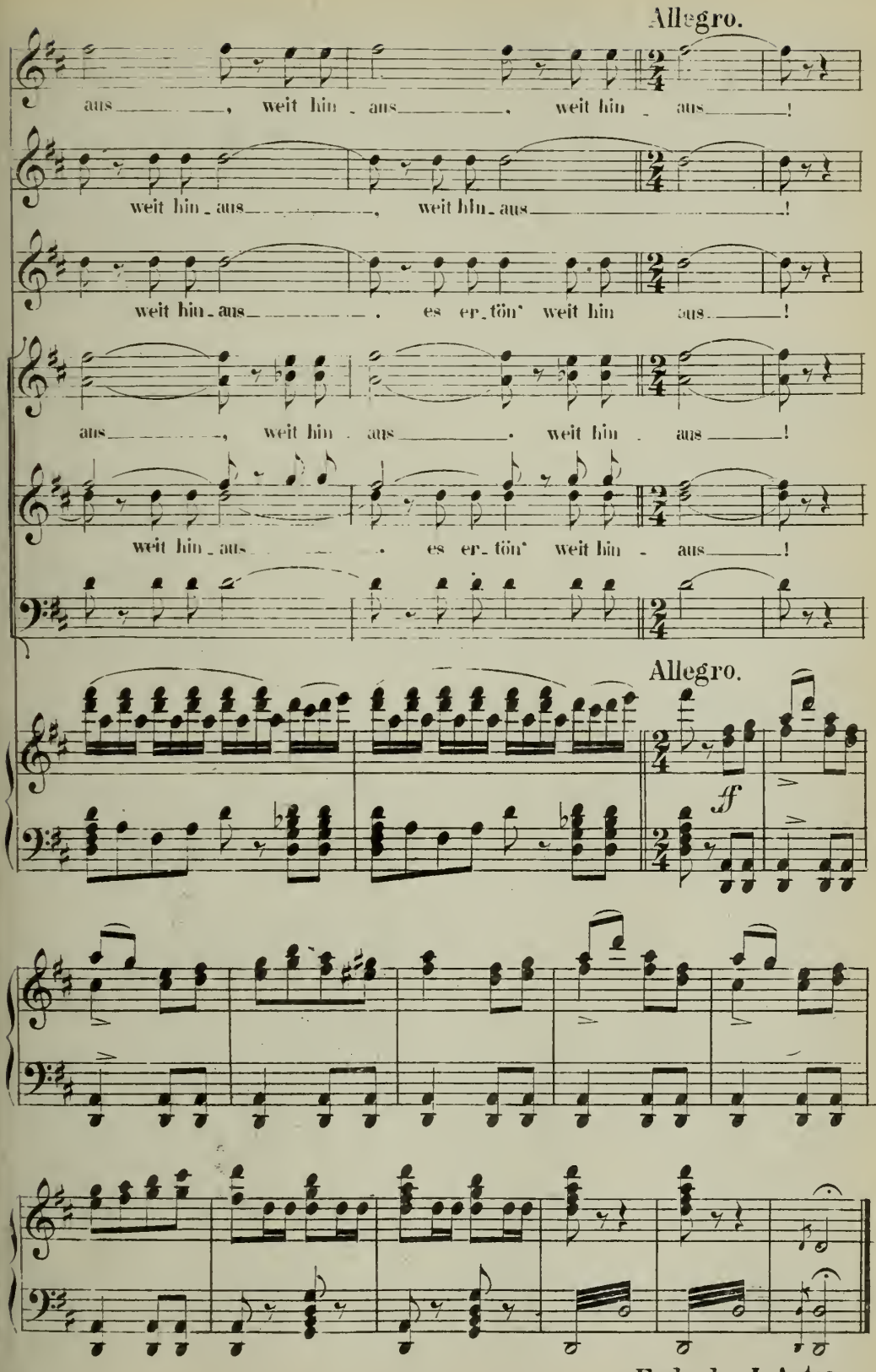

joh, ho - joh, ho - joh, tra la la, die Ca - de - ten sind da, die Ca -
de - ten sind da, ho - joh, ho - joh, ho - joh tra la la, ho - joh, wir sind schon
da!
Fine
(portugiesisch.)
Trio.
Wir durch - zo - gen die Wo - gen, sind auf dem Meer zu
Haus; Sil - ber - wel - len, die hel - len, sie tru - gen uns hin - aus. Wenn Ge -


fah_ren rings sich thür_men, da hebt sich stolz die Brust; mag es
pp
blit_zen, donnern, stür_men, das ist des Seemann's Lust! Wir durch_zo_gen die
pp
Wo_gen, sind auf dem Meer zu Haus; Sil_ber_wel_len, die hel_len, ste
f
p
tru_gen uns hin_aus! Joa_ho Joa_ho Jo_a_ho! Wir
f
D.S. al fine.


Domingos.
Jetzt hab' ich's doch nicht e_ru_irt, wer mei_ne
p
Frau mir hat ent_führt.
Cadetten.
Ein Hoch dem Gou_ver_neur!
f
Lambert.
Allegro maestoso.
rit.
Der Kö_nig_hn und Por_tu_gal bleibt die_ser
dim.
p
cres.
Arm geweiht! Für Sie sind Blut und_ Le_ben All' zu op_fern wir be_
Tenor.
Männerchor.
Für Sie sind Blut und Le_ben All' zu opfern wir be_
Bass
8
f
ff


Più animato.
Marie.
Fanchette.
Ein Hoch ein Hoch
Lambert.
Domingos.
Ein Hoch, ein Hoch dem Vater - land, ein Hoch ein
Sop. u. Cadetten.
Ein Hoch, ein Hoch dem Vater - land, ein Hoch ein
Ten.
reit!
Bass.
Ein Hoch, ein Hoch dem Vater - land, ein Hoch ein
Più animato.
ff
tr
pp
rallent.
a tempo.
dem Va - ter - land!
Heil!
p
Hoch, dem Va - ter - land, es tön' hin - aus zum Mee - res - strand, Ein Hoch
Hoch, dem Va - ter - land, es tön' hin - aus zum Mee - res - strand, Ein Hoch
Hoch, dem Va - ter - land, es tön' zum Mee - res - strand. Ein

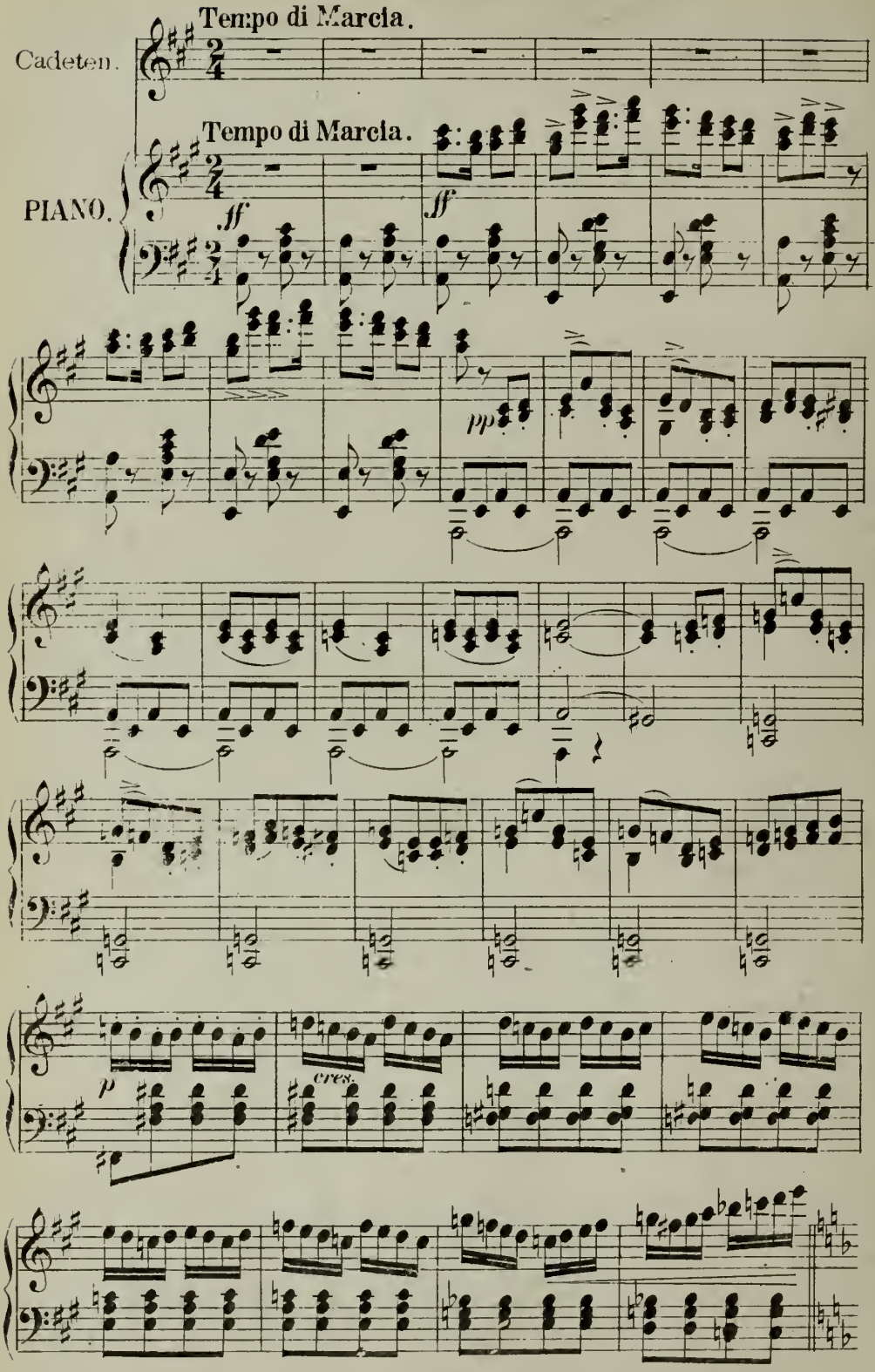

Ein Hoch ein Hoch
ein Hoch dem Va - ter - land, ein Hoch ein
land, ein Hoch eln Hoch
ein Hoch dem Va - ter - land, ein Hoch ein
land, ein Hoch ein Hoch
Hoch, ein Hoch dem Va - ter - land, ein Hoch, ein
Allegro non troppo.
dem Va-ter - land ! Es er-tön'
Heil ! Es er-tön'
Hoch dem Va-ter-land tönt's hin-aus zum Mee - res - strand! Es er-tön'
Hoch dem Va-ter-land tönt's hin-aus zum Mee - res - strand! Weit hin-
rallent.
Allegro non troppo.

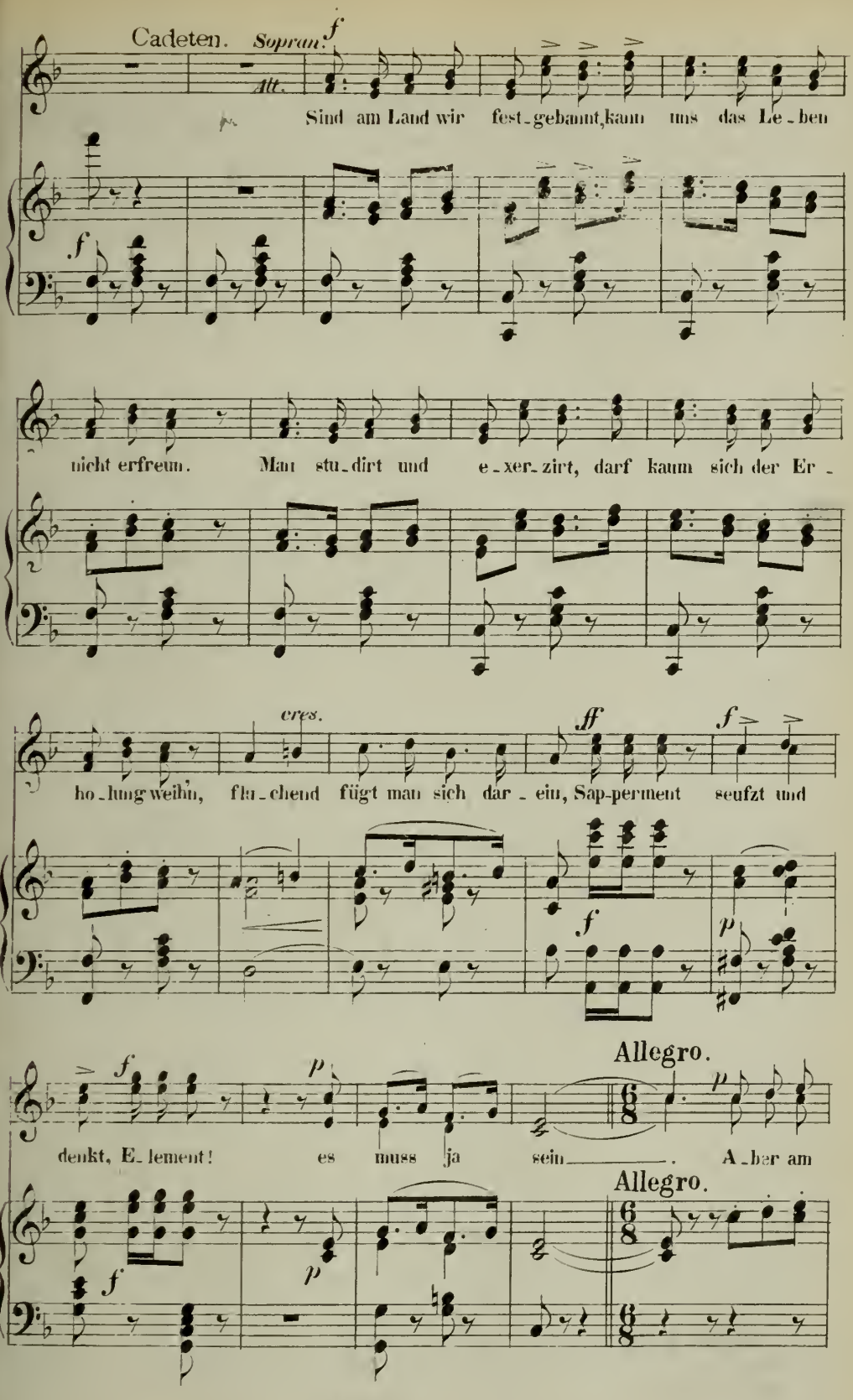


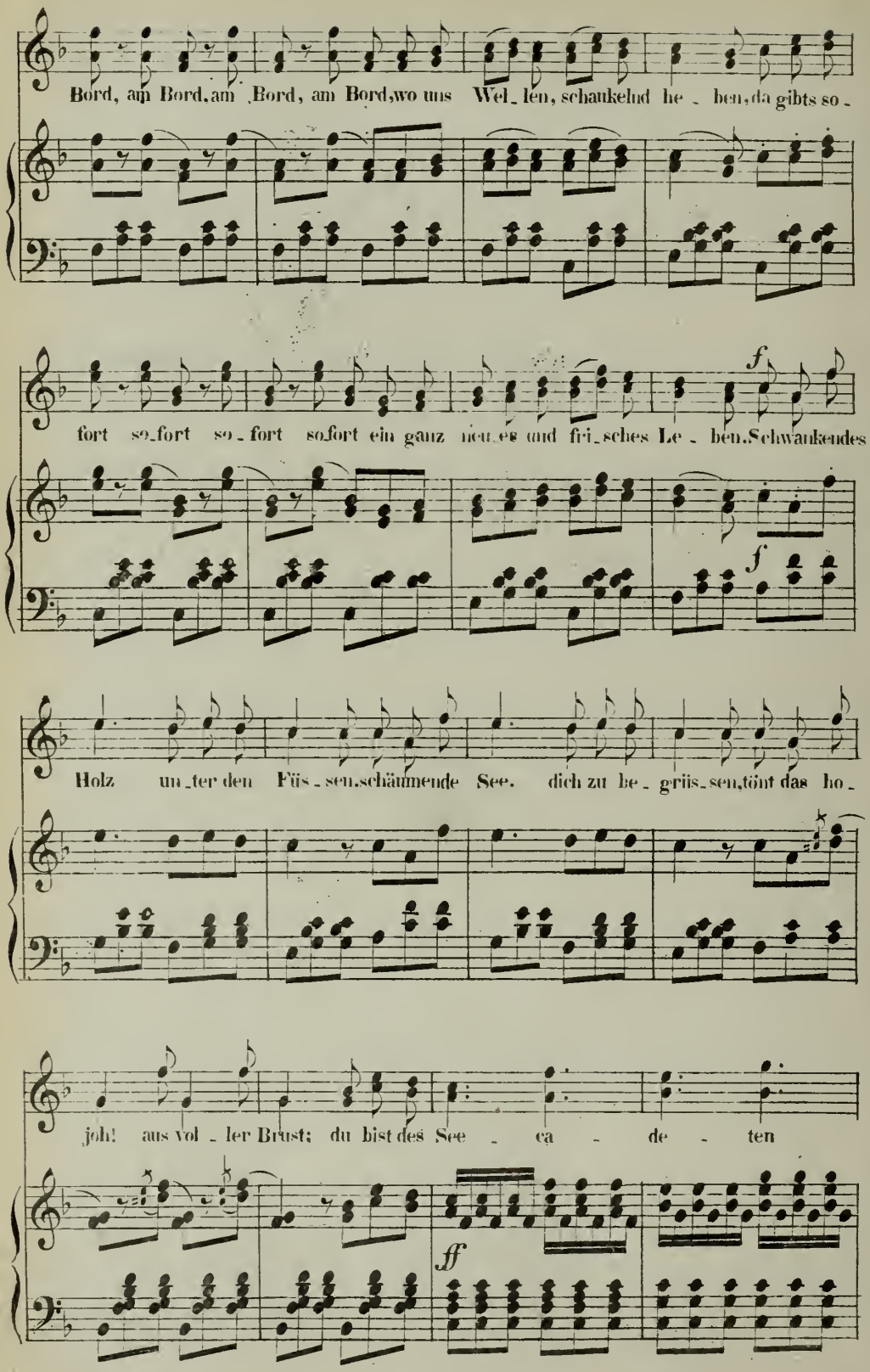
Ende des I. Actes.

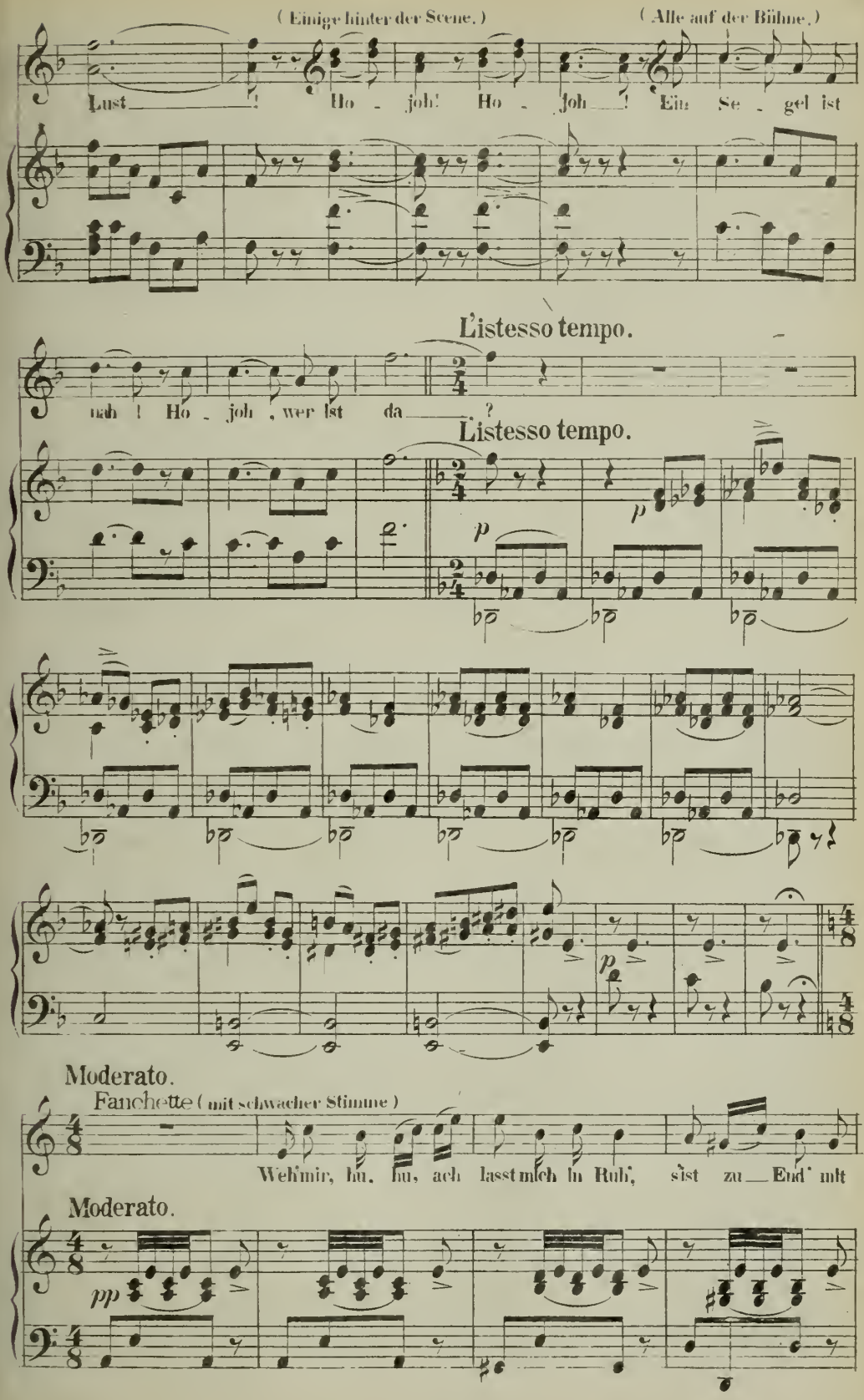
II. ACT.

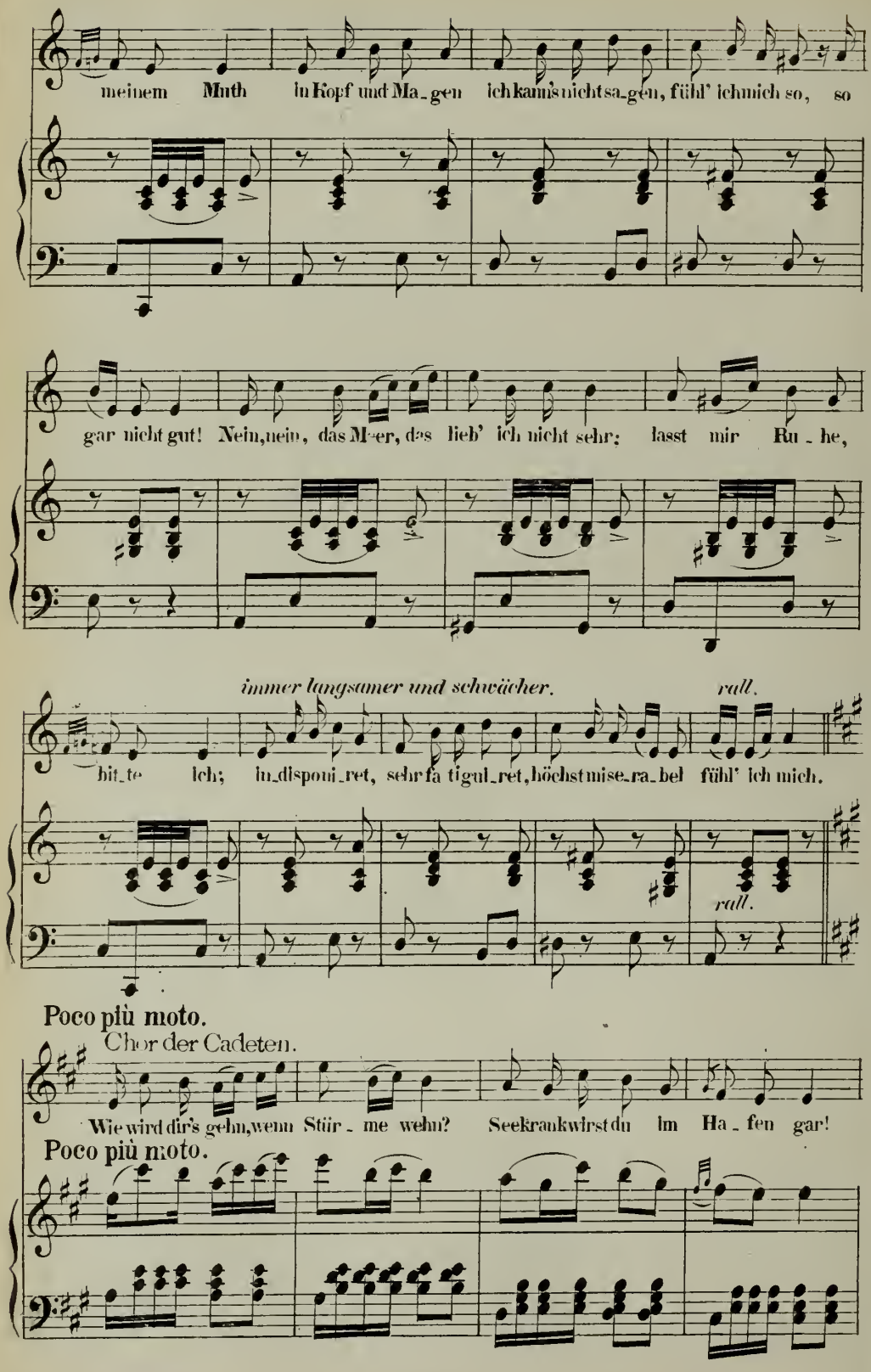
№ 10. Entreact und Ensemble.

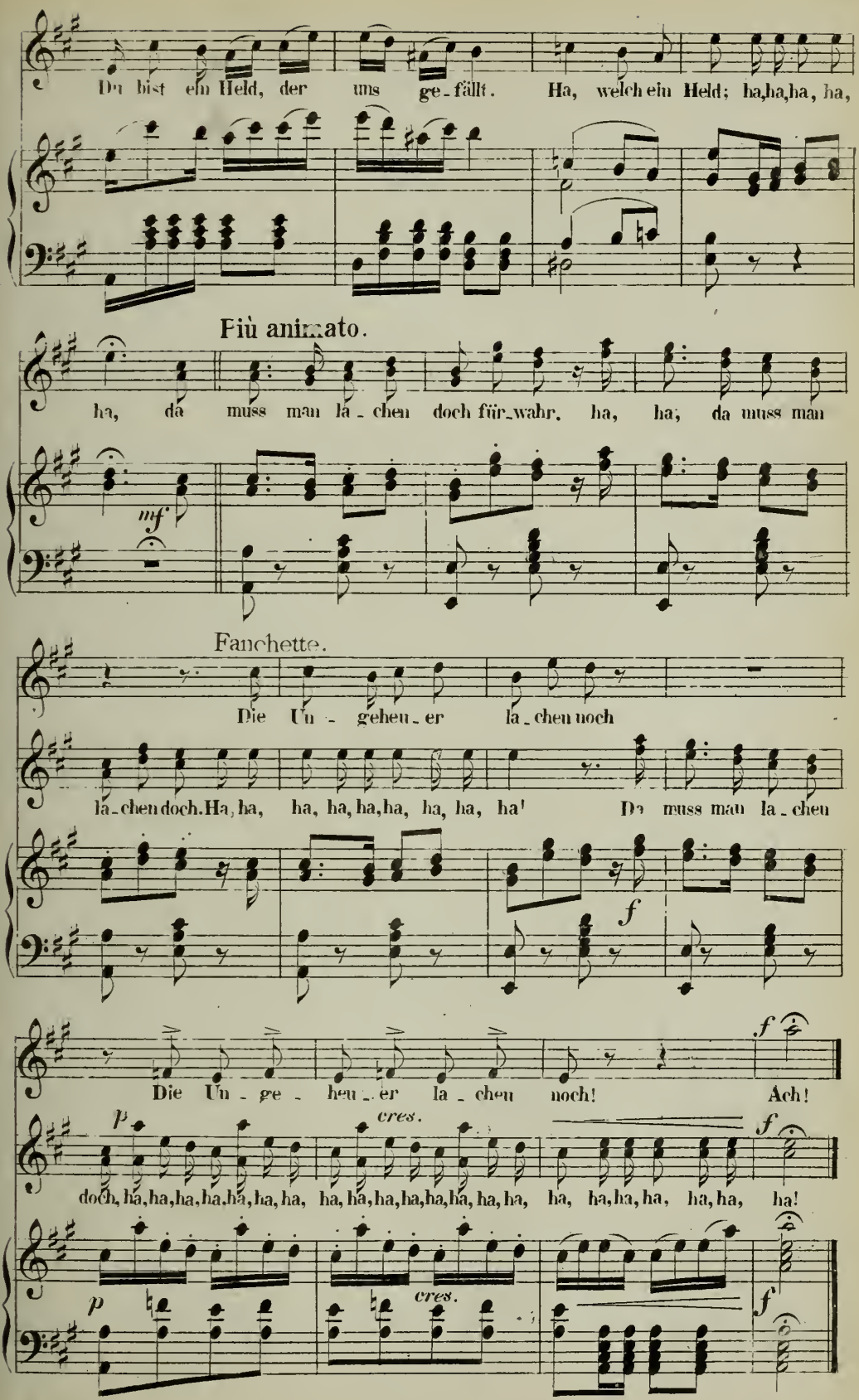



Cadeten.
Sopran.
Alt.
f
Sind am Land wir fest-gebannt, kann uns das Le-ben
nicht erfreun. Man stu-dirt und e-xer-zirt, darf kaum sich der Er-
cres.
ff
ho-lung weihn, flu-chend fügt man sich dar-ein, Sap-perment seufzt und
denkt, E-lement! es muss ja sein. A-ber am
Allegro.
Allegro.

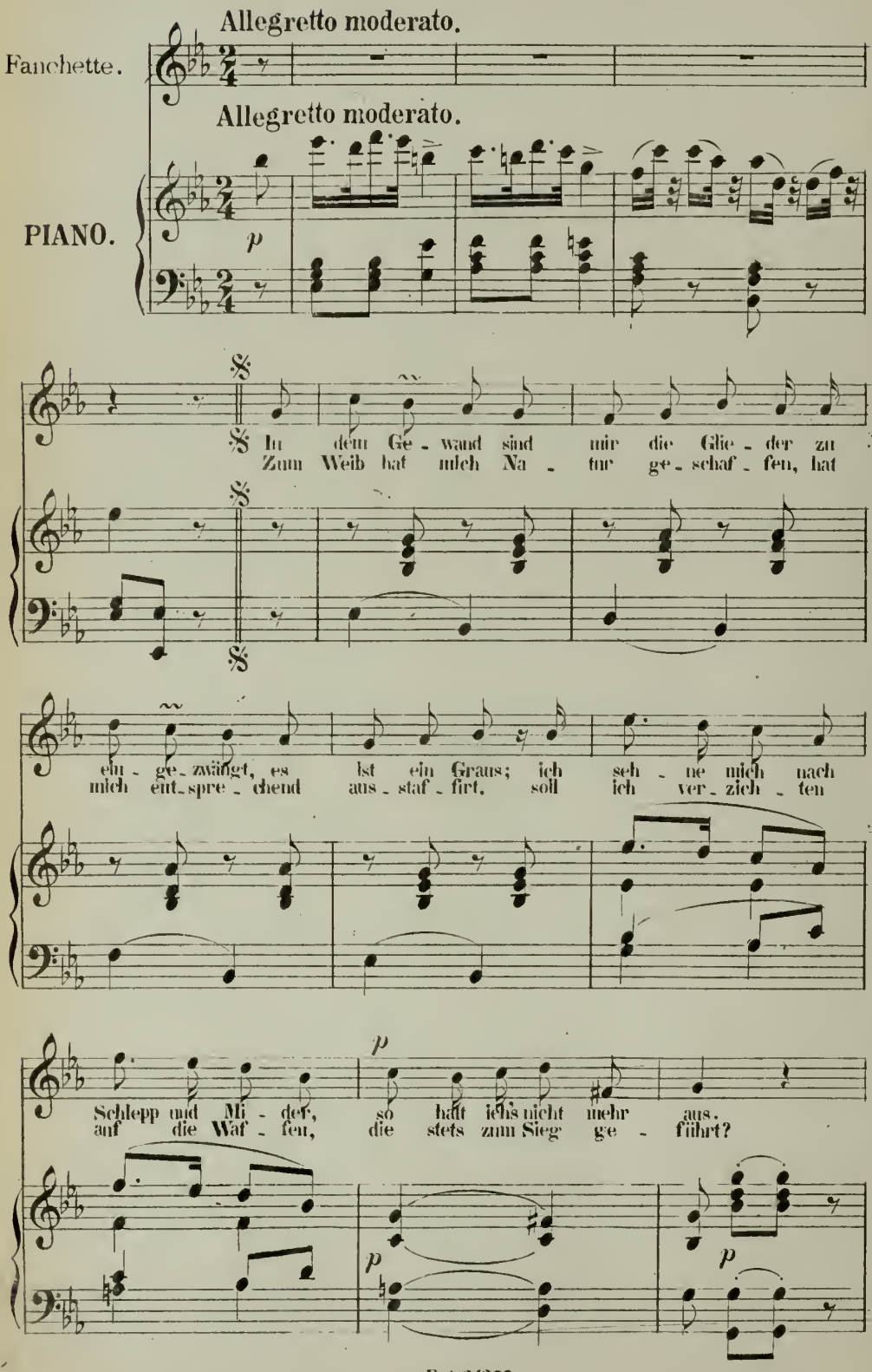

Bord, am Bord, am Bord, am Bord, wo uns Wel_len, schaukelnd he_ben, da gibts so_
fort so_fort so_fort so_fort ein ganz neu_es und fri_sches Le_ben. Schwankendes
Holz un_ter den Füs_sen, schäumende See. dich zu be_grüs_sen, tönt das ho_
joh! aus vol_ler Brust; du bist des See_ca_de_ten
f
f
ff

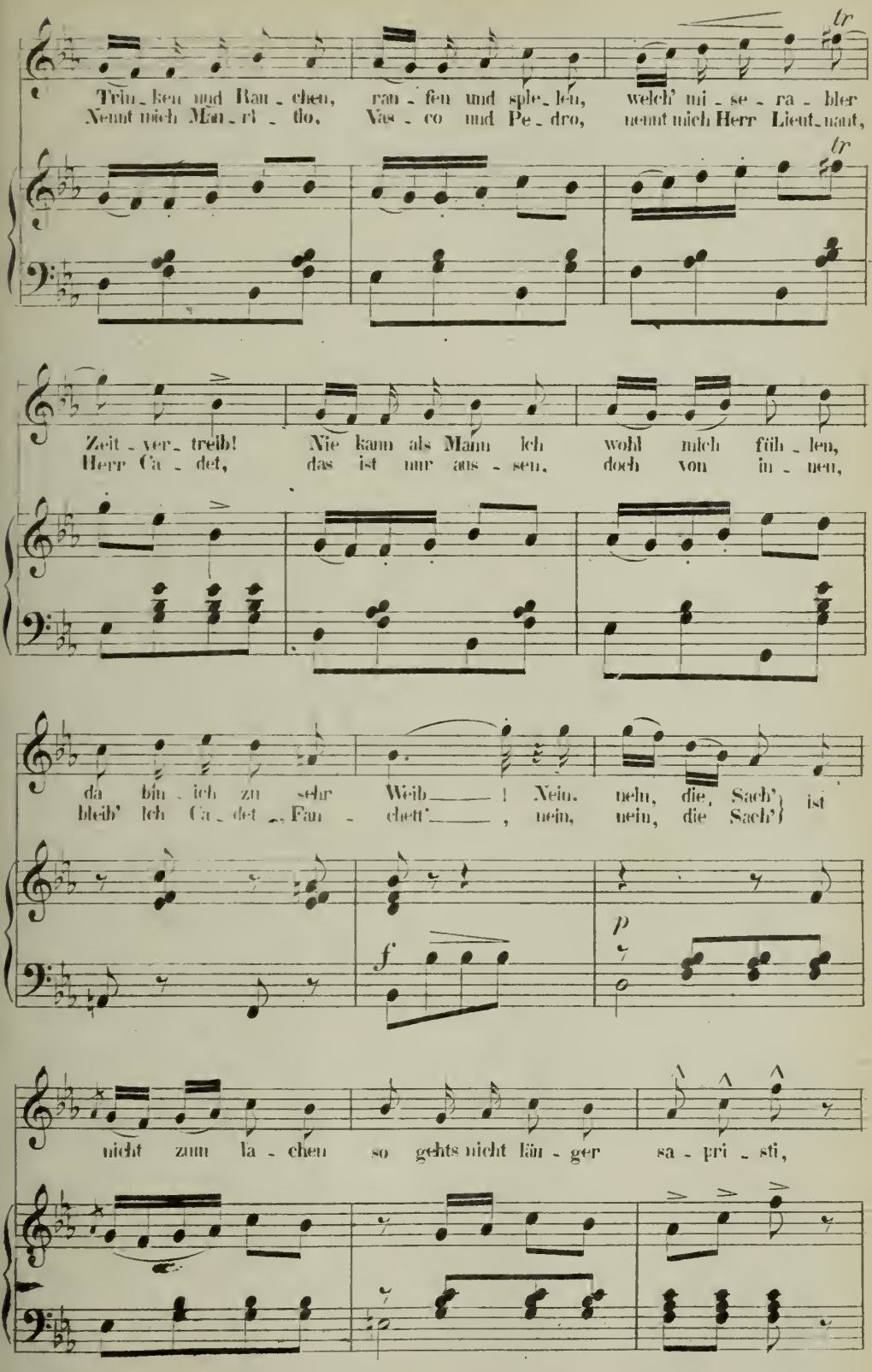

(Einige hinter der Scene.)
(Alle auf der Bühne.)
Lust ! Ho - joh! Ho - joh ! Ein Se - gel ist
L'istesso tempo.
nah ! Ho - joh , wer ist da ?
L'istesso tempo.
p
p
p
Moderato.
Fanchette (mit schwacher Stimme)
Weh'mir, hu, hu, ach lasst mich in Ruh', sist zu End' mit
Moderato.
pp

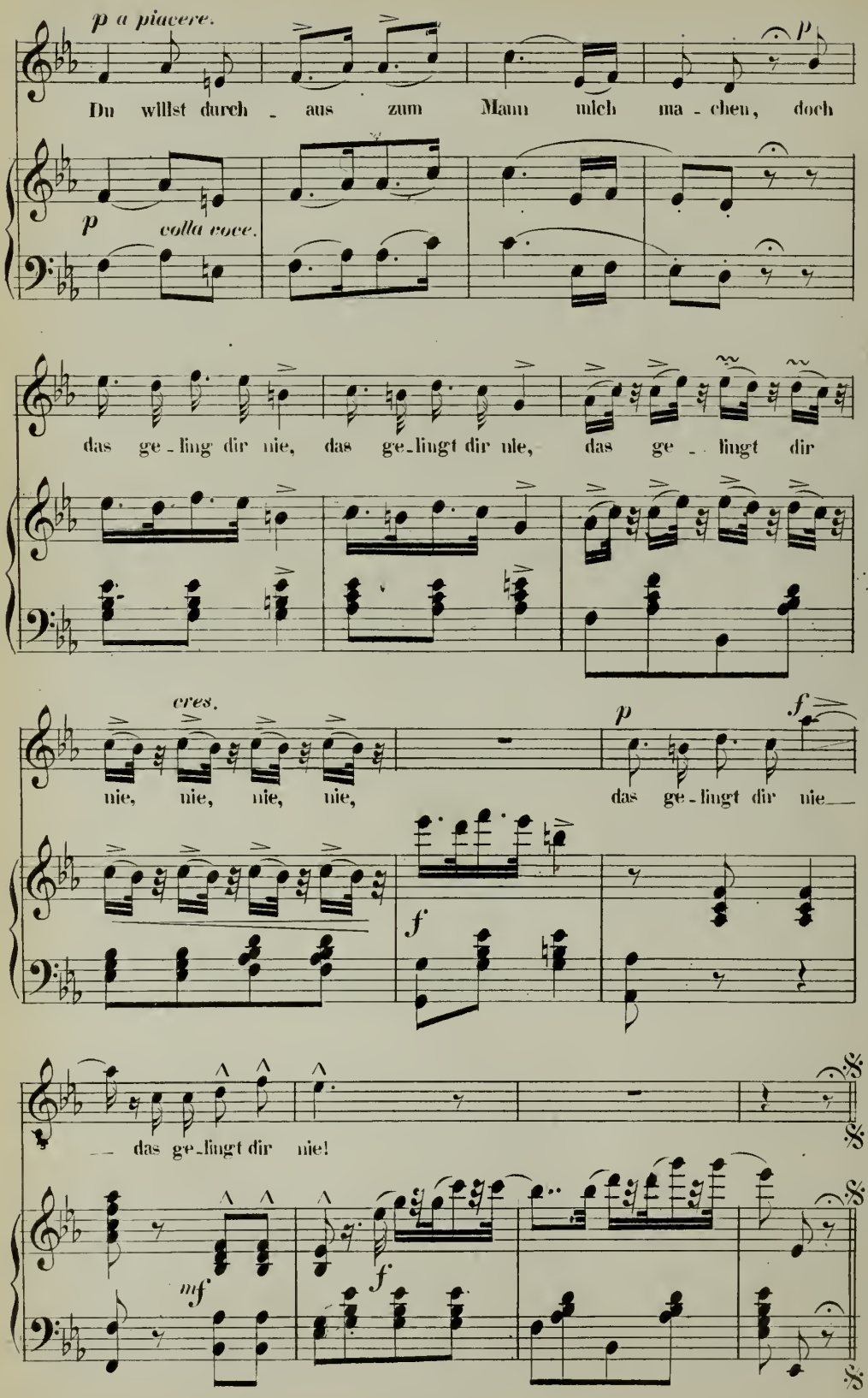

mei nem Muth im Kopf und Ma_gen ich kann's nicht sa_gen, fühl' ich mich so, so
gar nicht gut! Nein, nein, das Meer, das lieb' ich nicht sehr; lasst mir Ru_he,
immer langsamer und schwächer.
rall.
bit_te ich; in_dispo ni_ret, sehr fa tigu l_ret, höchst mise_ra_bel fühl' ich mich.
rall.
Poco più moto.
Chor der Cadeten.
Wie wird dir's gehn, wenn Stür_me wehn? Seekrank wirst du im Ha_fen gar!
Poco più moto.


Du bist ein Held, der uns ge-fällt. Ha, welch ein Held; ha,ha,ha, ha,
Più animato.
ha, da muss man la-chen doch für-wahr. ha, ha; da muss man
mf
Fanchette.
Die Un-geheu-er la-chen noch
la-chen doch. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Da muss man la-chen
f
Die Un-ge-heu-er la-chen noch! Ach!
f
p
cres.
doch, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
f
p
cres.
f

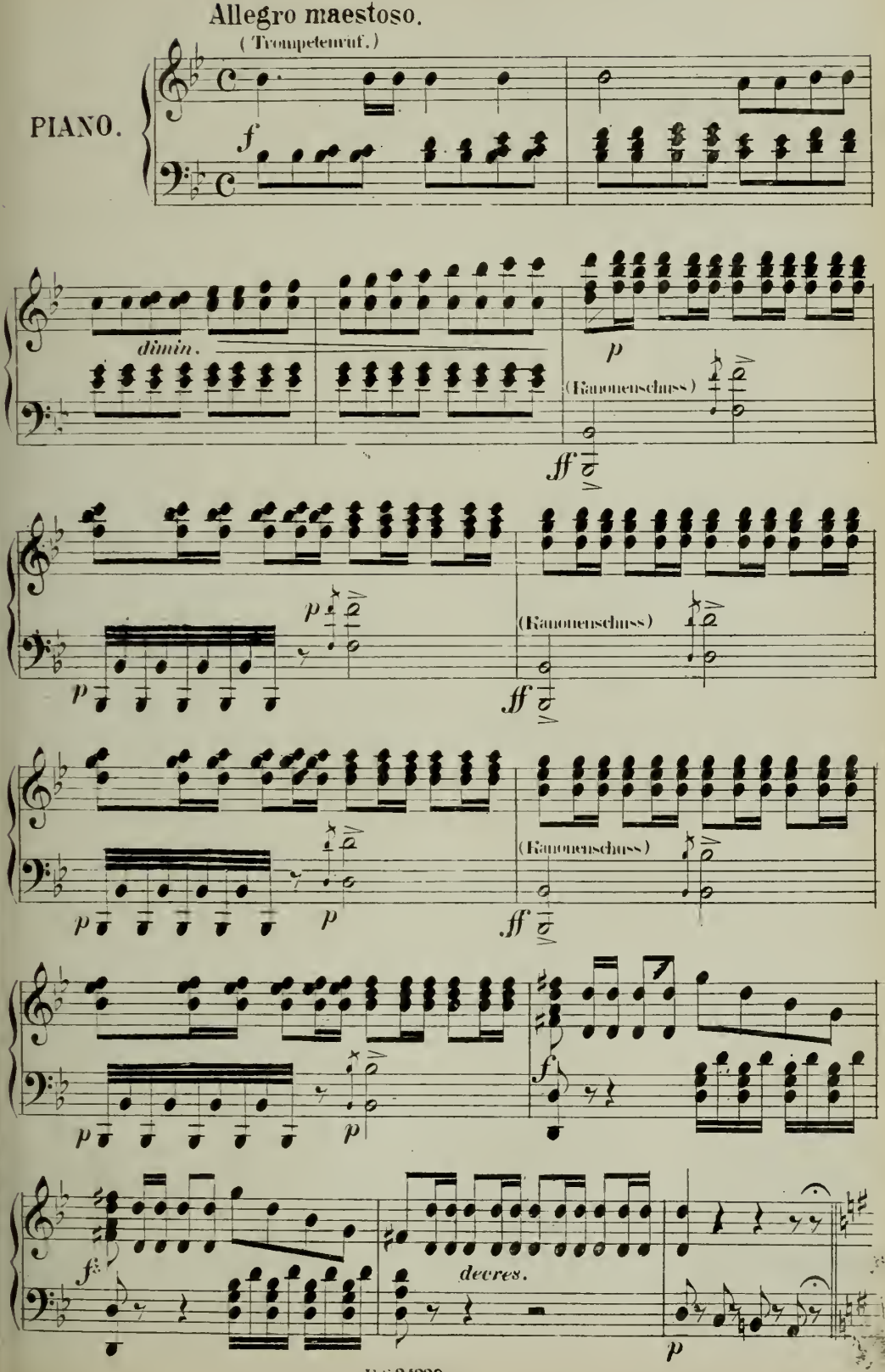
№ 11. Couplets.

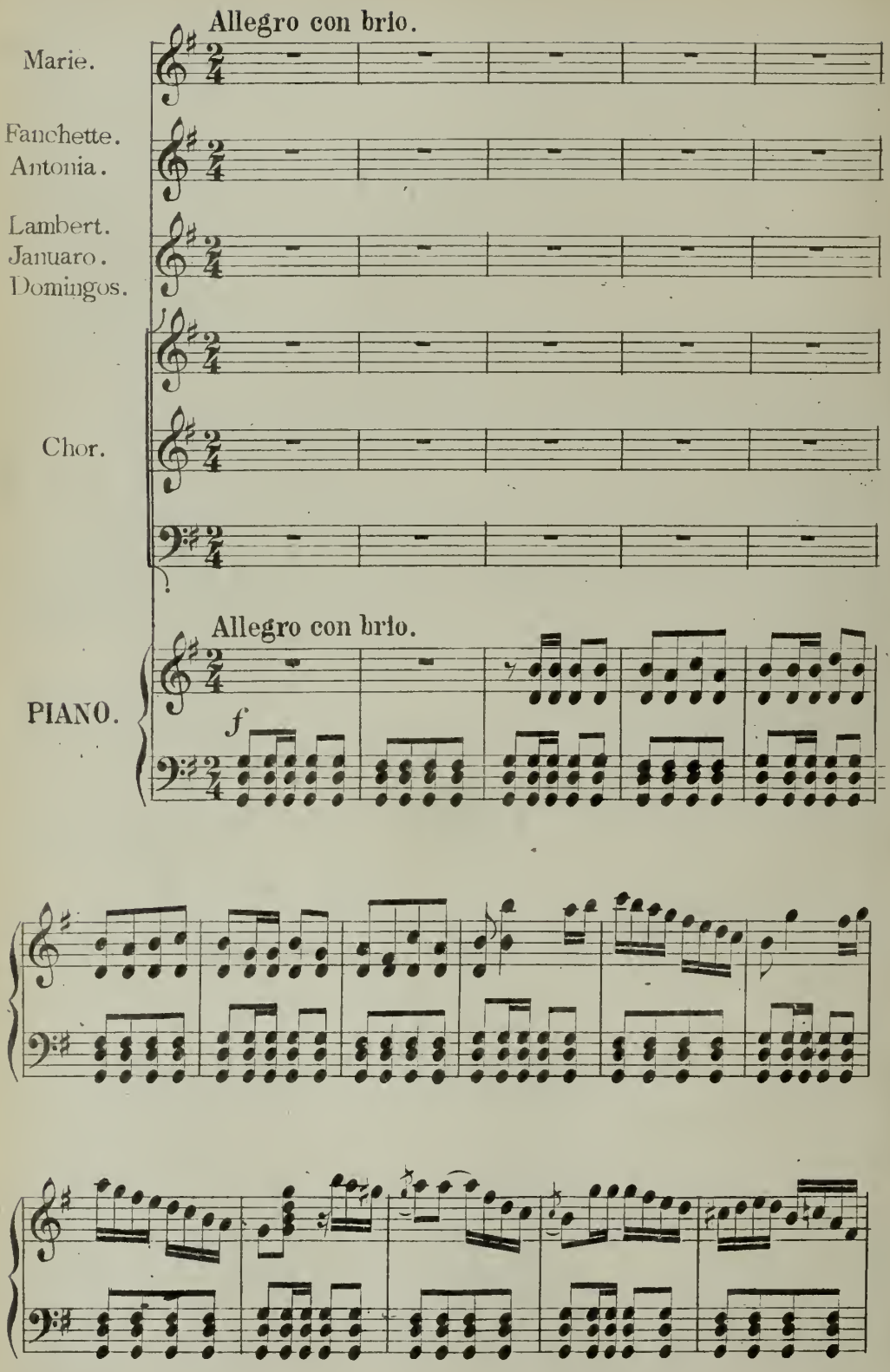

Allegretto moderato.
Fanchette.
Allegretto moderato.
PIANO.
p
In dem Ge - wand sind mir die Glie - der zu
Zum Weib hat mich Na - tur ge - schaf - fen, hat
eh - ge - zwängt, es ist ein Graus; ich seh - ne mich nach
mich ent - spre - chend aus - staf - firt, soll ich ver - zich - ten
p
Schlepp und Mi - der, so hält ichs nicht mehr aus.
auf die Waf - fen, die stets zum Sieg ge - führt?
p
p

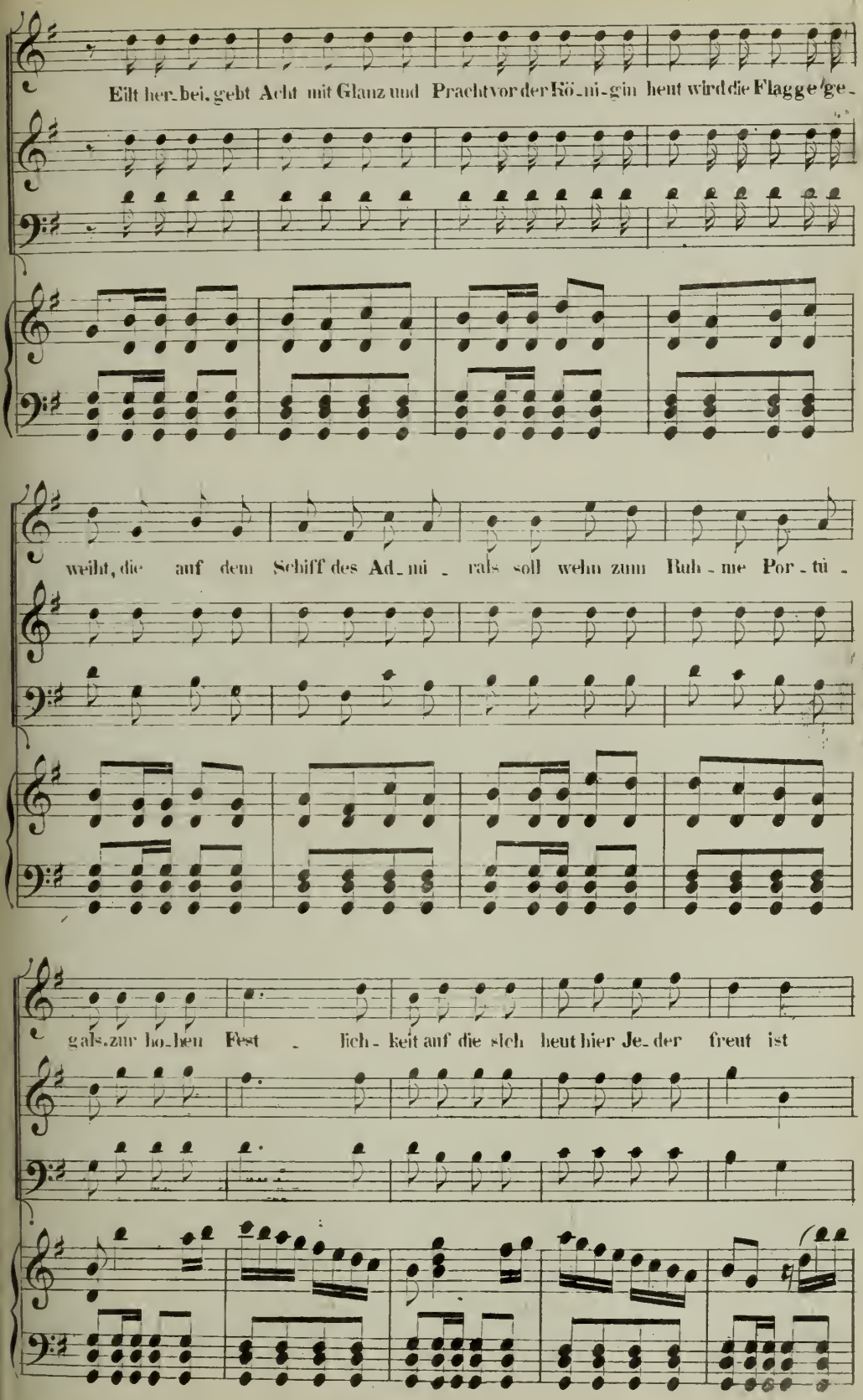

Trin_ken und Ran_chen, ran_fen und sple_len, welch' mi_se_ra_bler
Nennt mich Ma_ri_to, Vas_co und Pe_dro, nennt mich Herr Lieut_nant,
Zeit_ver_treib! Nie kam als Mann ich wohl mich füh_len,
Herr Ca_det, das ist nur aus_sen, doch von in_nen,
da bin_ich zu sehr Weib_____! Nein, nein, die Sach'} ist
bleib' ich Ca_det_Fan_chett'_____, nein, nein, die Sach'}
nicht zum la_chen so gehts nicht län_ger sa_pri_sti,

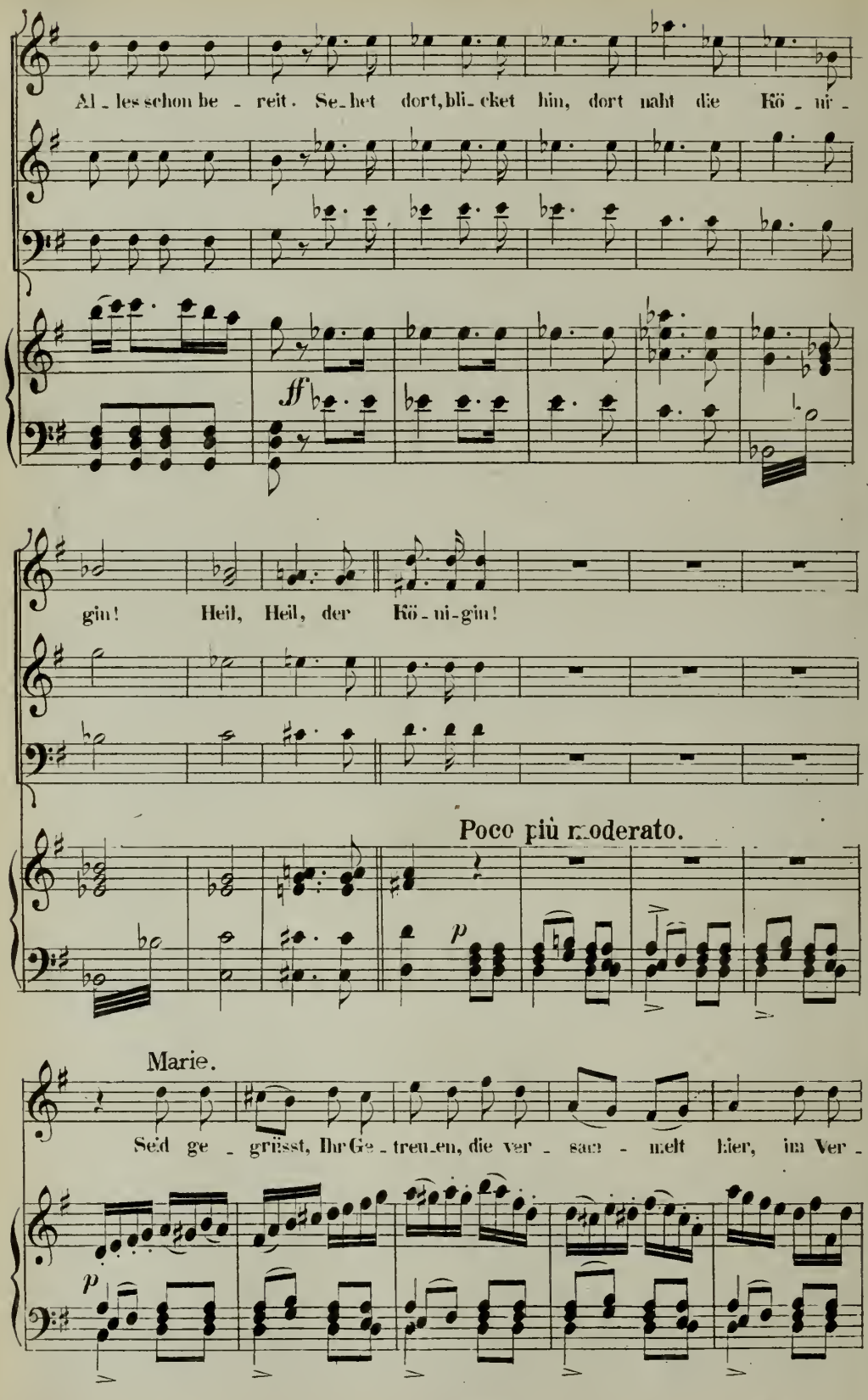

p a piacere.
Du willst durch _ aus zum Mann mich ma _ chen, doch
p
colla voce.
das ge _ ling dir nie, das ge _ lingt dir nie, das ge _ lingt dir
cres.
nie, nie, nie, nie,
p
das ge _ lingt dir nie
f
f
das ge _ lingt dir nie!
mf
f

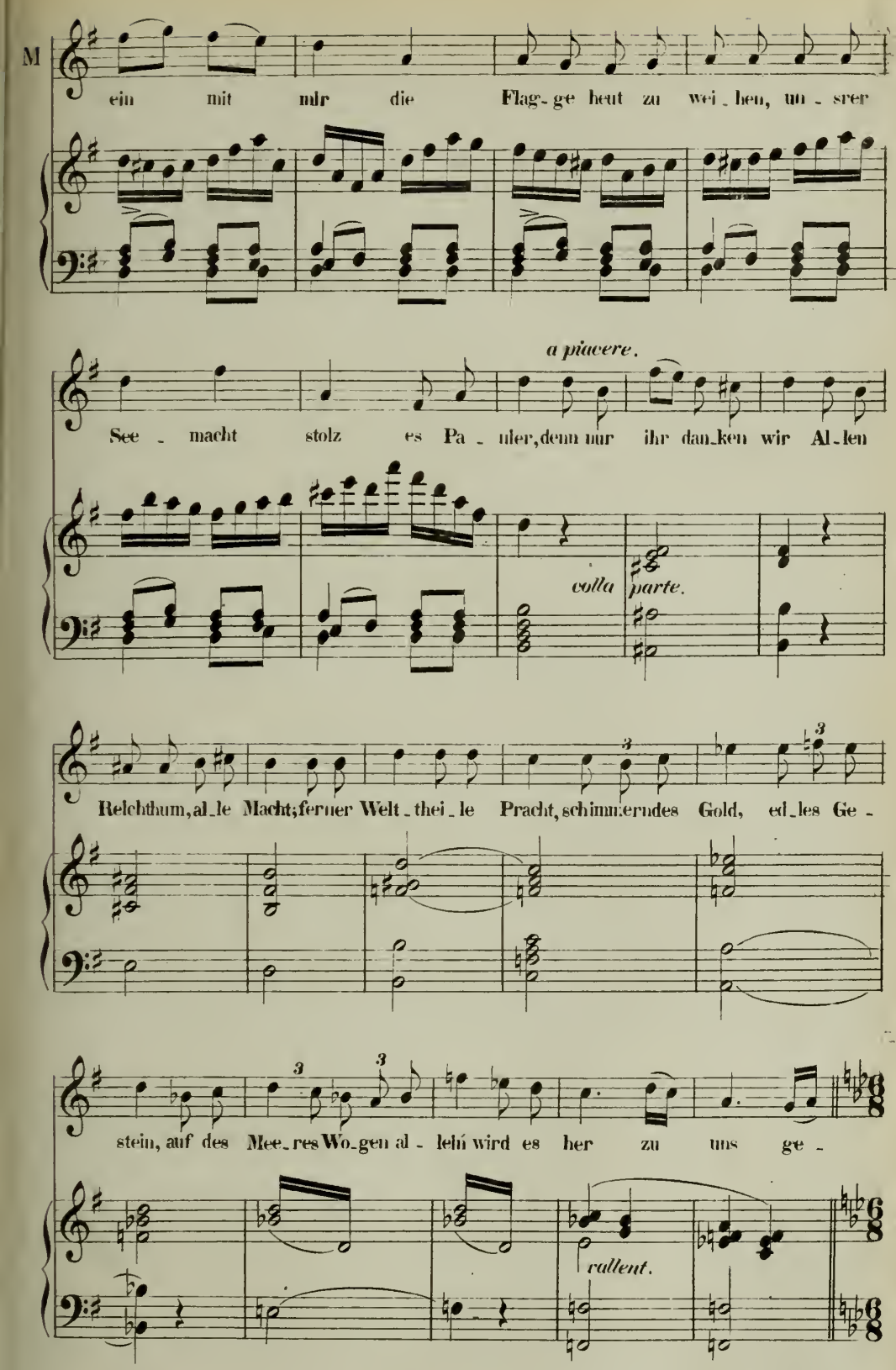
№ 12. Ensemble und Lied.

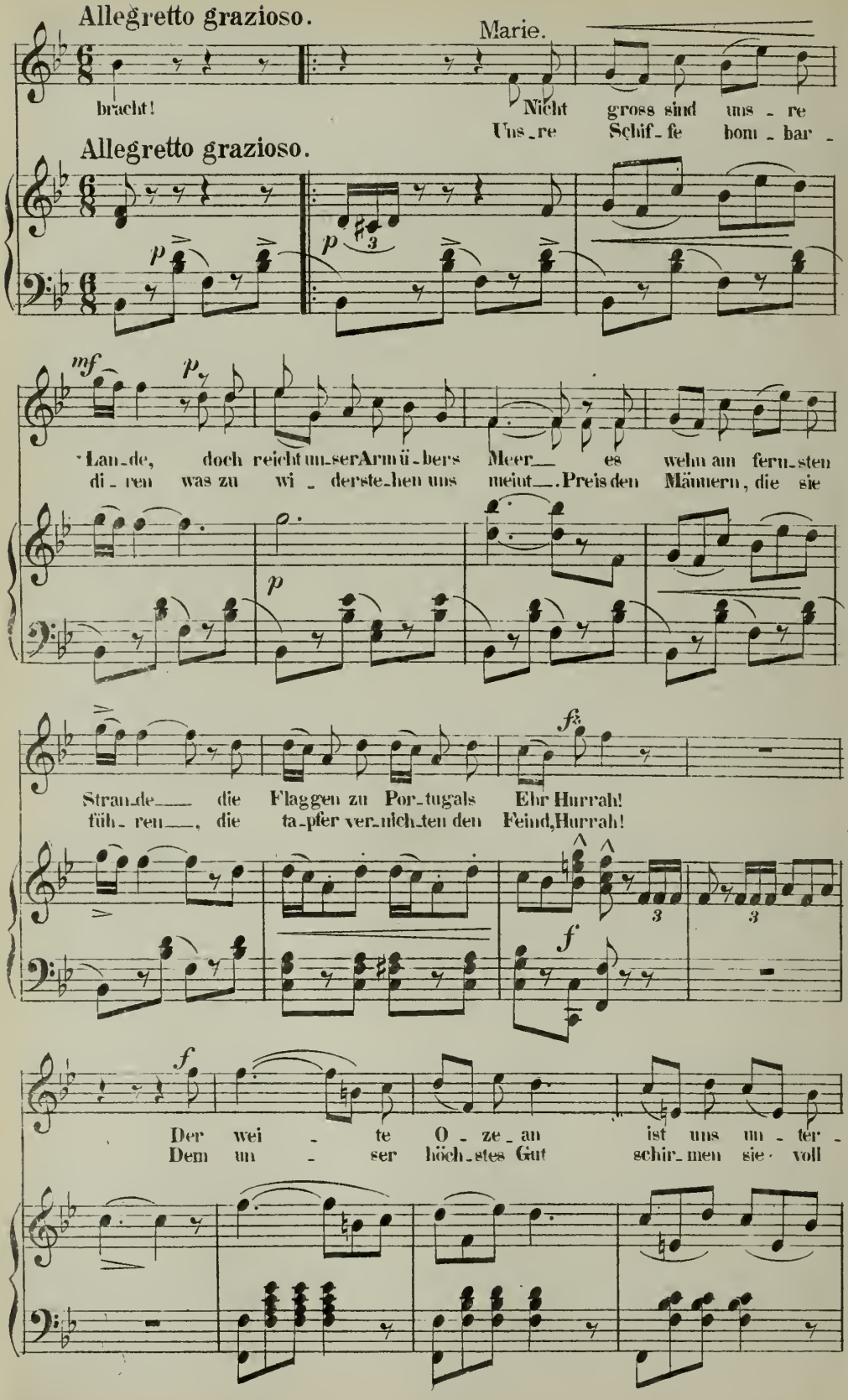


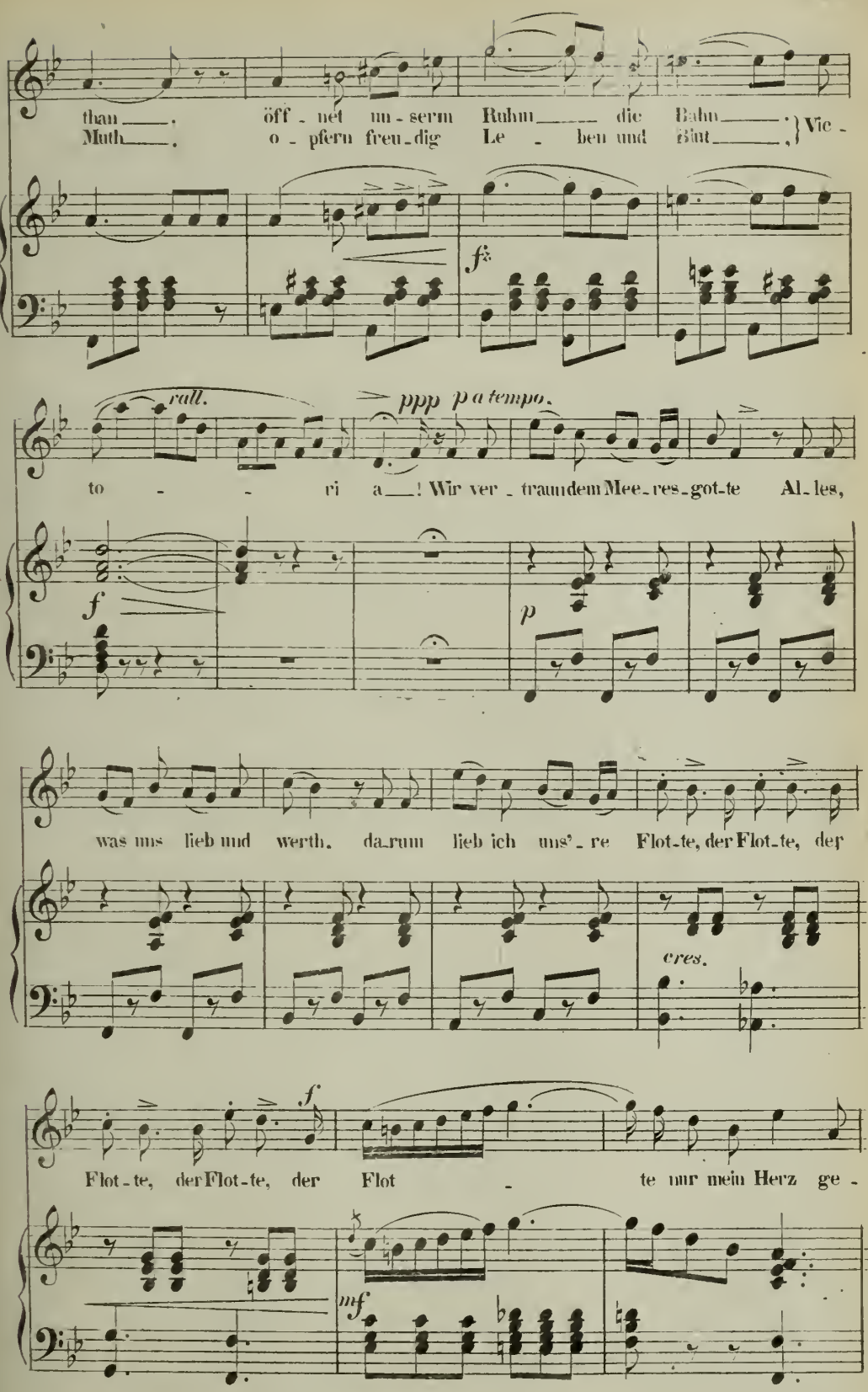

Allegro con brio.
Marie.
Fanchette.
Antonia.
Lambert.
Januaro.
Domingos.
Chor.
Allegro con brio.
PIANO.
f

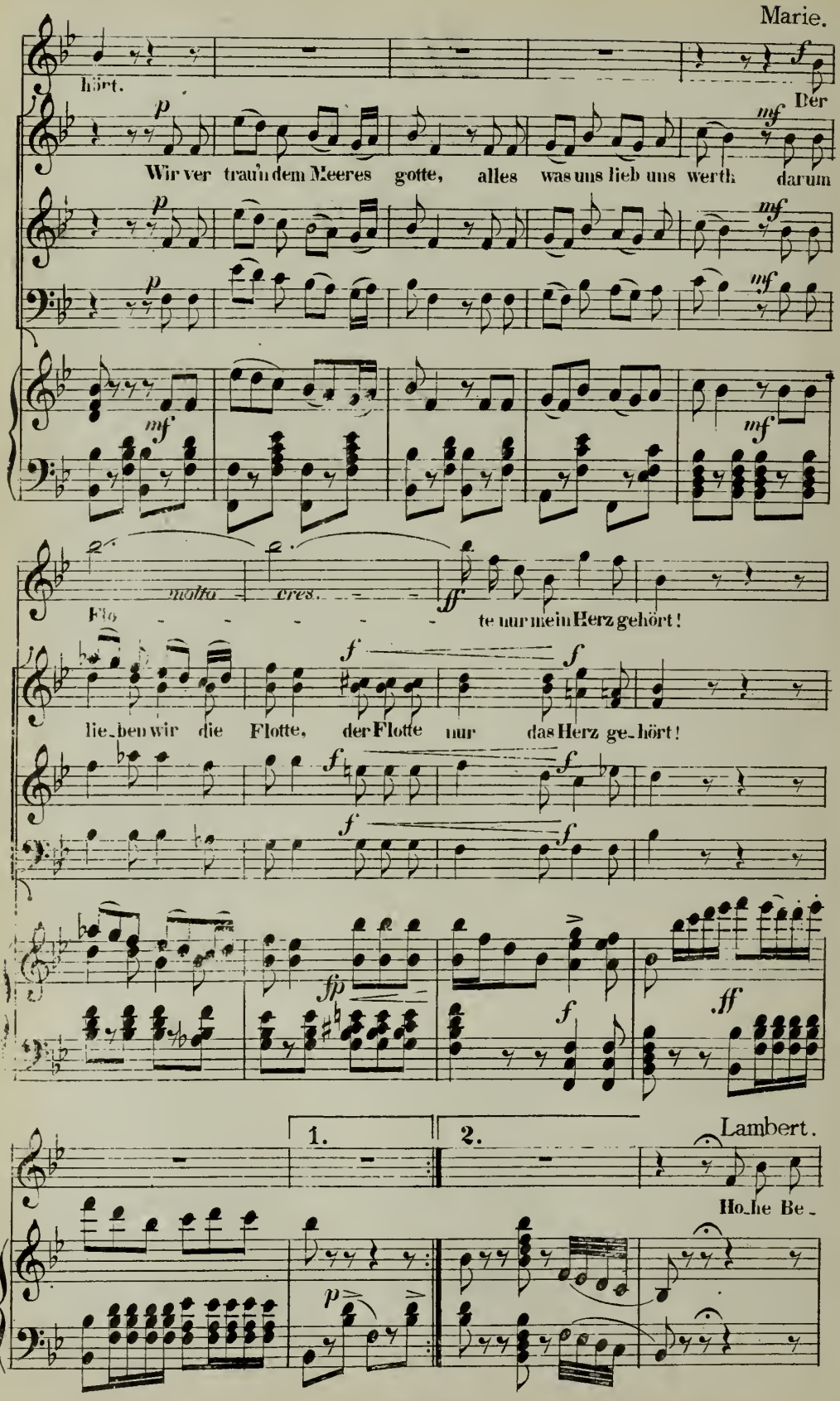

Eilt her-bei, gebt Acht mit Glanz und Prachtvor der Kö-ni-gin heut wird die Flagge ge-
weiht, die auf dem Schiff des Ad-mi-rals soll wehn zum Ruh-me Por-tu-
gals zur ho-hen Fest-lich-keit auf die sich heut hier Je-der freut ist

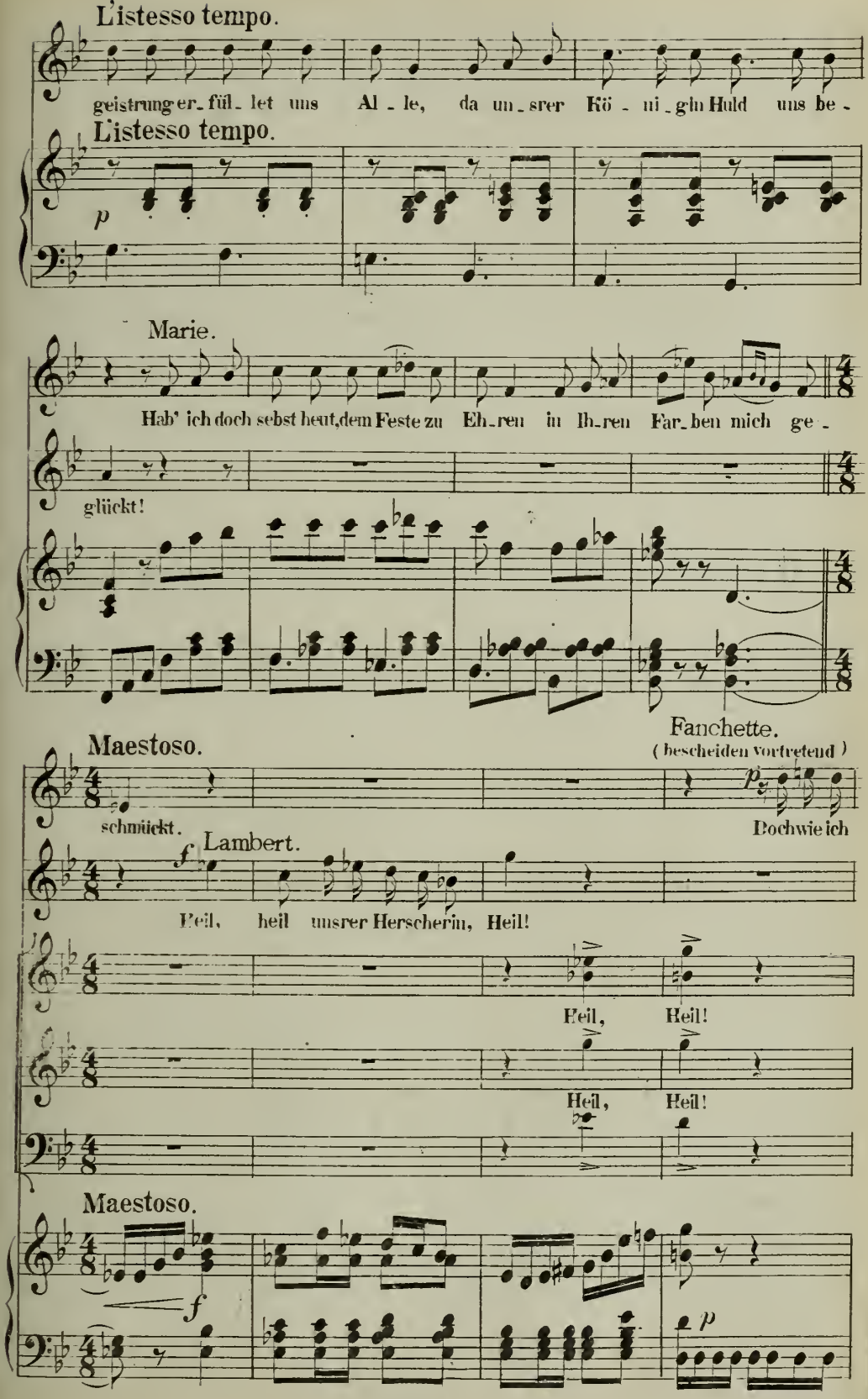

Al - les schon be - reit. Se - het dort, bli - cket hin, dort naht die Kö - ni -
ff
gin! Heil, Heil, der Kö - ni - gin!
Poco più moderato.
p
Marie.
Seid ge - grüsst, Ihr Ge - treu - en, die ver - sam - melt hier, im Ver -
p


M
ein mit mir die Flag-ge heut zu wei-hen, un-srer
a piacere.
See-macht stolz es Pa-ter, denn nur ihr dan-ken wir Al-len
volla parte.
Reichthum, al-le Macht; fer-ner Welt-thei-le Pracht, schimmerndes Gold, ed-les Ge-
stein, auf des Mee-res Wo-gen al-lein wird es her zu uns ge-
rallent.

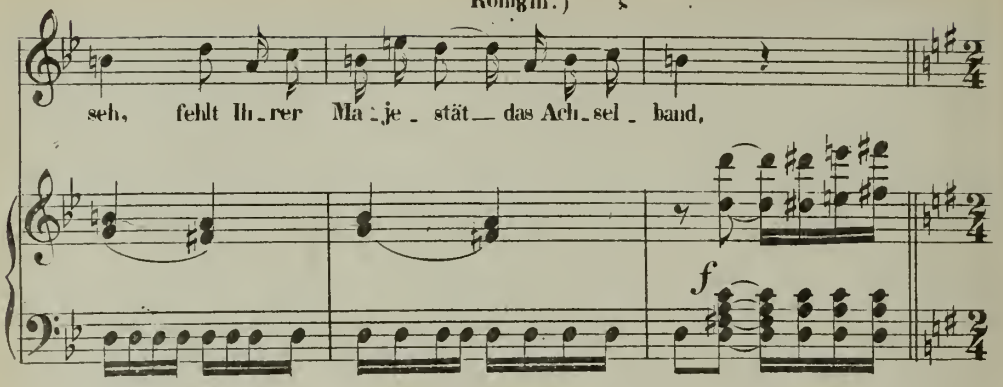

Allegretto grazioso.
Marie.
bracht!
Nicht gross sind uns - re
Uns - re Schif - fe bom - bar -
Allegretto grazioso.
mf
p
Lan - de, doch reicht un - ser Arm ü - bers Meer es wehn am fern - sten
di - ren was zu wi - derste - hen uns meint. Preis den Männern, die sie
Stran - de die Flaggen zu Por - tugals Ehr Hurrah!
füh - ren, die ta - pfer ver - nich - ten den Feind, Hurrah!
Der wei - te O - ze - an ist uns un - ter -
Dem un - ser höch - stes Gut schir - men sie voll

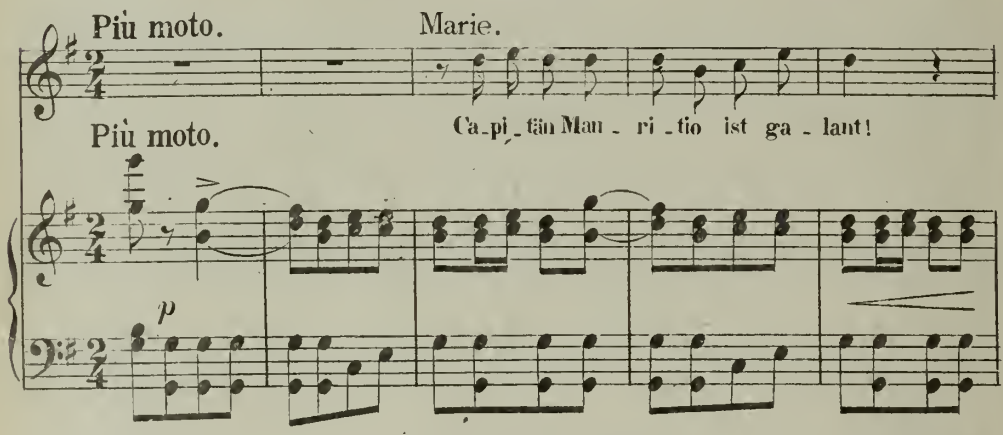

than ___. öff - net un - serm Ruhm ___ die Bahn ___.
Muth ___. o - pfern freu - dig Le - ben und Blut ___,
Vic -
f
rall.
ppp p a tempo.
to - - ri a ___! Wir ver - traun dem Mee - res - got - te Al - les,
f
p
was uns lieb und werth, da - rum lieb ich uns' - re Flot - te, der Flot - te, der
cres.
f
Flot - te, der Flot - te, der Flot - te nur mein Herz ge -
mf


Marie.
hört.
Der
Wir ver traun dem Meeres gotte, alles was uns lieb uns werth darum
molto
cres.
Flo te nur mein Herz gehört!
lie ben wir die Flotte, der Flotte nur das Herz ge hört!
1.
2.
Lambert.
Ho he Be

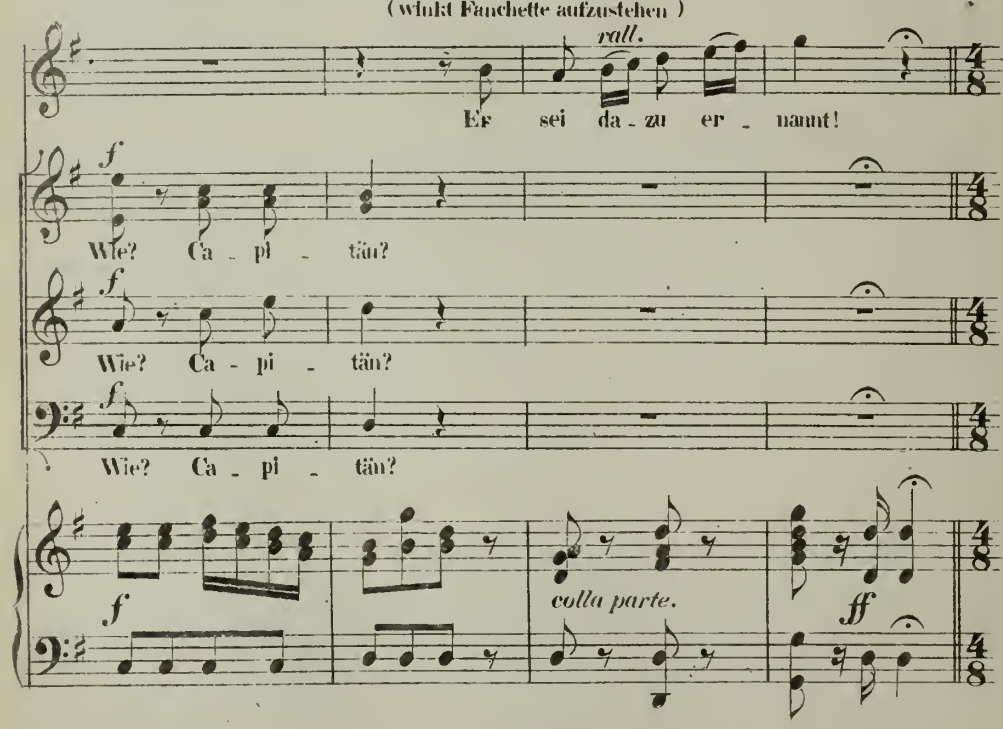

L'istesso tempo.
geistrung er fül let uns Al le, da un srer Kö ni gin Huld uns be -
L'istesso tempo.
p
Marie.
Hab' ich doch sebst heut, dem Feste zu Eh ren in Ih ren Far ben mich ge -
glückt!
Maestoso.
Fanchette.
(bescheiden vortretend)
schmückt.
p
Doch wie ich
f
Lambert.
Heil, heil unsrer Herscherin, Heil!
Heil, Heil!
Heil, Heil!
Maestoso.
f
p

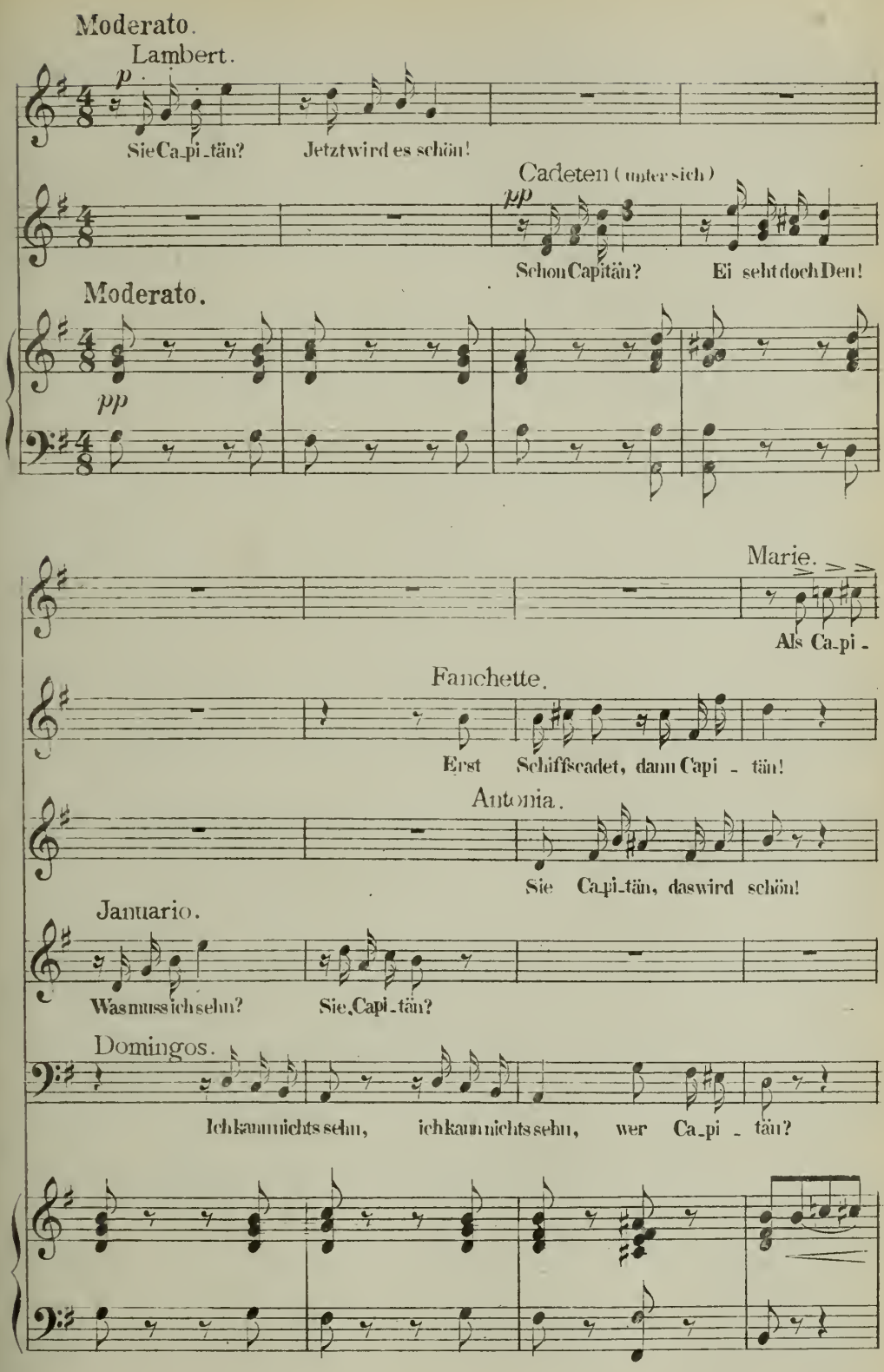
(Sie nimmt schnell die Schleife von ihrer Achsel und befestigt die Schleife an der Schulter der Königin.)

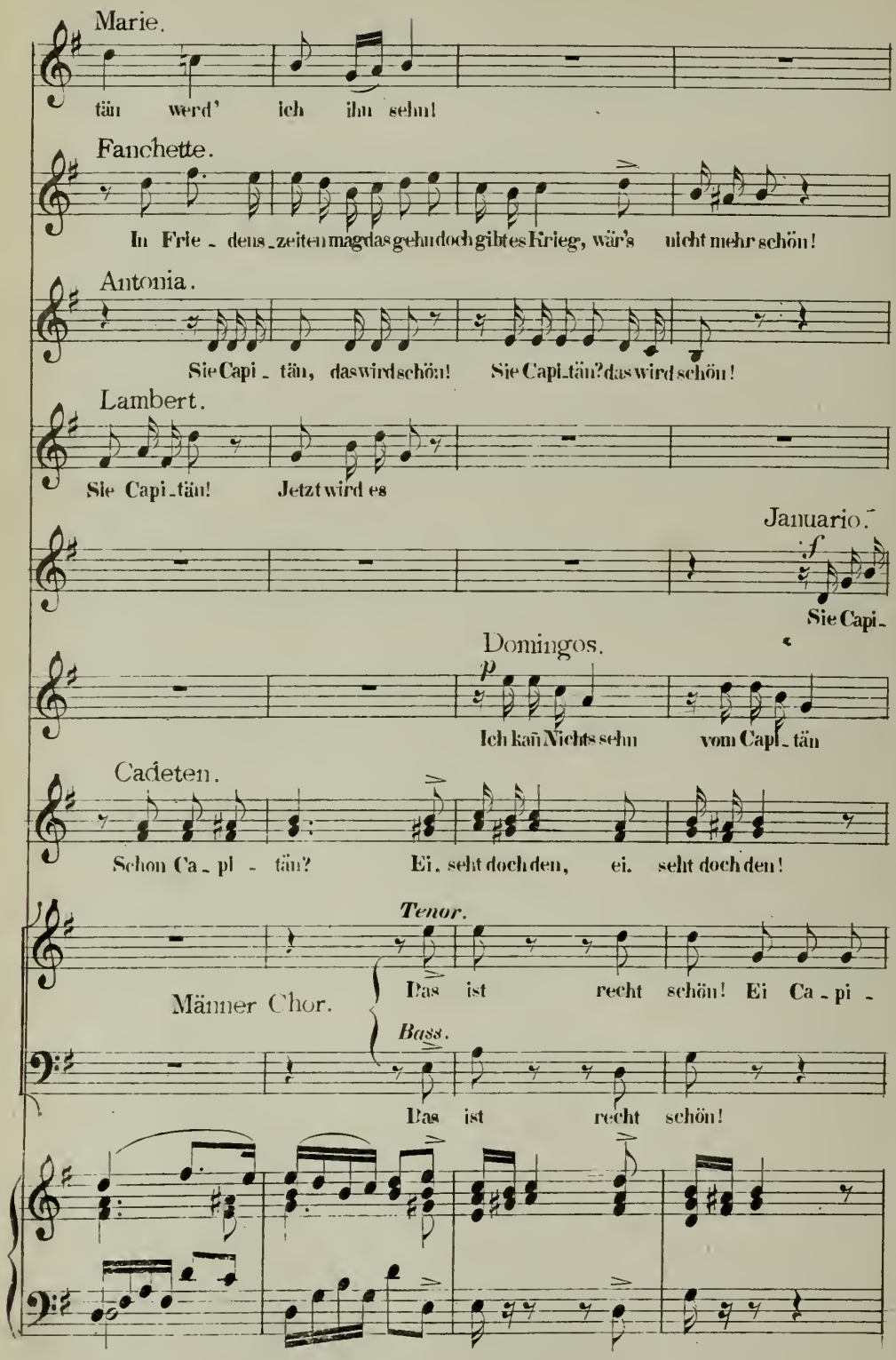


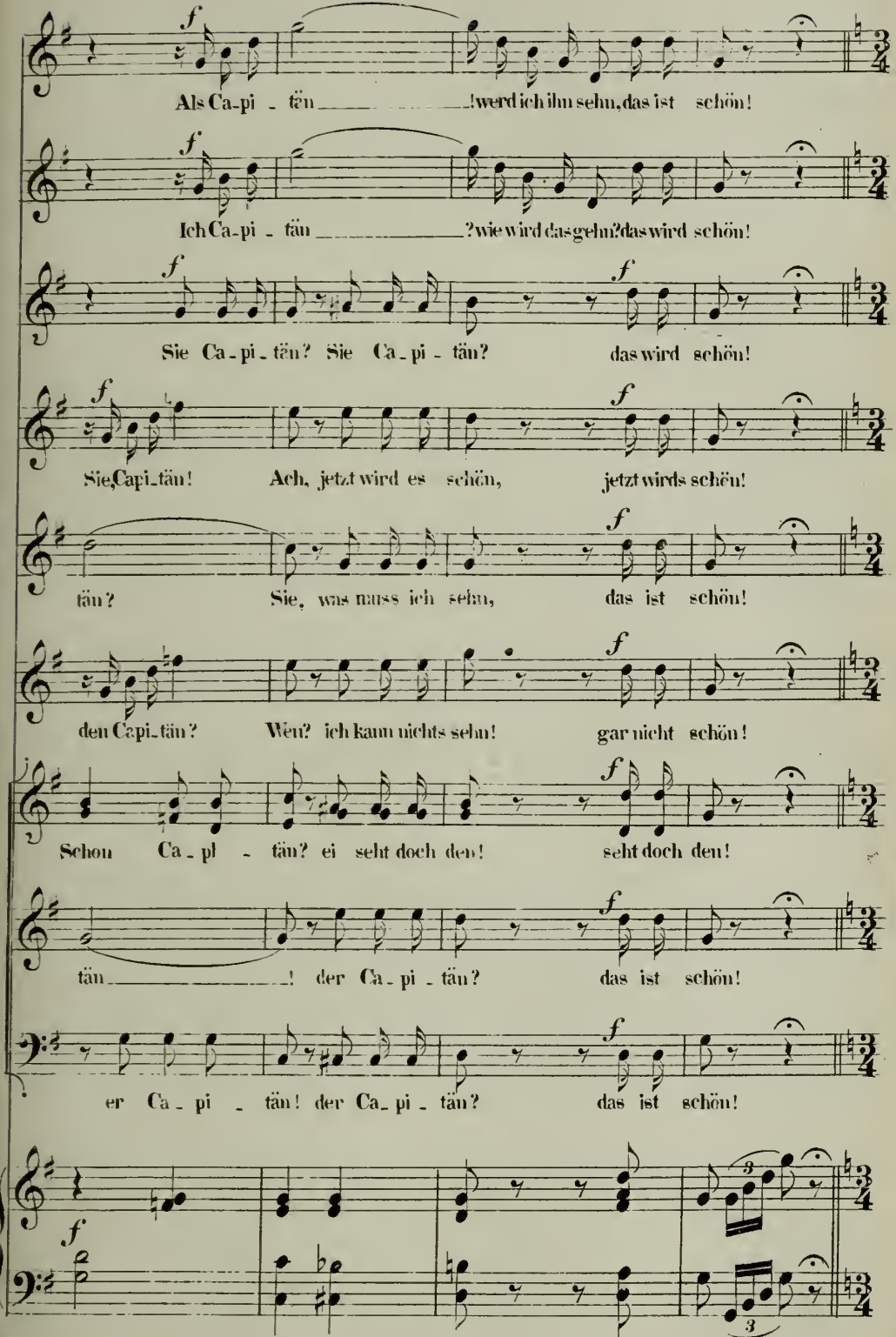


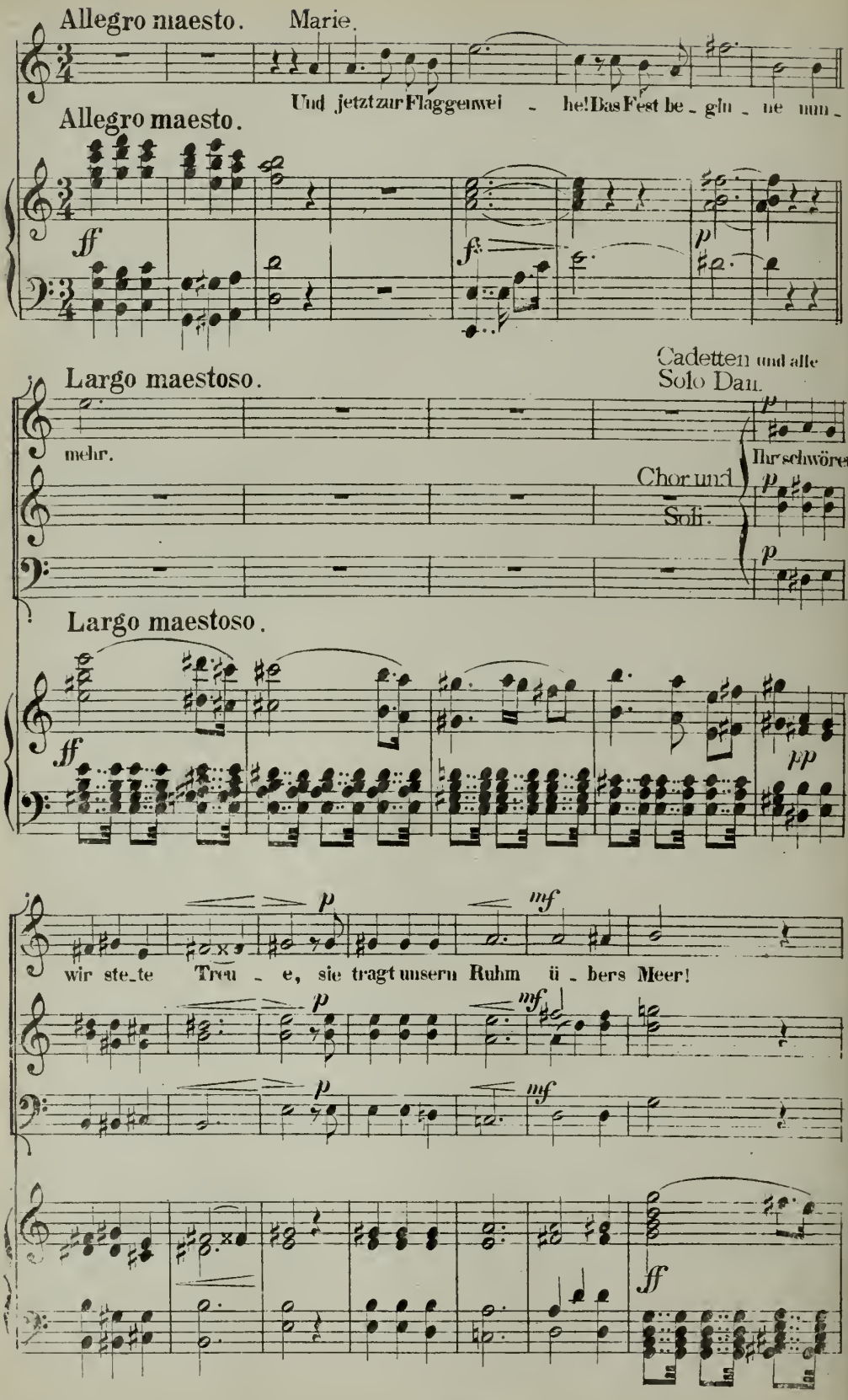
(winkt Fanchette aufzustehen)

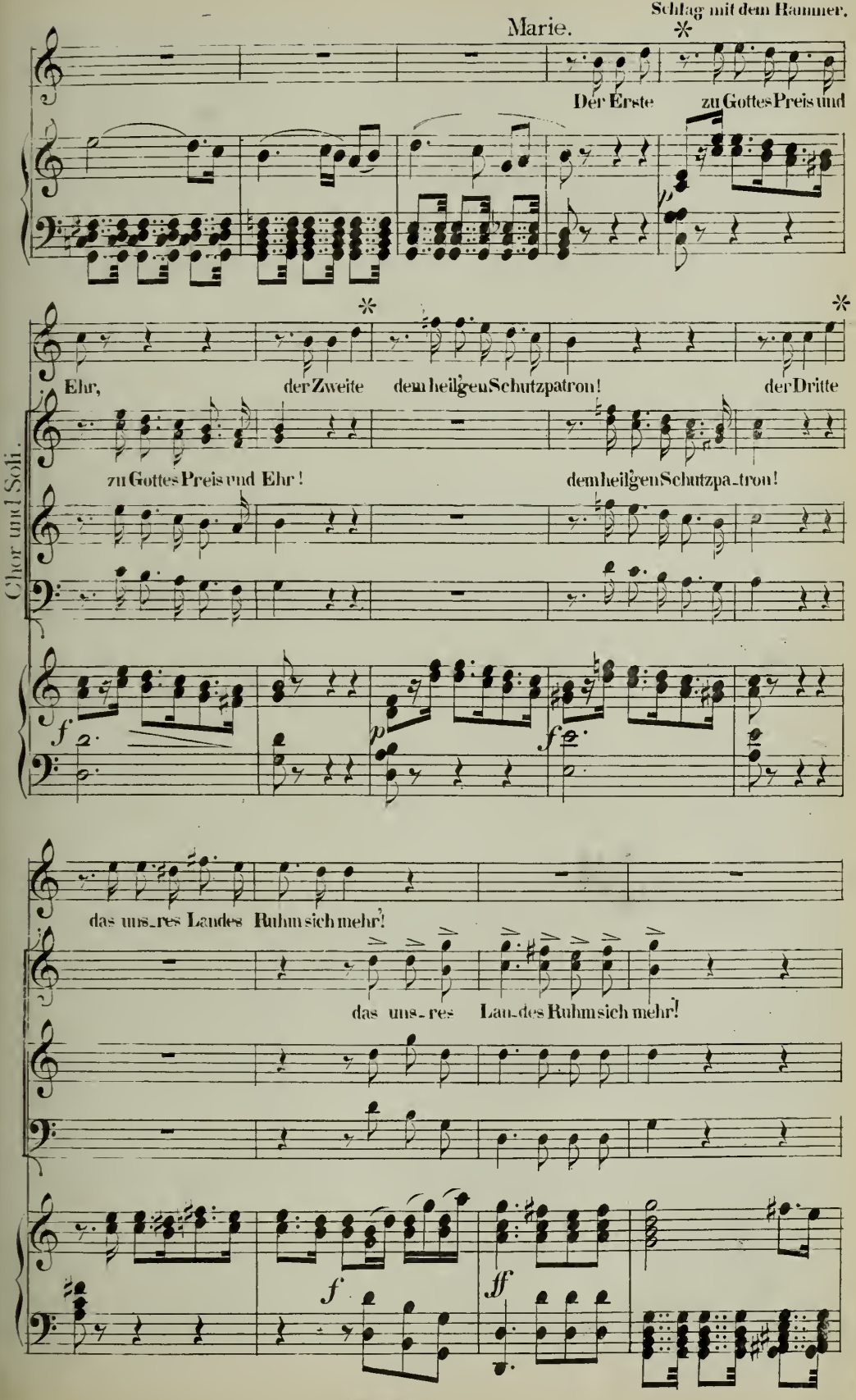


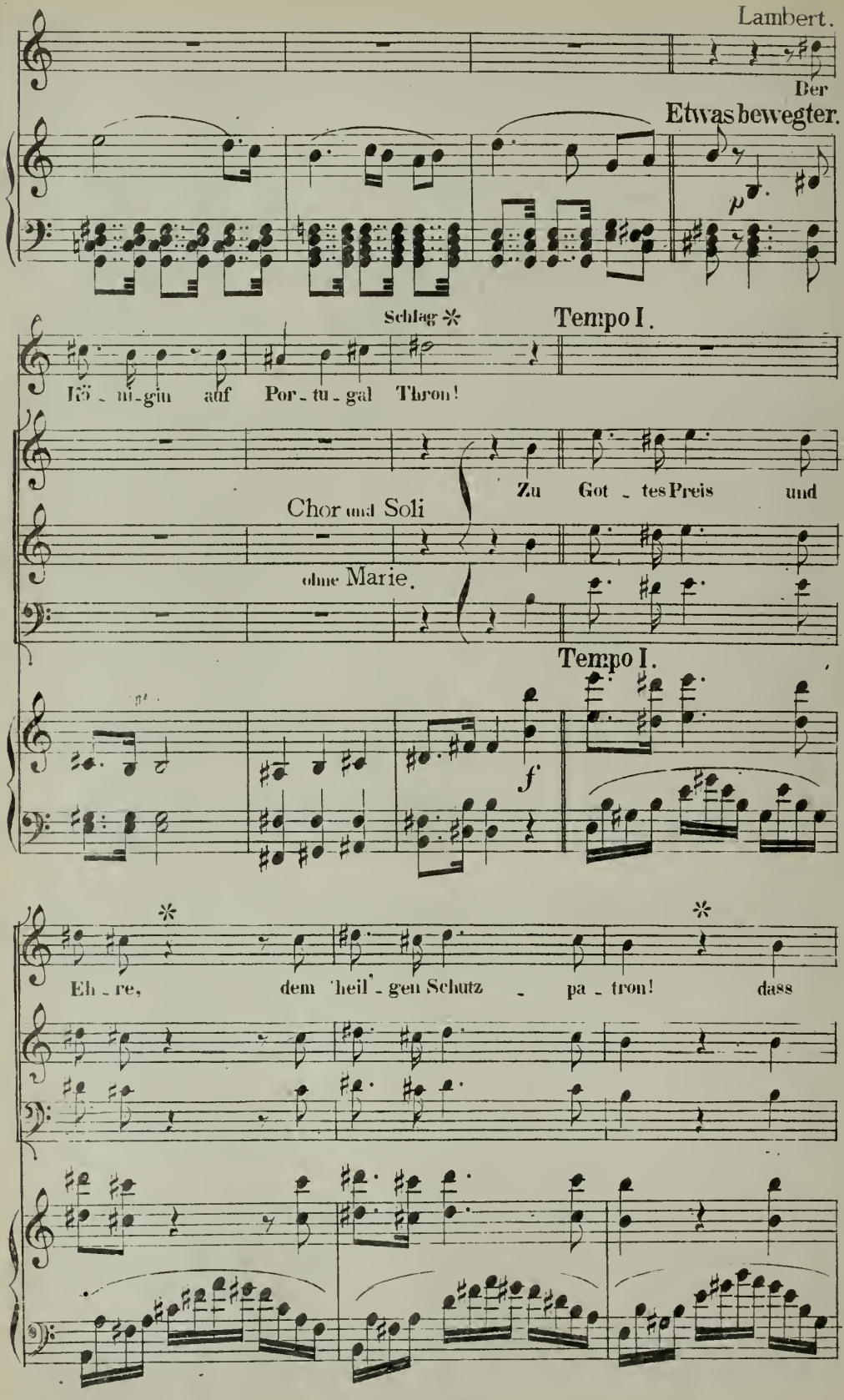

Moderato.
Lambert.
p
Sie Ca_pi_tän? Jetzt wird es schön!
Cadeten (unter sich)
pp
Schon Capitän? Ei seht doch Den!
Moderato.
pp
Marie.
Als Ca_pi_
Fanchette.
Erst Schiffscadet, dann Capi_tän!
Antonia.
Sie Ca_pi_tän, das wird schön!
Januario.
Was muss ich sehn? Sie, Capi_tän?
Domingos.
Ich kann nichts sehn, ich kann nichts sehn, wer Ca_pi_tän?

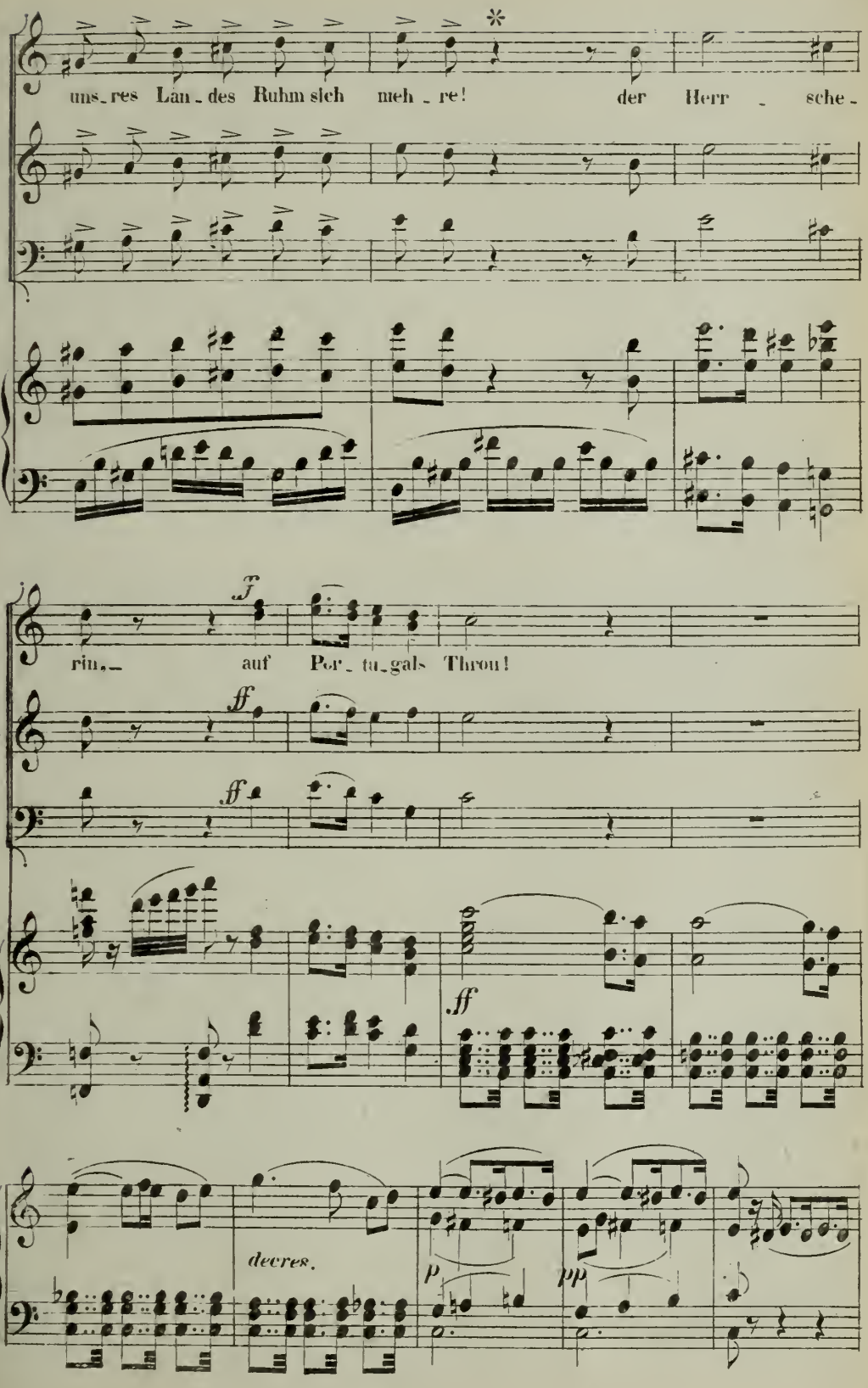

Marie.
tän werd' ich ihn sehn!
Fanchette.
In Frie - dens_zeiten mag das gehn doch gibt es Krieg, wär's nicht mehr schön!
Antonia.
Sie Capi - tän, das wird schön! Sie Capi_tän? das wird schön!
Lambert.
Sie Capi_tän! Jetzt wird es
Januario.
f
Sie Capi_
Domingos.
p
Ich kañ Nichts sehn vom Capi_tän
Cadeten.
Schon Ca_pi - tän? Ei, seht doch den, ei, seht doch den!
Tenor.
Männer Chor.
Das ist recht schön! Ei Ca_pi -
Bass.
Das ist recht schön!

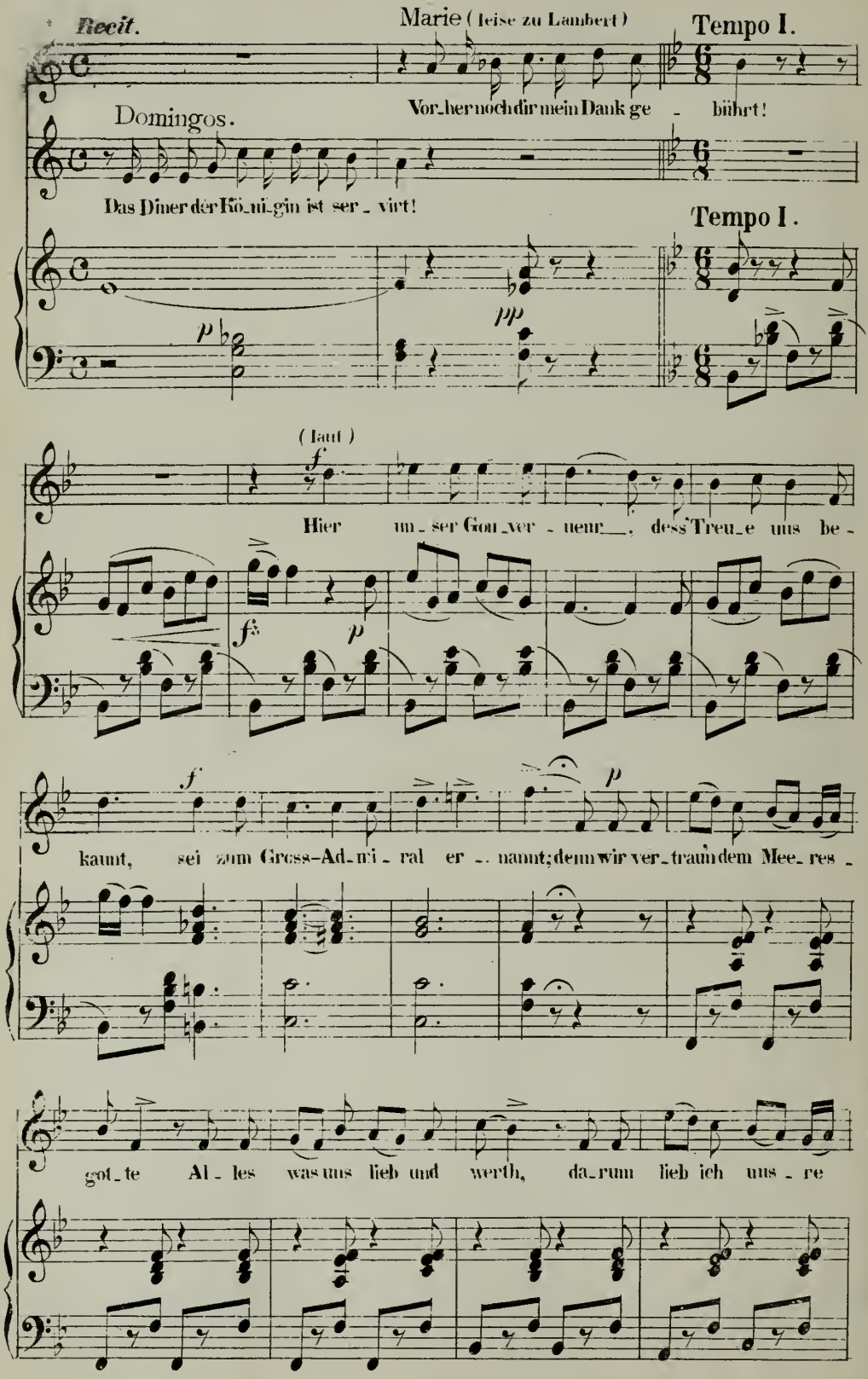

Als Ca-pi - tän _____ !werd ich ihn sehn, das ist schön!
Ich Ca-pi - tän _____ ? wie wird das gehn? das wird schön!
Sie Ca-pi-tän? Sie Ca-pi - tän? das wird schön!
Sie, Capi-tän! Ach, jetzt wird es schön, jetzt wirds schön!
tän? Sie, was muss ich sehn, das ist schön!
den Capi-tän? Wen? ich kann nichts sehn! gar nicht schön!
Schon Ca-pi - tän? ei seht doch den! seht doch den!
tän _____ ! der Ca-pi-tän? das ist schön!
er Ca-pi - tän! der Ca-pi-tän? das ist schön!

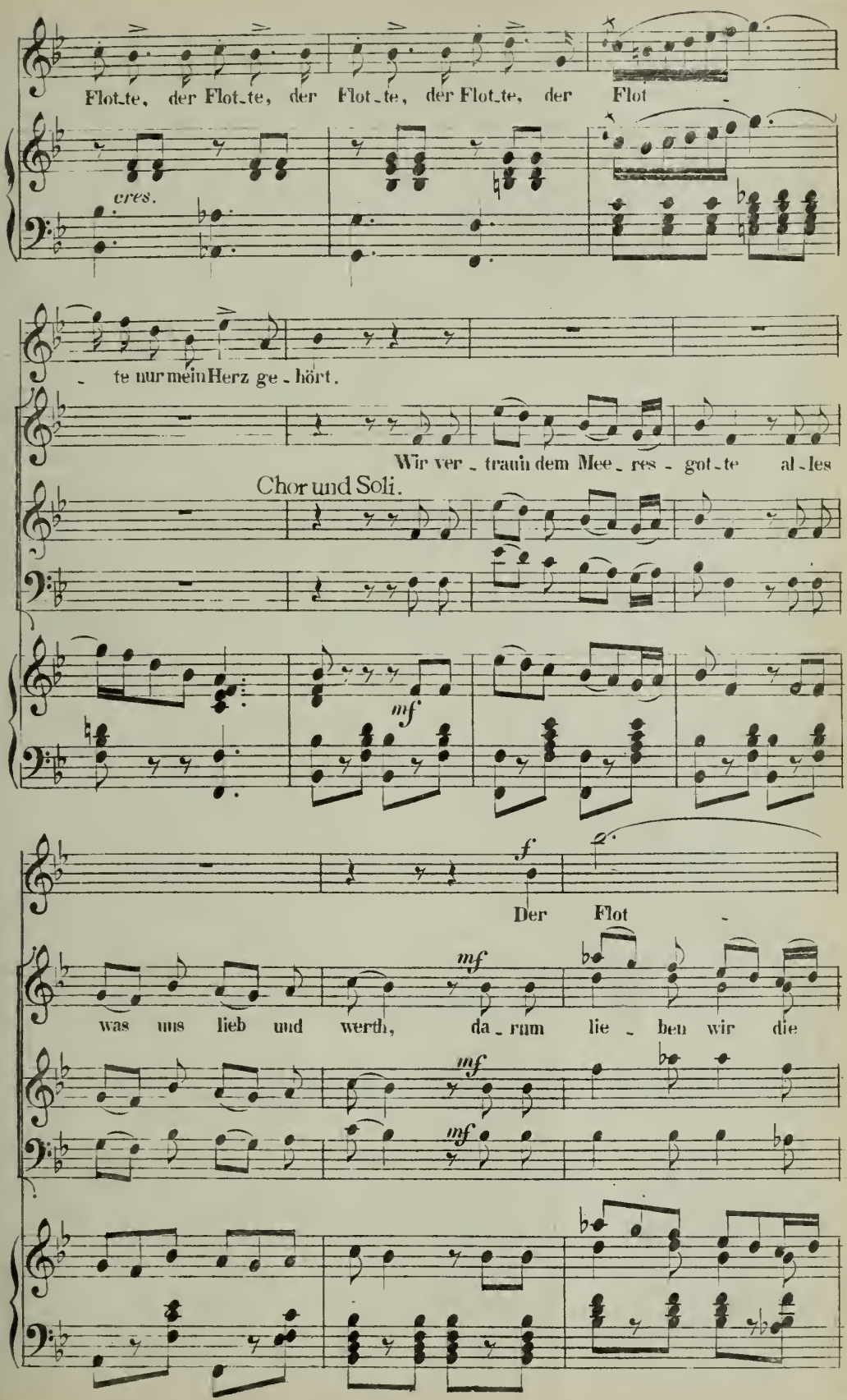

Allegro maestro.
Marie.
Und jetzt zur Flaggenwei - he! Das Fest be - gin - ne nun -
Allegro maestro.
ff
f
p
Largo maestoso.
Cadetten und alle
Solo Dan.
mehr.
Ihr schwören
Chor und
Soli.
Largo maestoso.
ff
pp
p
mf
wir ste_te Treu - e, sie tragt unsern Ruhm ü - bers Meer!
ff

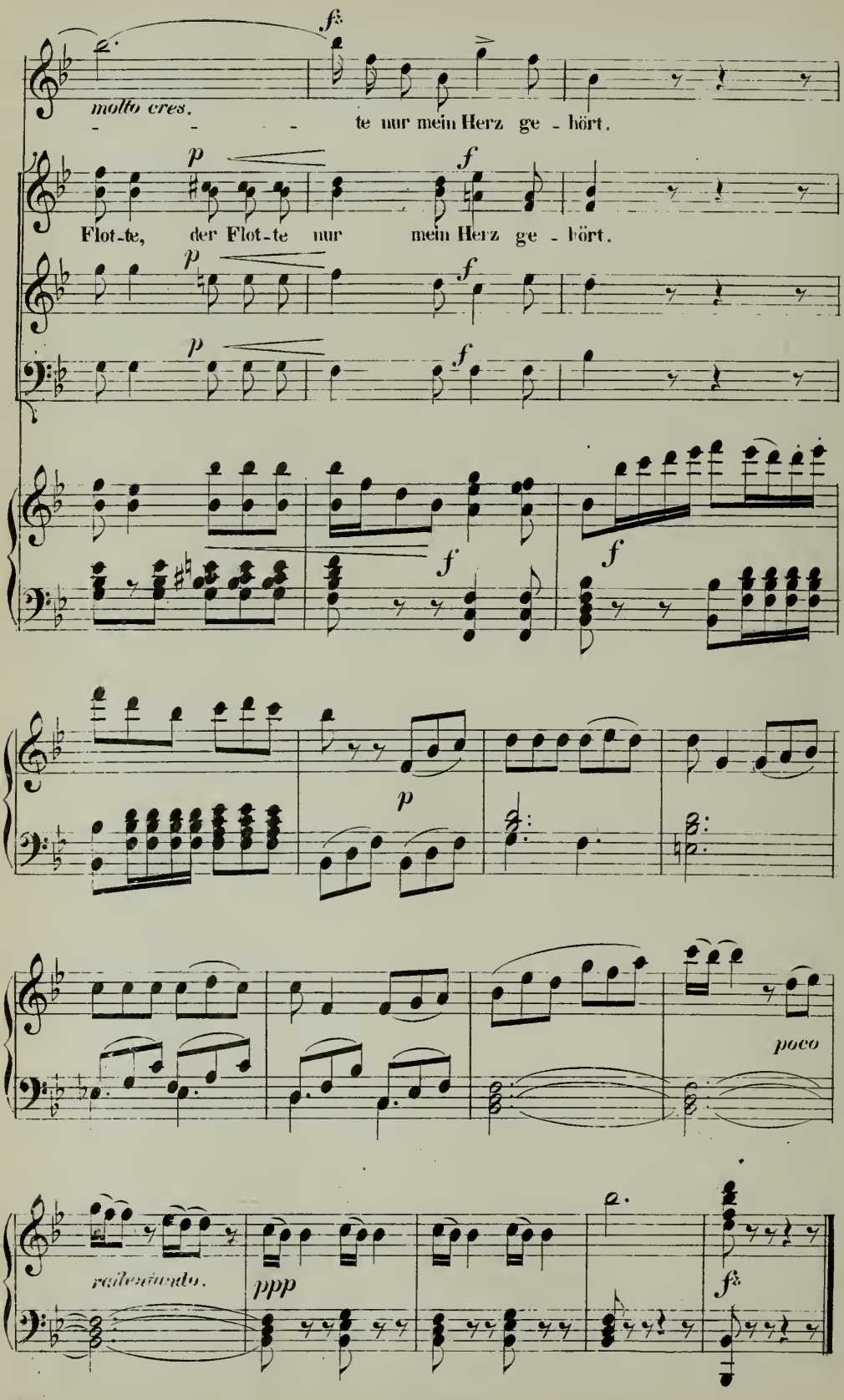

Schlag mit dem Hammer.
Marie.
Der Erste zu Gottes Preis und
Ehr, der Zweite dem heilgen Schutzpatron! der Dritte
zu Gottes Preis und Ehr! dem heilgen Schutzpa-tron!
Chor und Soli.
das uns-res Landes Ruhm sich mehr!
das uns-res Lan-des Ruhm sich mehr!


Lambert.
Der
Etwas bewegter.
Schlag *
Tempo I.
Kö - nig in auf Por - tu - gal Thron!
Zu Got - tes Preis und
Chor und Soli
ohne Marie.
Tempo I.
f
Eh - re, dem heil' - gen Schutz - pa - tron! dass

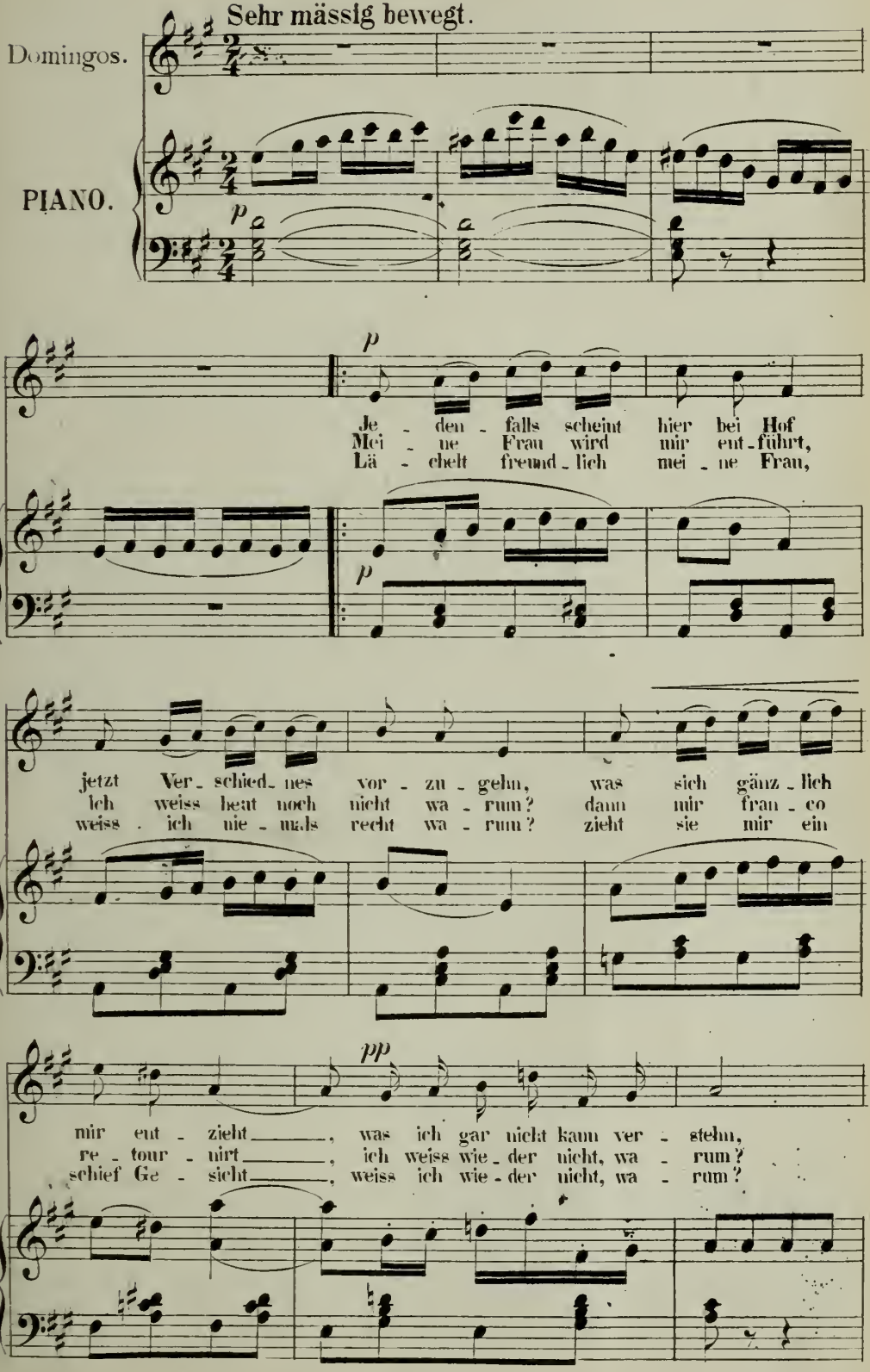

uns_res Lan_des Ruhm sich meh_re! der Herr_sche_
rin,_ auf Por_tu_gals Thron!
decres.

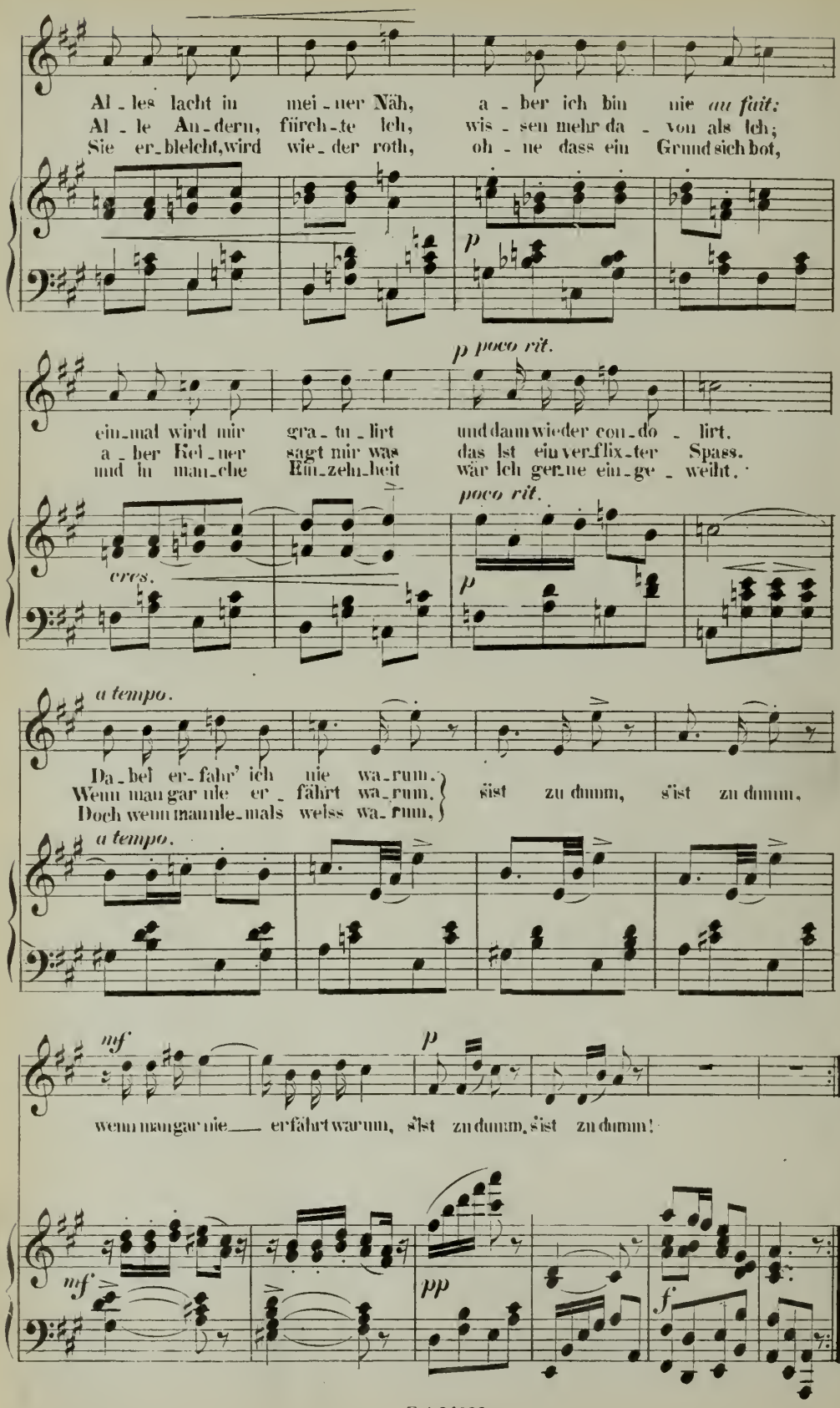

Recit.
Marie (leise zu Lambert)
Tempo I.
Vor_her noch dir mein Dank ge_bührt!
Domingos.
Das Diner der Kö_ni_gin ist ser_virt!
Tempo I.
(laut)
Hier um_ser Gast_ver_neur_, dess Treu_e uns be_
kannt, sei zum Gross-Ad_mi_ral er_nannt; denn wir ver_traun dem Mee_res_
got_te Al_les was uns lieb und werth, da_rum lieb ich uns_re


Flot_te, der Flot_te, der Flot_te, der Flot_te, der Flot
cres.
_ te nur mein Herz ge_hört.
Wir ver_trau'n dem Mee_res_got_te al_les
Chor und Soli.
mf
f
Der Flot
mf
was uns lieb und werth, da_rum lie_ben wir die
mf
mf

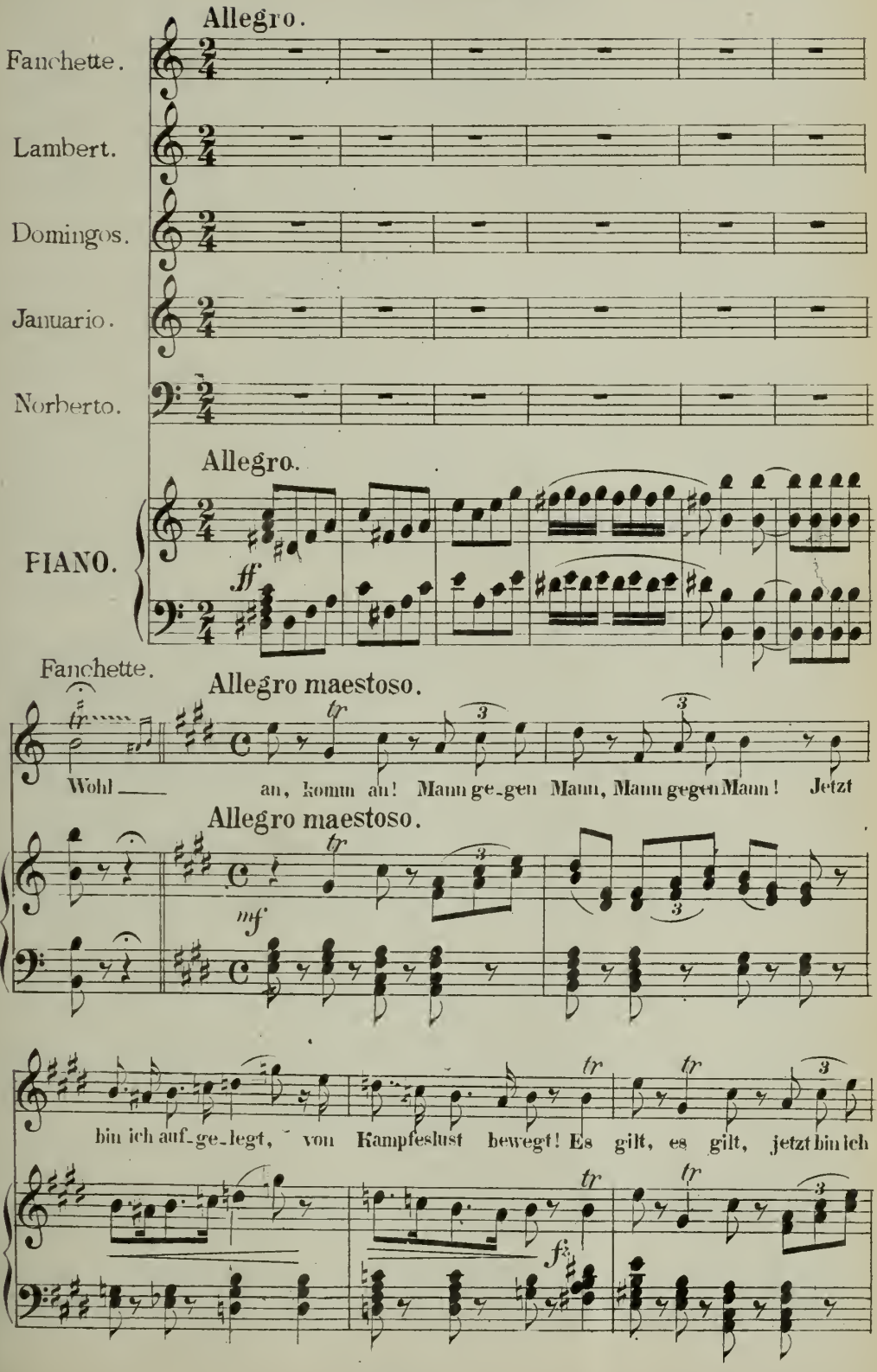

molto cres.
- - - - te nur mein Herz ge - hört.
Flot-te, der Flot-te nur mein Herz ge - hört.
poco
rallentando.
ppp

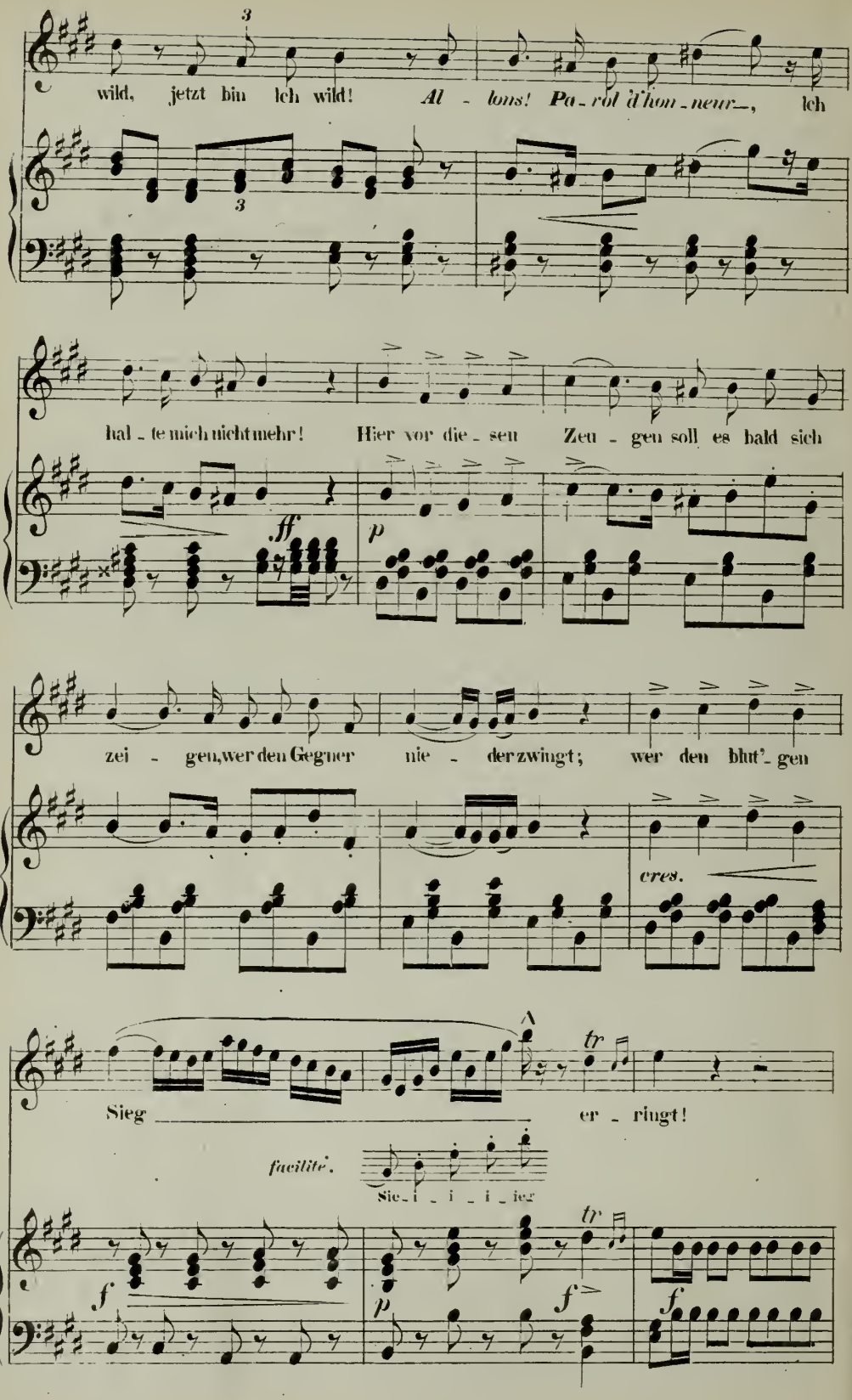
№ 13. Reflection.

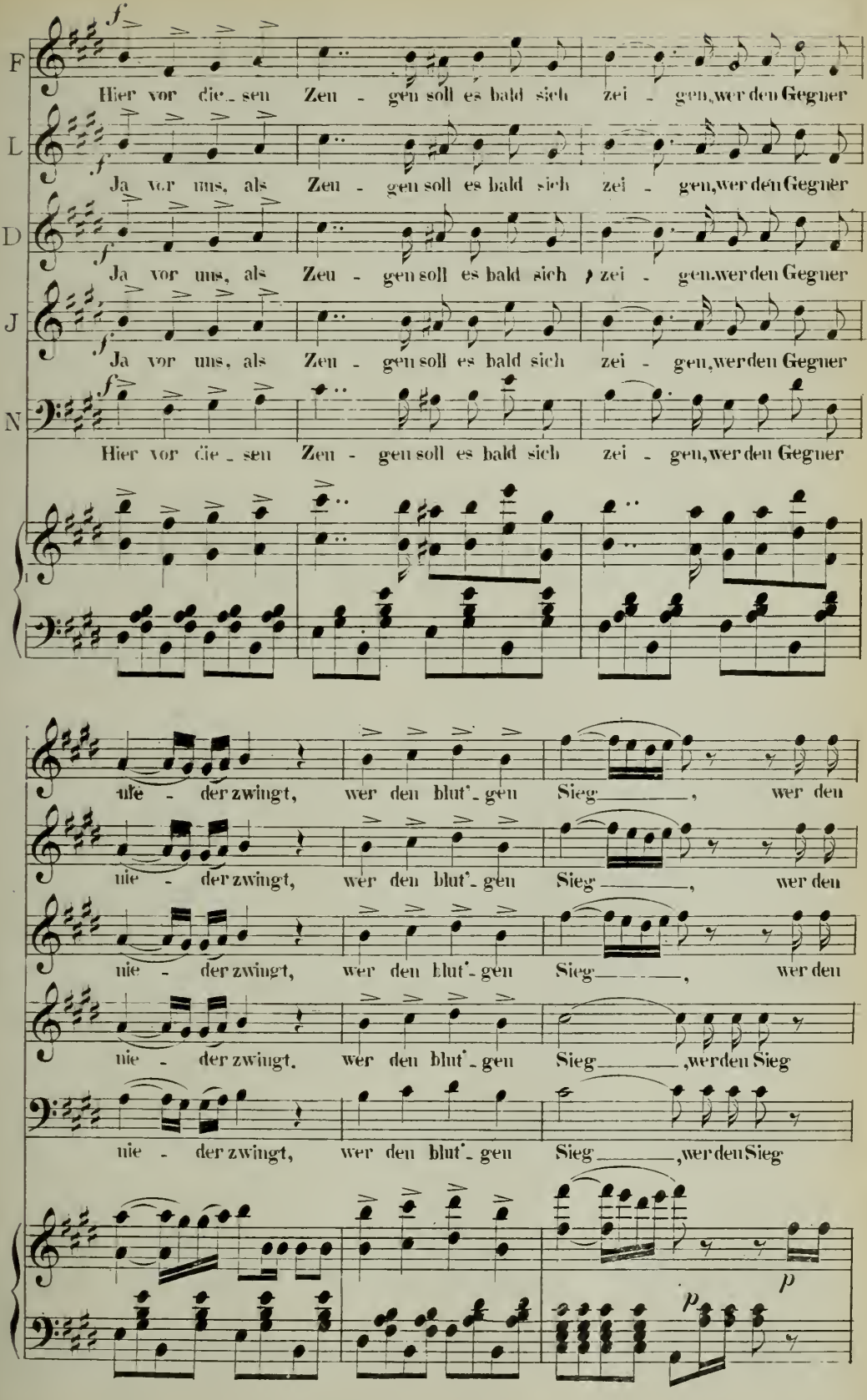


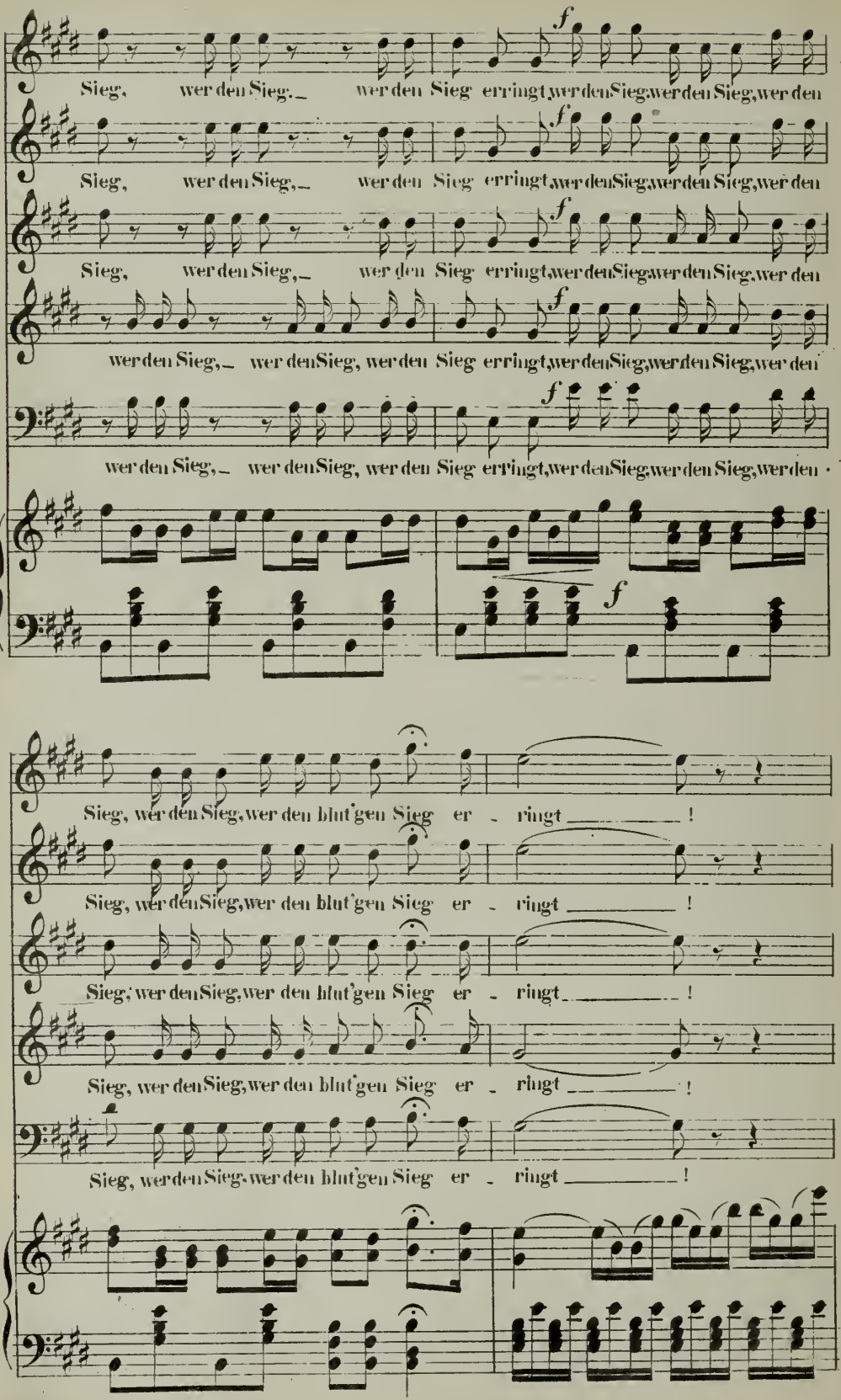

Al - les lacht in mei - ner Näh, a - ber ich bin nie *au fait:*
Al - le An - dern, fürch - te ich, wis - sen mehr da - von als ich;
Sie er - bleicht, wird wie - der roth, oh - ne dass ein Grund sich bot,
p
p poco rit.
ein - mal wird mir gra - tu - lirt und dann wieder con - do - lirt.
a - ber Kel - ner sagt mir was das ist ein ver - flix - ter Spass.
und in man - che Rät - zeln - heit wär ich gern ein - ge - weiht.
cres.
poco rit.
p
a tempo.
Da - bei er - fahr' ich nie wa - rum.
Wenn man gar nie er - fährt wa - rum, sist zu dumm, s'ist zu dumm,
Doch wenn man's mal weiss wa - rum,
a tempo.
mf
p
wenn man gar nie — erfährt warum, s'ist zu dumm, s'ist zu dumm!
mf
pp
f

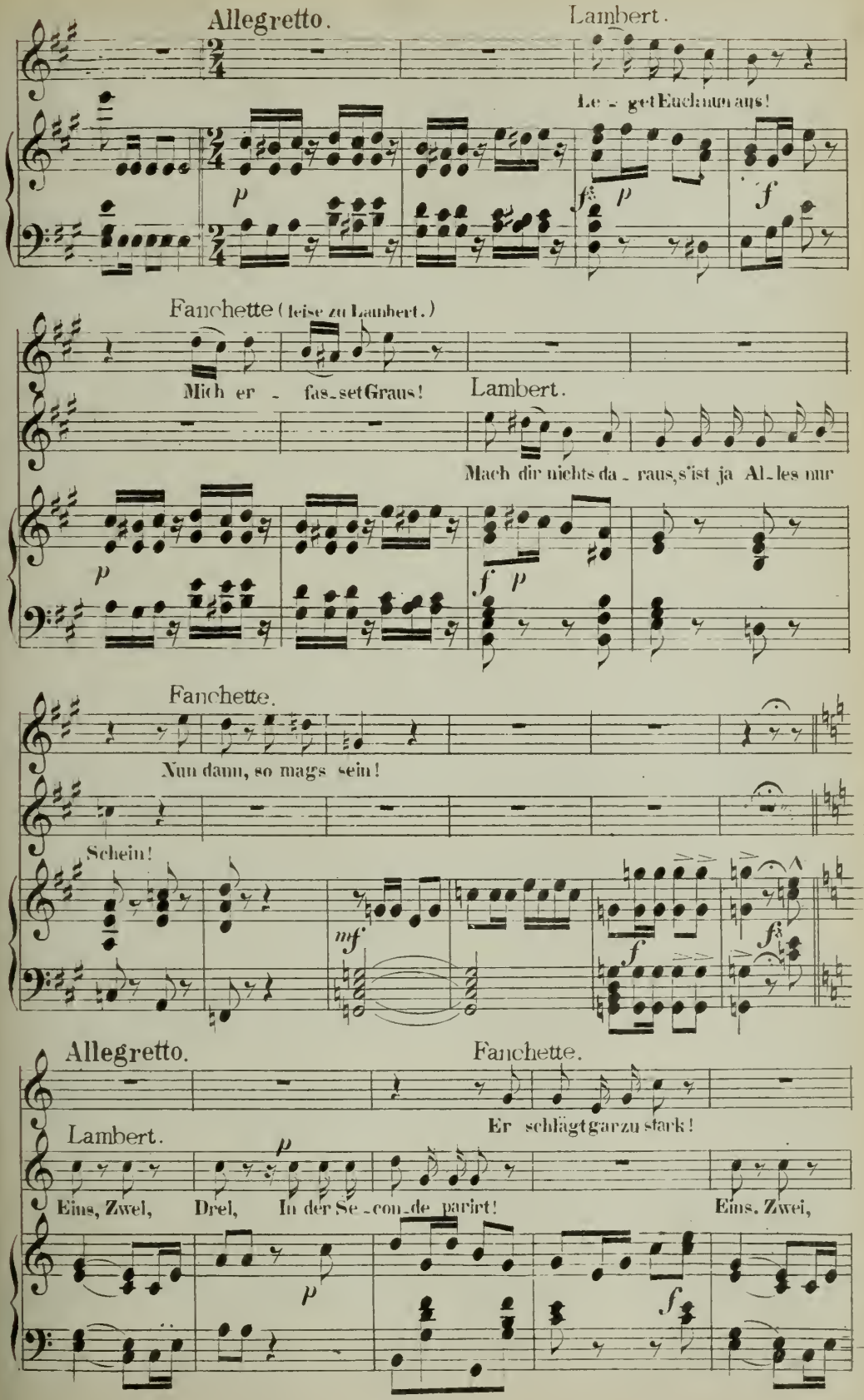
№ 14. Quintett.

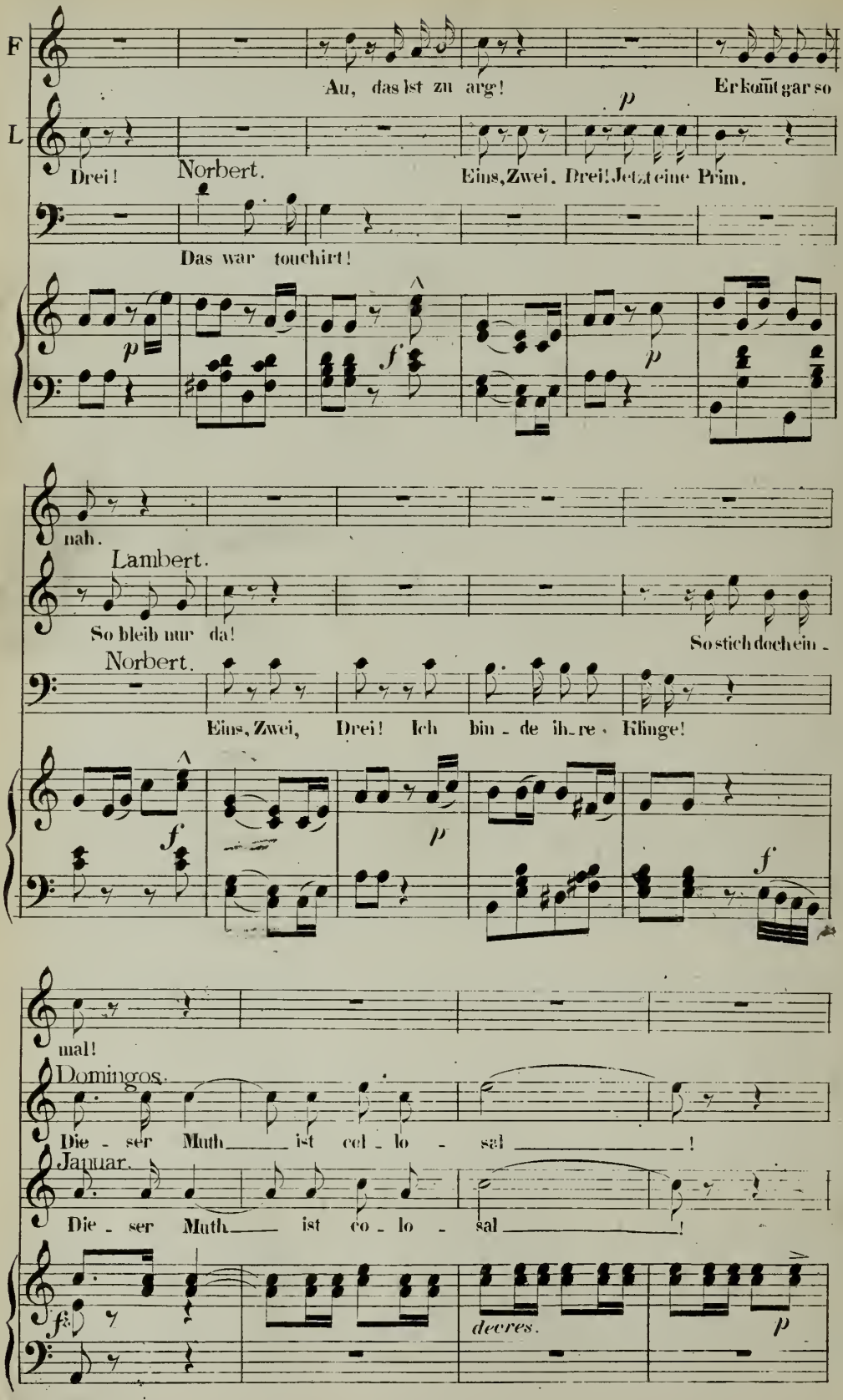

Allegro.
Fanchette.
Lambert.
Domingos.
Januario.
Norberto.
Allegro.
FIANO.
ff
Fanchette.
Allegro maestoso.
Wohl an, kommn an! Mann ge-gen Mann, Mann gegen Mann! Jetzt
Allegro maestoso.
mf
bin ich auf-ge-legt, von Kampfeslust bewegt! Es gilt, es gilt, jetzt bin ich
fz

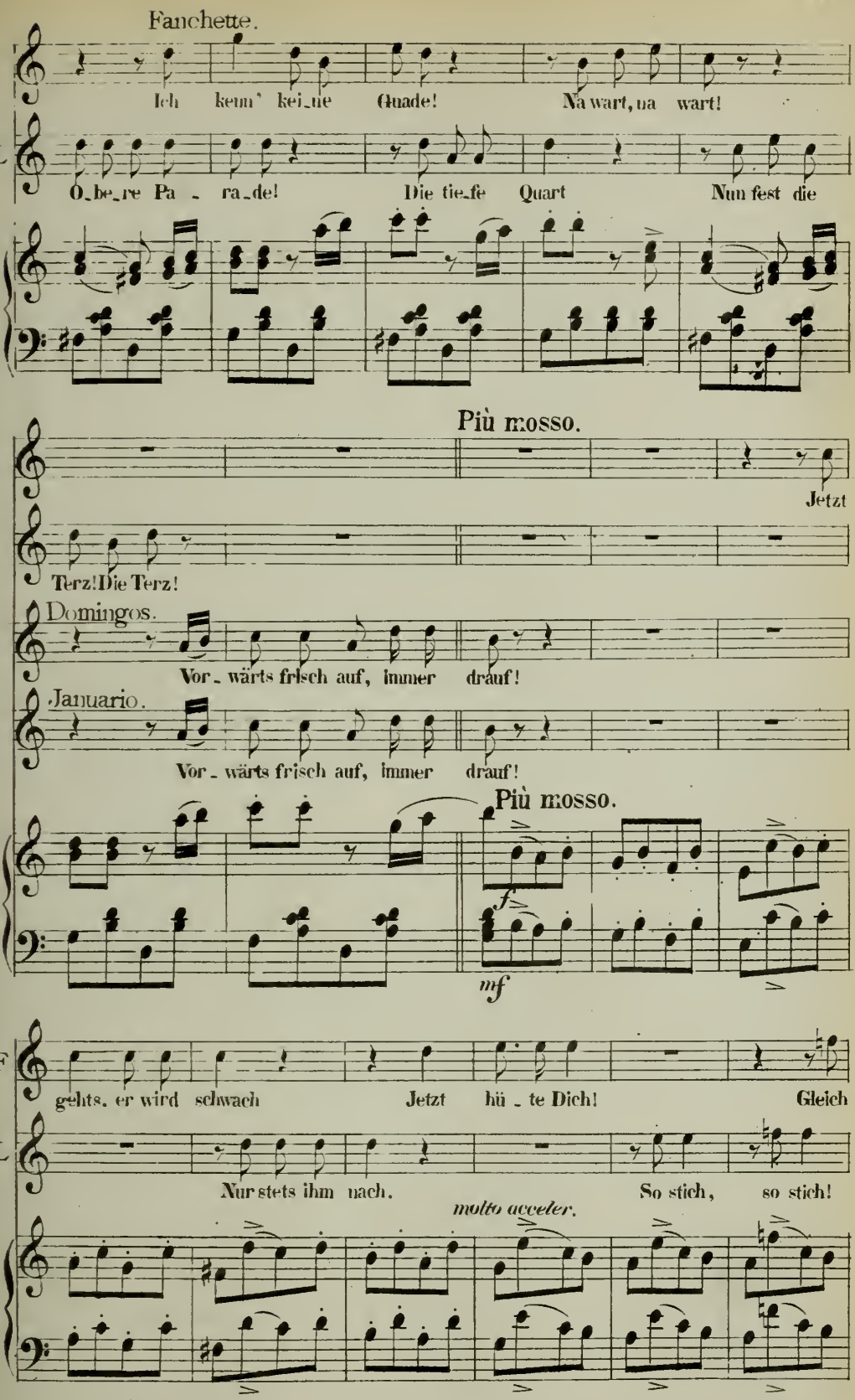

wild, jetzt bin ich wild! Al - lons! Pa - rôt d'hon - neur, ich
hal - te mich nicht mehr! Hier vor die - sen Zeu - gen soll es bald sich
zei - gen, wer den Gegner nie - der zwingt; wer den blut' - gen
cres.
Sieg er - ringt!
facilité.
Sie - i - i - ieg
ff
p
f
p
f
f
tr
tr

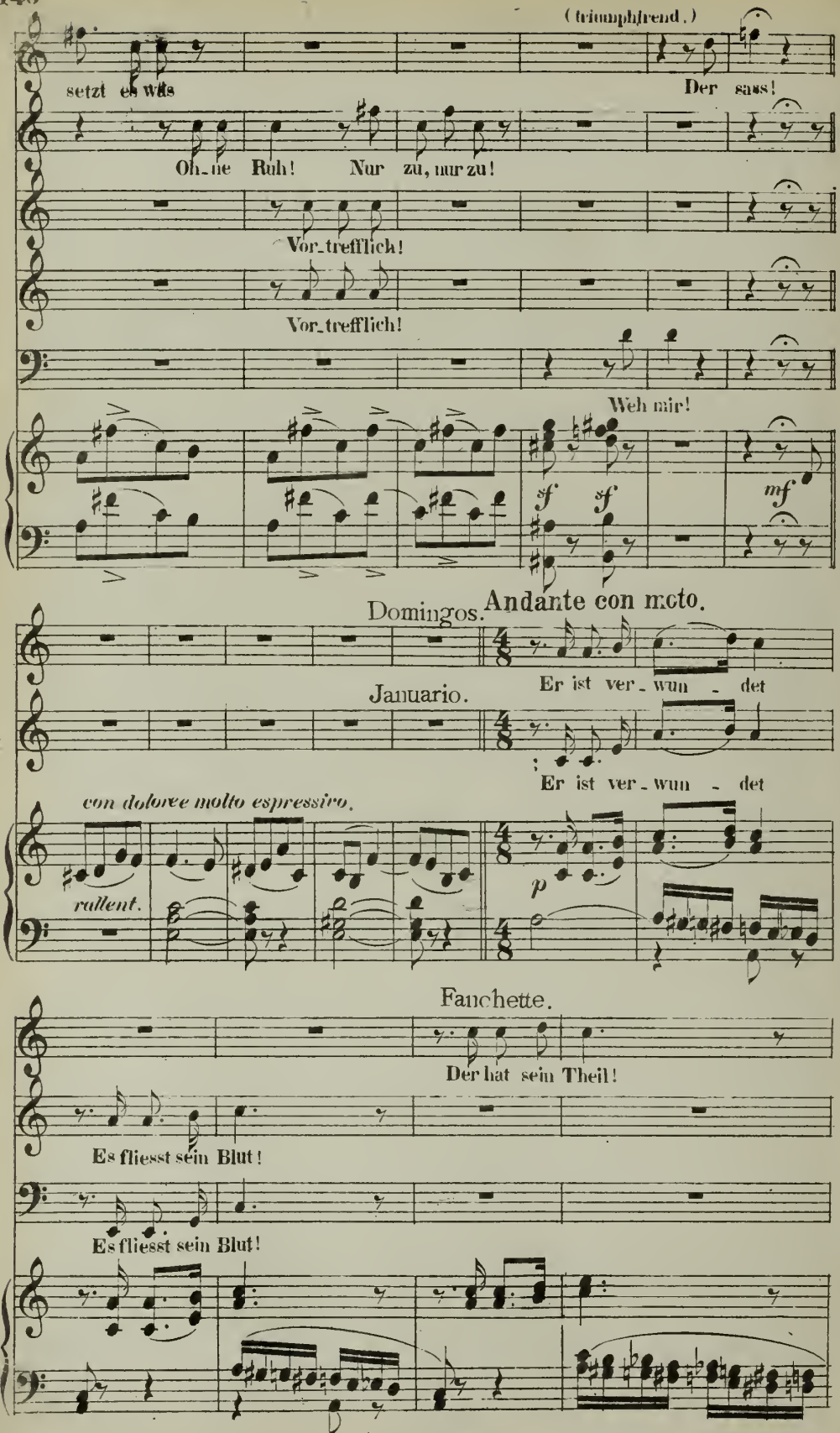

F
Hier vor die - sen Zeu - gen soll es bald sich zei - gen, wer den Gegner
L
Ja vor uns, als Zeu - gen soll es bald sich zei - gen, wer den Gegner
D
Ja vor uns, als Zeu - gen soll es bald sich zei - gen, wer den Gegner
J
Ja vor uns, als Zeu - gen soll es bald sich zei - gen, wer den Gegner
N
Hier vor die - sen Zeu - gen soll es bald sich zei - gen, wer den Gegner
nie - der zwingt, wer den blut' - gen Sieg, wer den
nie - der zwingt, wer den blut' - gen Sieg, wer den
nie - der zwingt, wer den blut' - gen Sieg, wer den
nie - der zwingt, wer den blut' - gen Sieg, wer den Sieg
nie - der zwingt, wer den blut' - gen Sieg, wer den Sieg
p
p

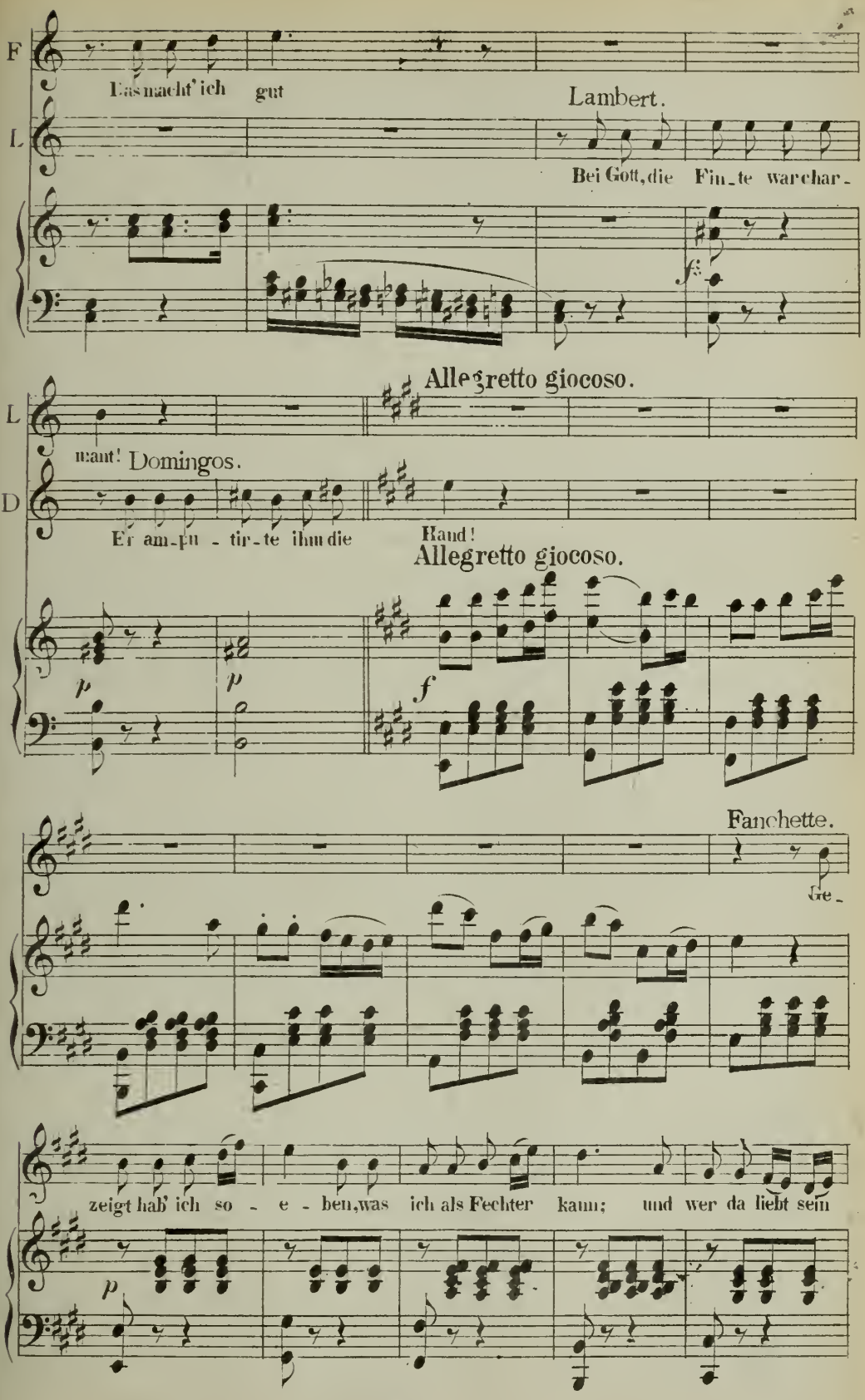

Sieg, wer den Sieg. wer den Sieg erringt, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den
Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg erringt, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den
Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg erringt, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den
wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg erringt, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den
wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg erringt, wer den Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den
Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den blut'gen Sieg er - ringt !
Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den blut'gen Sieg er - ringt !
Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den blut'gen Sieg er - ringt !
Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den blut'gen Sieg er - ringt !
Sieg, wer den Sieg, wer den blut'gen Sieg er - ringt !

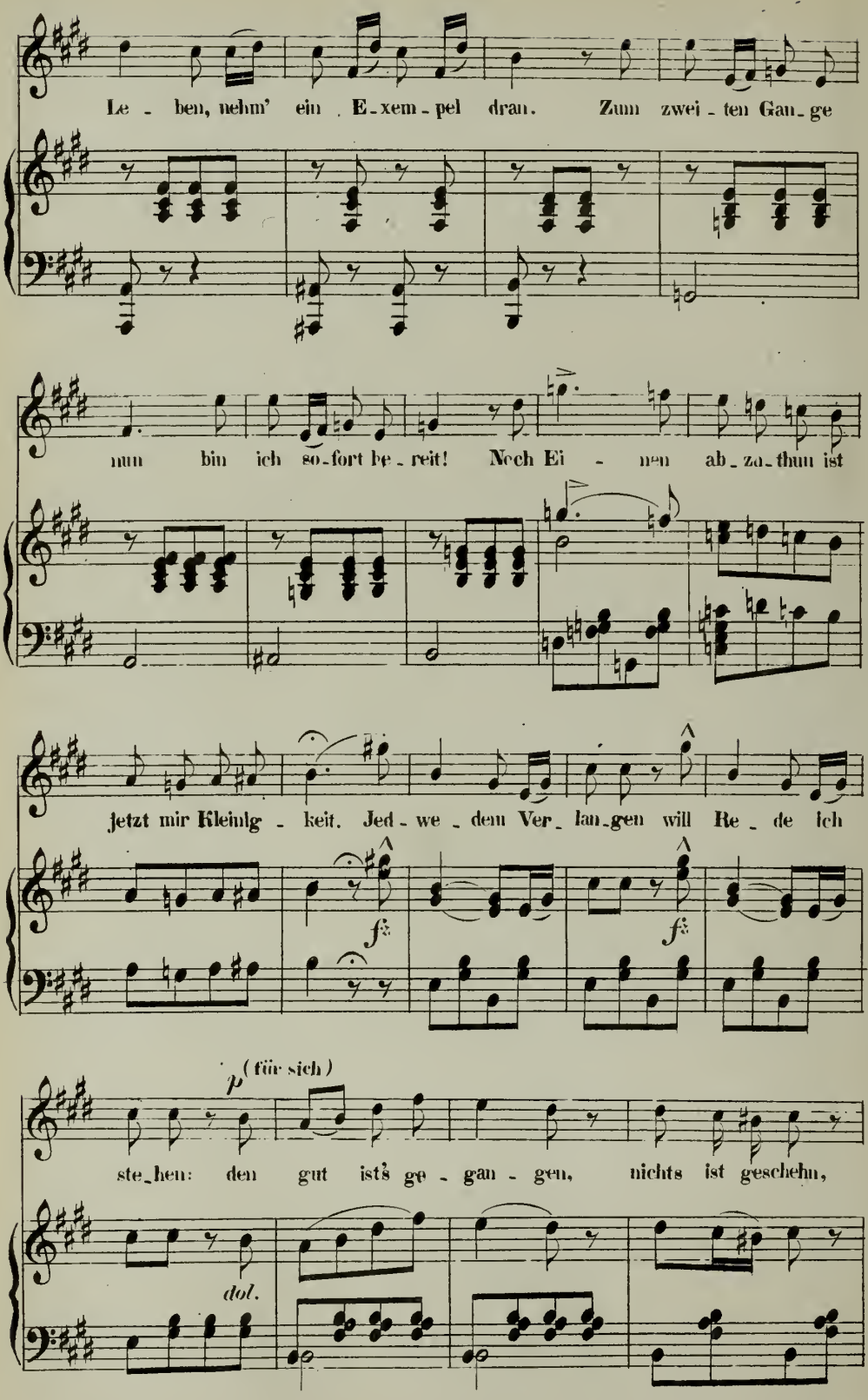

Allegretto.
Lambert.
Le - get Euch kaum aus!
Fanchette (leise zu Lambert.)
Mich er - fas - set Graus!
Lambert.
Mach dir nichts da - raus, s'ist ja Al - les nur
Fanchette.
Nun dann, so mags sein!
Schein!
Allegretto.
Fanchette.
Er schlägt ganz zu stark!
Lambert.
Eins, Zwei, Drei, In der Se - con - de parirt! Eins, Zwei,

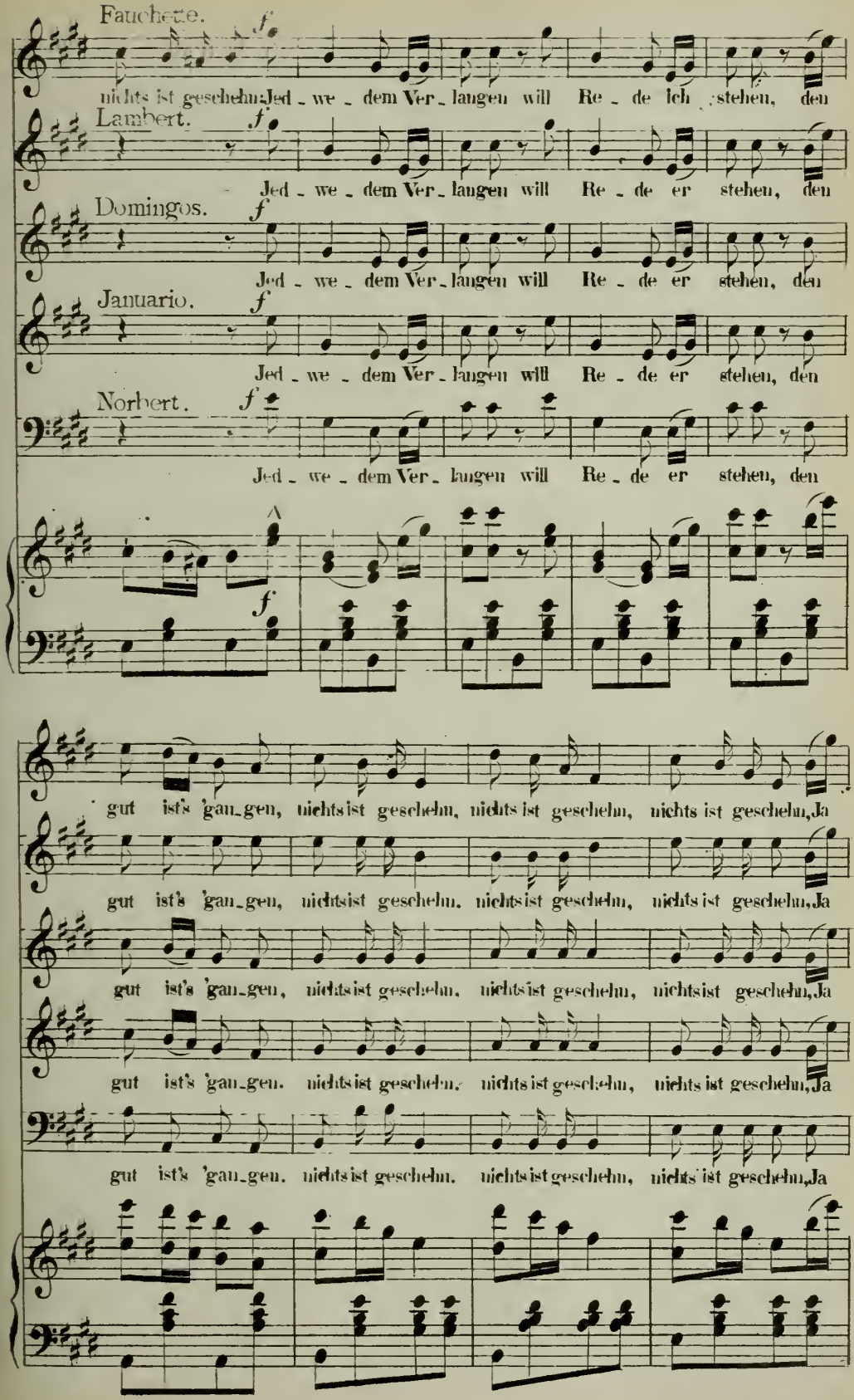

F
Au, das ist zu arg!
Er kommt gar so
L
Drei!
Norbert.
Eins, Zwei, Drei! Jetzt eine Prim.
Das war touchirt!
nah.
Lambert.
So bleib nur da!
So stich doch ein -
Norbert.
Eins, Zwei, Drei! Ich bin - de ihre Klinge!
mal!
Domingos.
Die - ser Muth ist col - lo - sal !
Januar.
Die - ser Muth ist co - lo - sal !
decres.

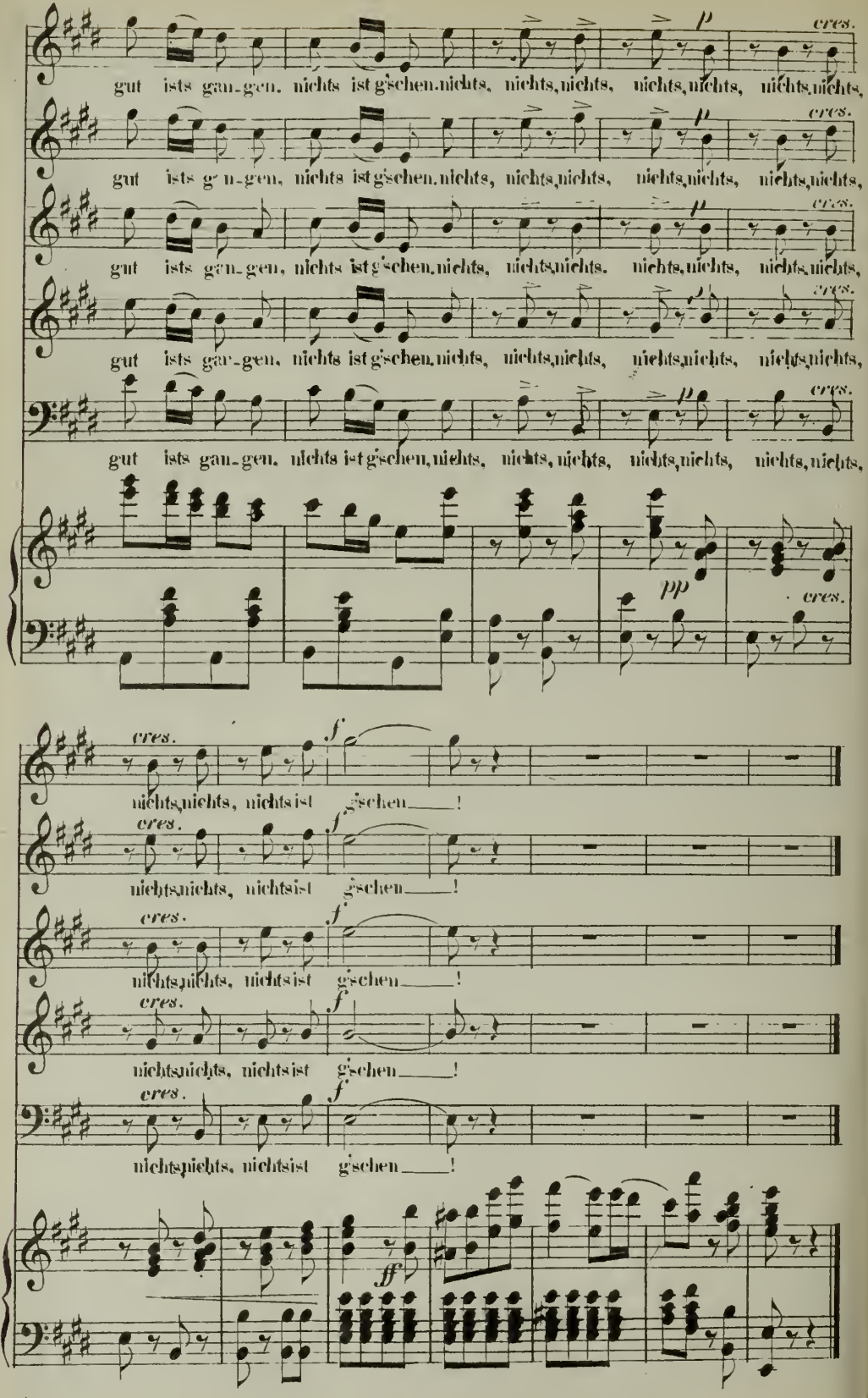

Fanchette.
Ich kenn' kei_ne Quade! Na wart, na wart!
L
O_be_re Pa_ra_de! Die tie_fe Quart Nun fest die
Più mosso.
Jetzt
Terz! Die Terz!
Domingos.
Vor_wärts frisch auf, immer drauf!
Januario.
Vor_wärts frisch auf, immer drauf!
Più mosso.
f
mf
F
gehts, er wird schwach Jetzt hü_te Dich! Gleich
L
Nur stets ihm nach. So stich, so stich!
molto acceler.


(triumphirend.)
setzt es was
Der sass!
Oh_ne Ruh! Nur zu, nur zu!
Vor_trefflich!
Vor_trefflich!
Weh mir!
Domingos.
Andante con moto.
Er ist ver_wun_det
Januario.
Er ist ver_wun_det
con dolore molto espressivo.
rallent.
Fanchette.
Der hat sein Theil!
Es fliesst sein Blut!
Es fliesst sein Blut!

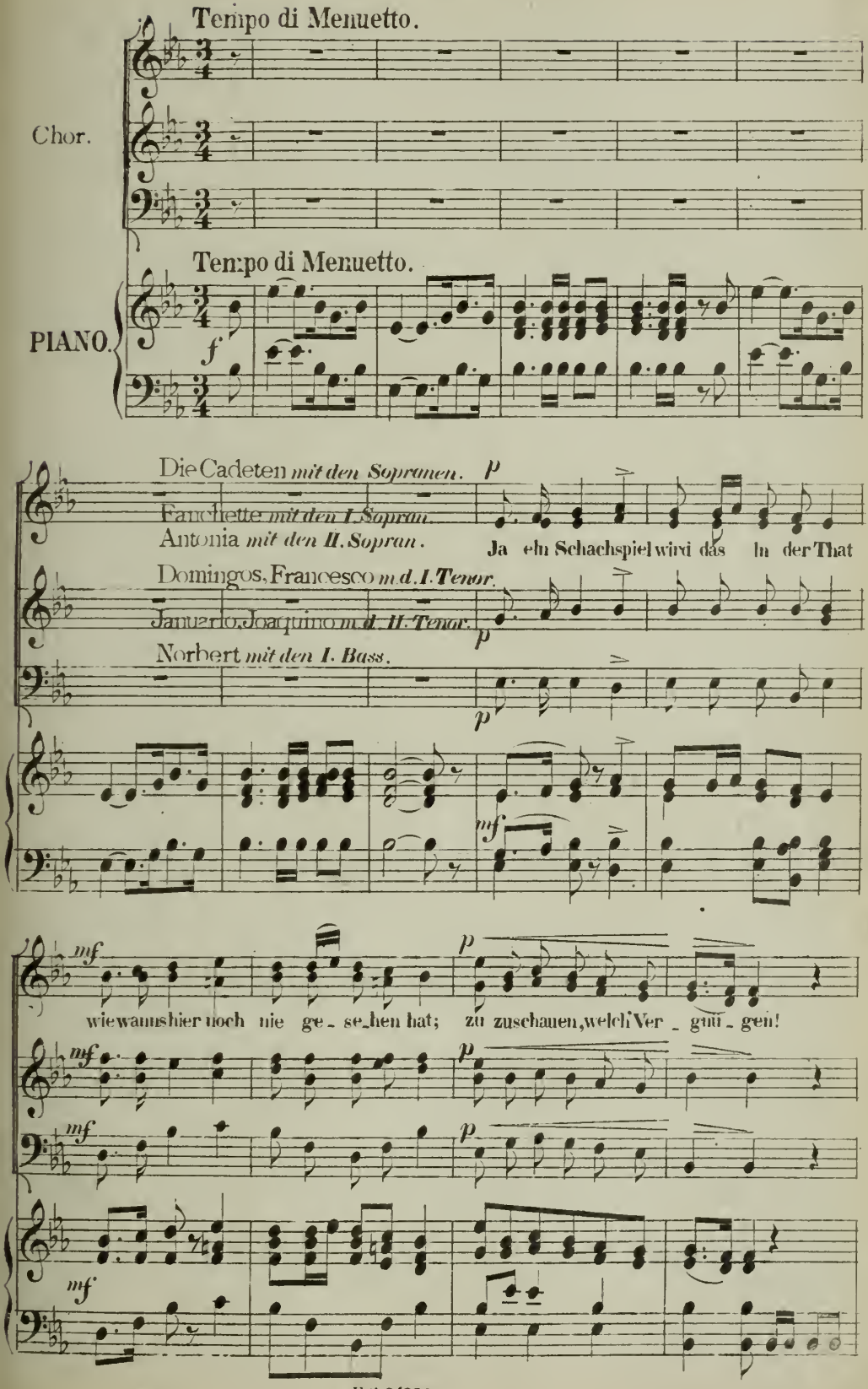

F
Das macht' ich gut
Lambert.
L
Bei Gott, die Fin-te war char-
f
Allegretto giocoso.
L
mant! Domingos.
D
Er am-pu-tir-te ihm die Hand!
Allegretto giocoso.
p
p
f
Fanchette.
Ge-
zeigt hab' ich so-e-ben, was ich als Fechter kann; und wer da liebt sein
p

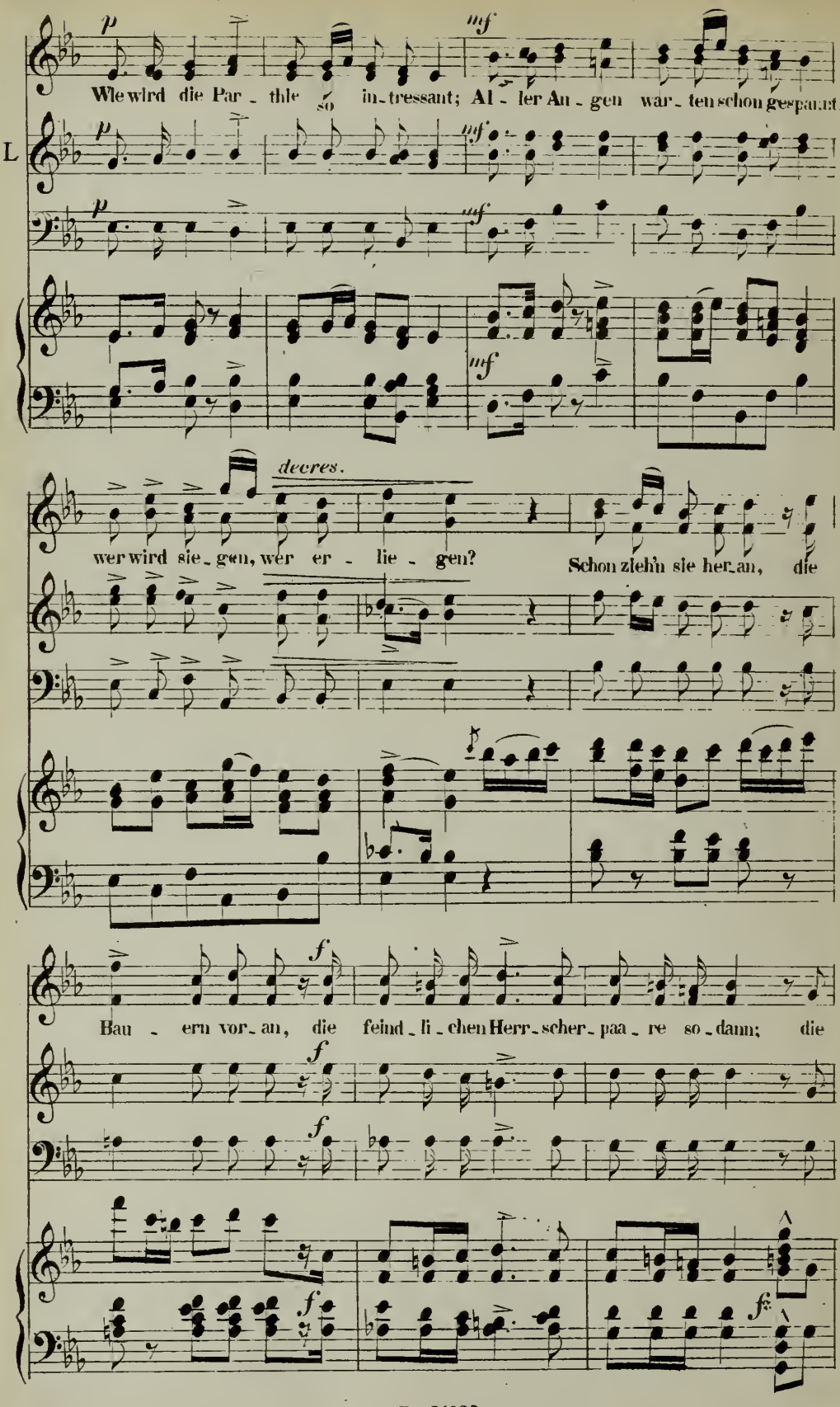

Le - ben, nehm' ein E-xem-pel dran. Zum zwei-ten Gan-ge
nun bin ich so-fort be-reit! Noch Ei - nen ab-za-thun ist
jetzt mir Kleinig - keit. Jed-we-dem Ver-lan-gen will Re-de ich
fz
fz
p (für sich)
ste-hen: den gut ist's ge - gan - gen, nichts ist geschehn,
dol.

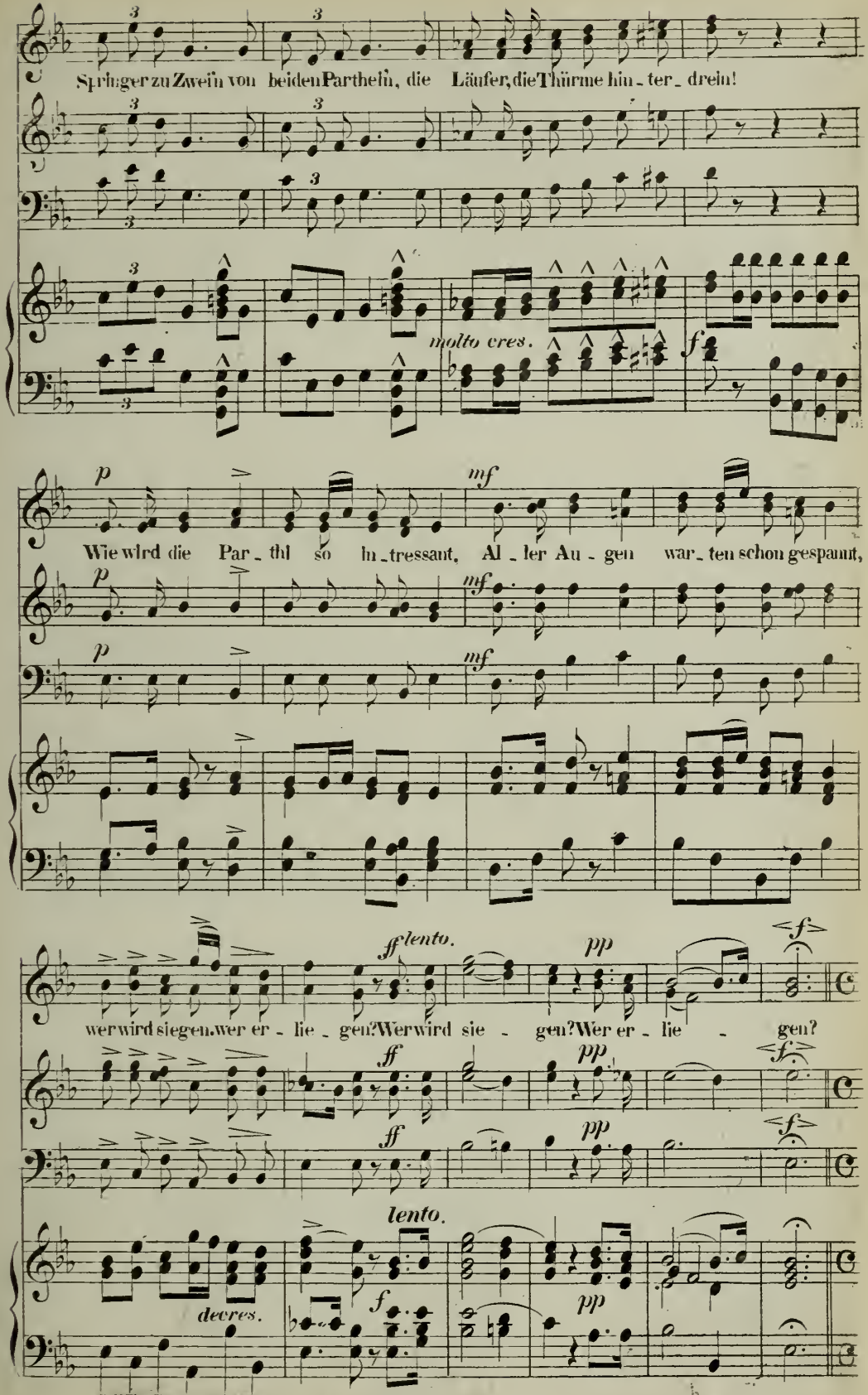

Fauchette.
nichts ist geschehn. Jed - we - dem Ver - langen will Re - de ich stehen, den
Lambert.
Jed - we - dem Ver - langen will Re - de er stehen, den
Domingos.
Jed - we - dem Ver - langen will Re - de er stehen, den
Januario.
Jed - we - dem Ver - langen will Re - de er stehen, den
Norbert.
Jed - we - dem Ver - langen will Re - de er stehen, den
gut ist's 'gan - gen, nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, Ja
gut ist's 'gan - gen, nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, Ja
gut ist's 'gan - gen, nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, Ja
gut ist's 'gan - gen. nichts ist geschehn. nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, Ja
gut ist's 'gan - gen. nichts ist geschehn. nichts ist geschehn, nichts ist geschehn, Ja

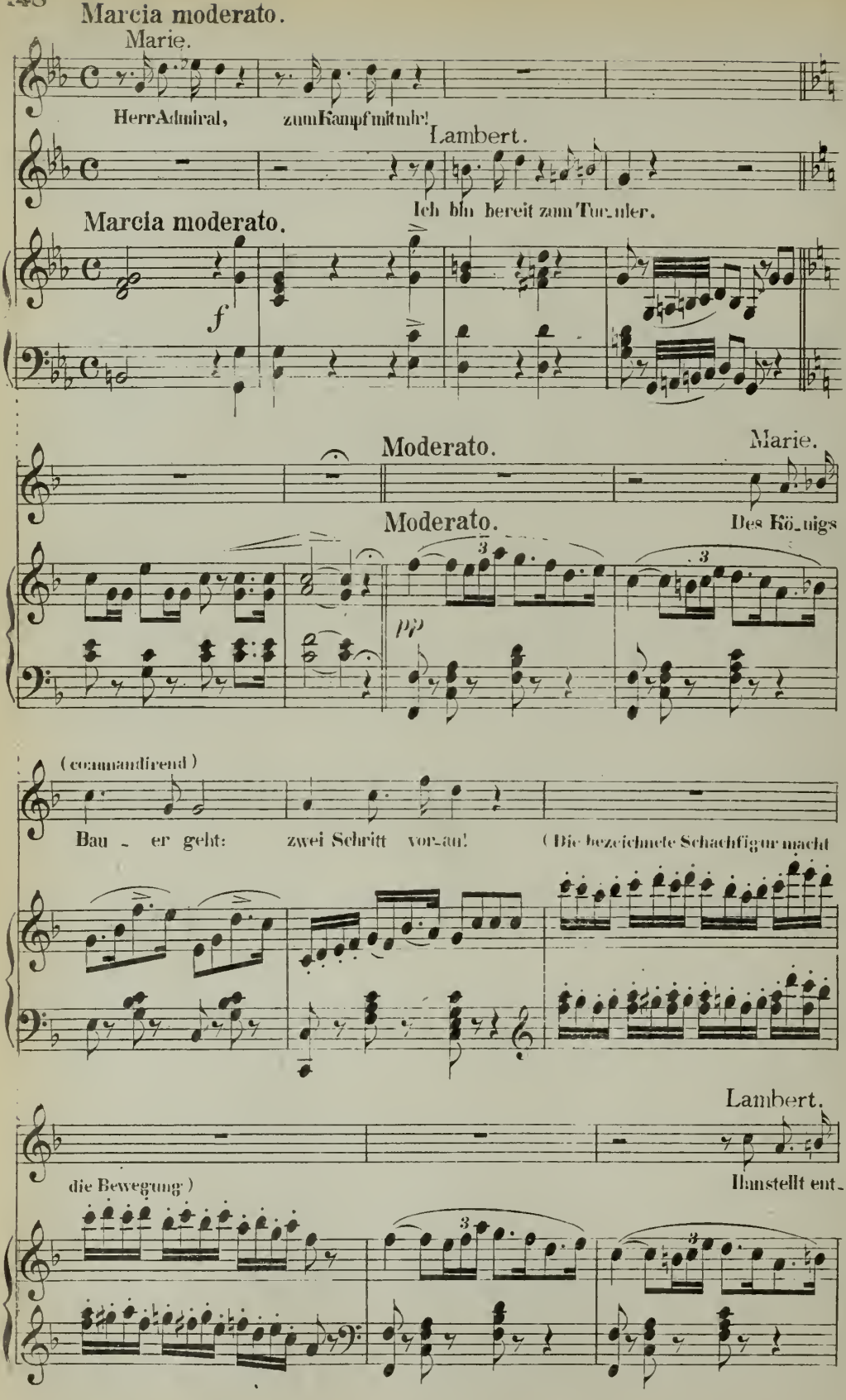

gut ists gan-gen. nichts ist g'schen. nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts,
gut ists gan-gen. nichts ist g'schen. nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts,
gut ists gan-gen. nichts ist g'schen. nichts, nichts, nichts. nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts,
gut ists gan-gen. nichts ist g'schen. nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts,
gut ists gan-gen. nichts ist g'schen. nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts, nichts,
cres.
p
pp
f
ff
nichts, nichts, nichts ist g'schen ____!

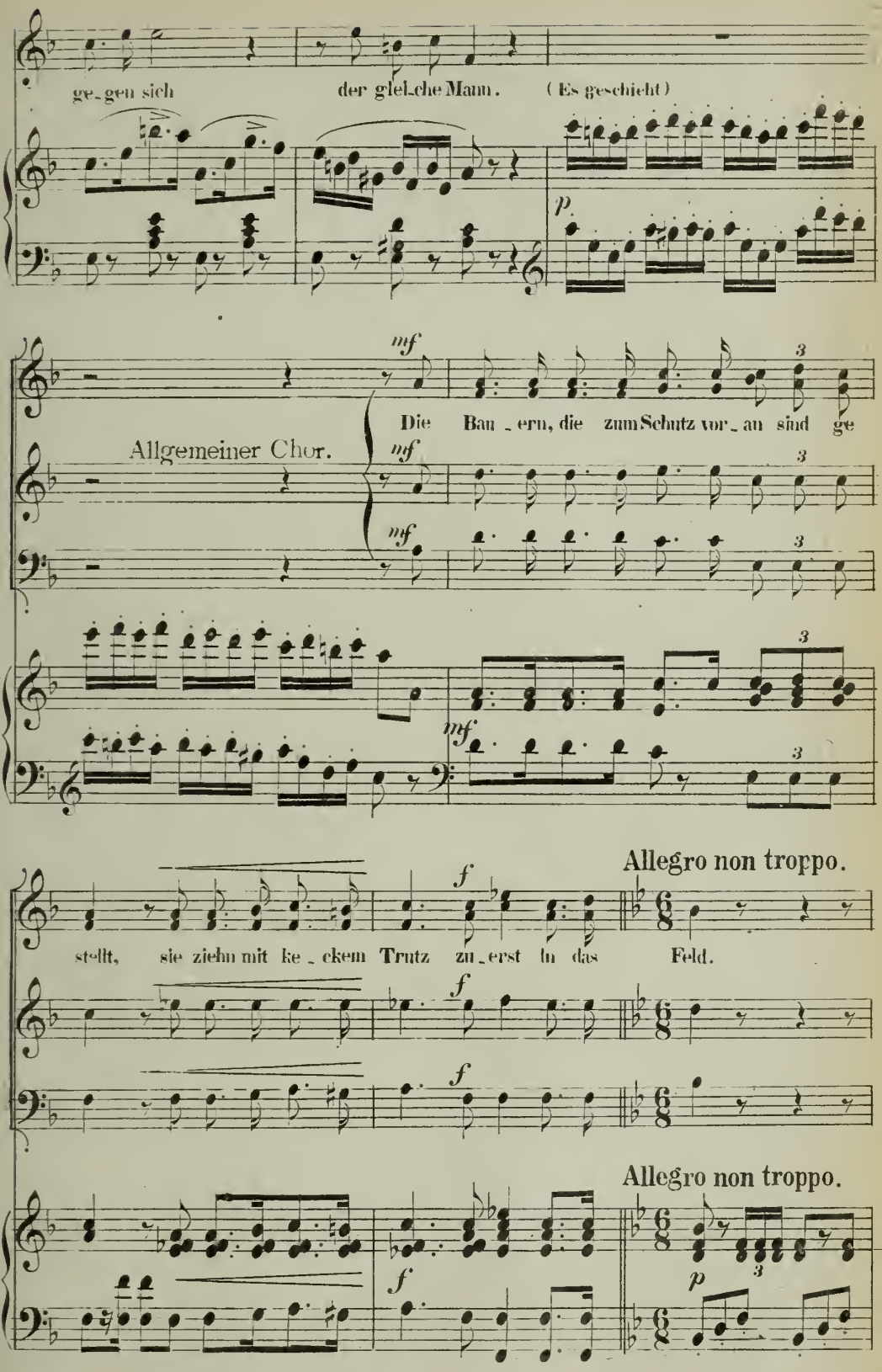
№ 15. Finale II.

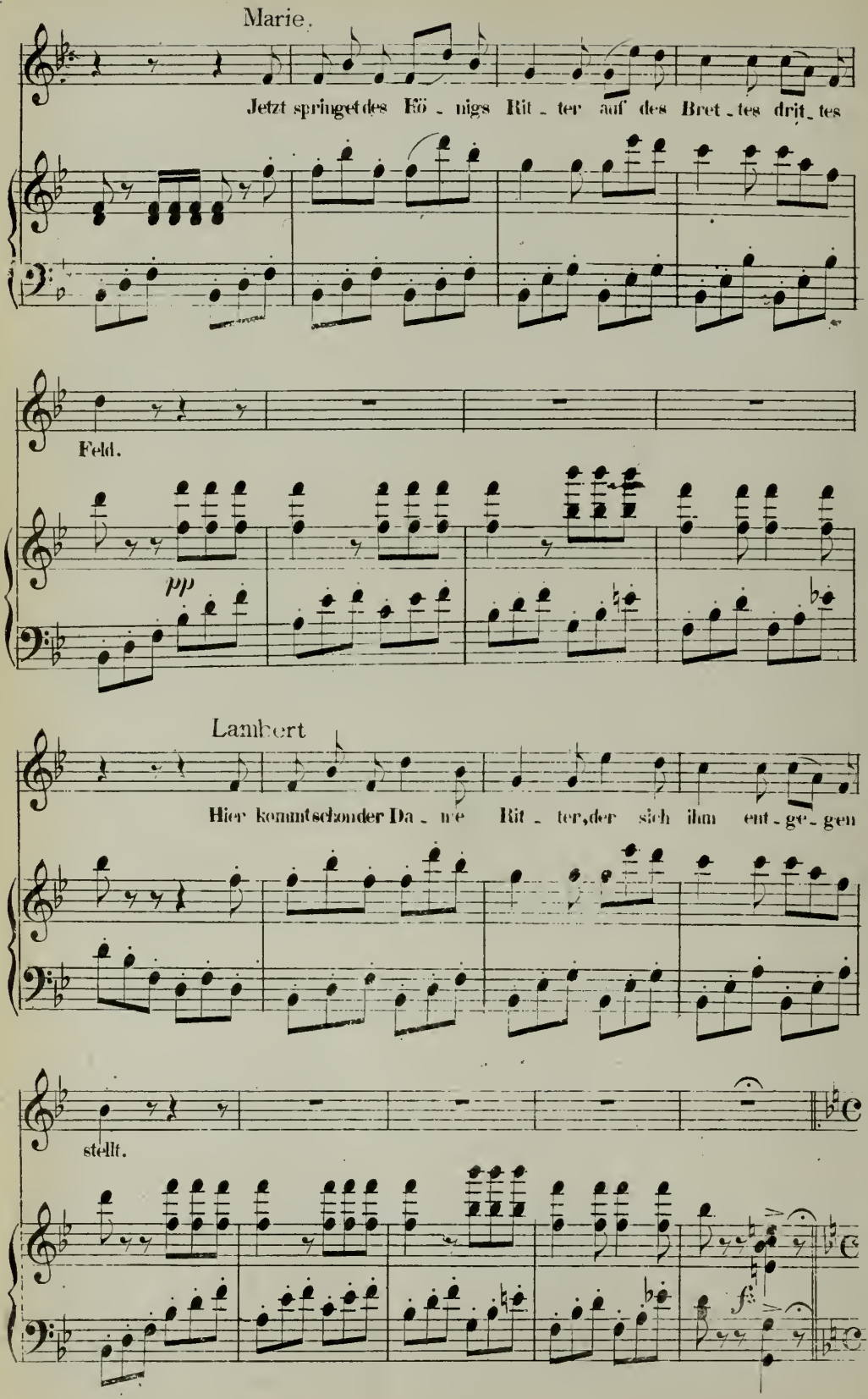

Tempo di Menuetto.
Chor.
Tempo di Menuetto.
PIANO.
f
Die Cadeten mit den Sopranen.
Fanchette mit den I. Sopran.
Antonia mit den II. Sopran.
Domingos, Francesco m. d. I. Tenor.
Januario, Joaquino m. d. II. Tenor.
Norbert mit den I. Bass.
p
Ja ein Schachspiel wird das in der That
mf
wie wann's hier noch nie ge_se_hen hat; zu zuschauen, welch Ver_gnü_gen!

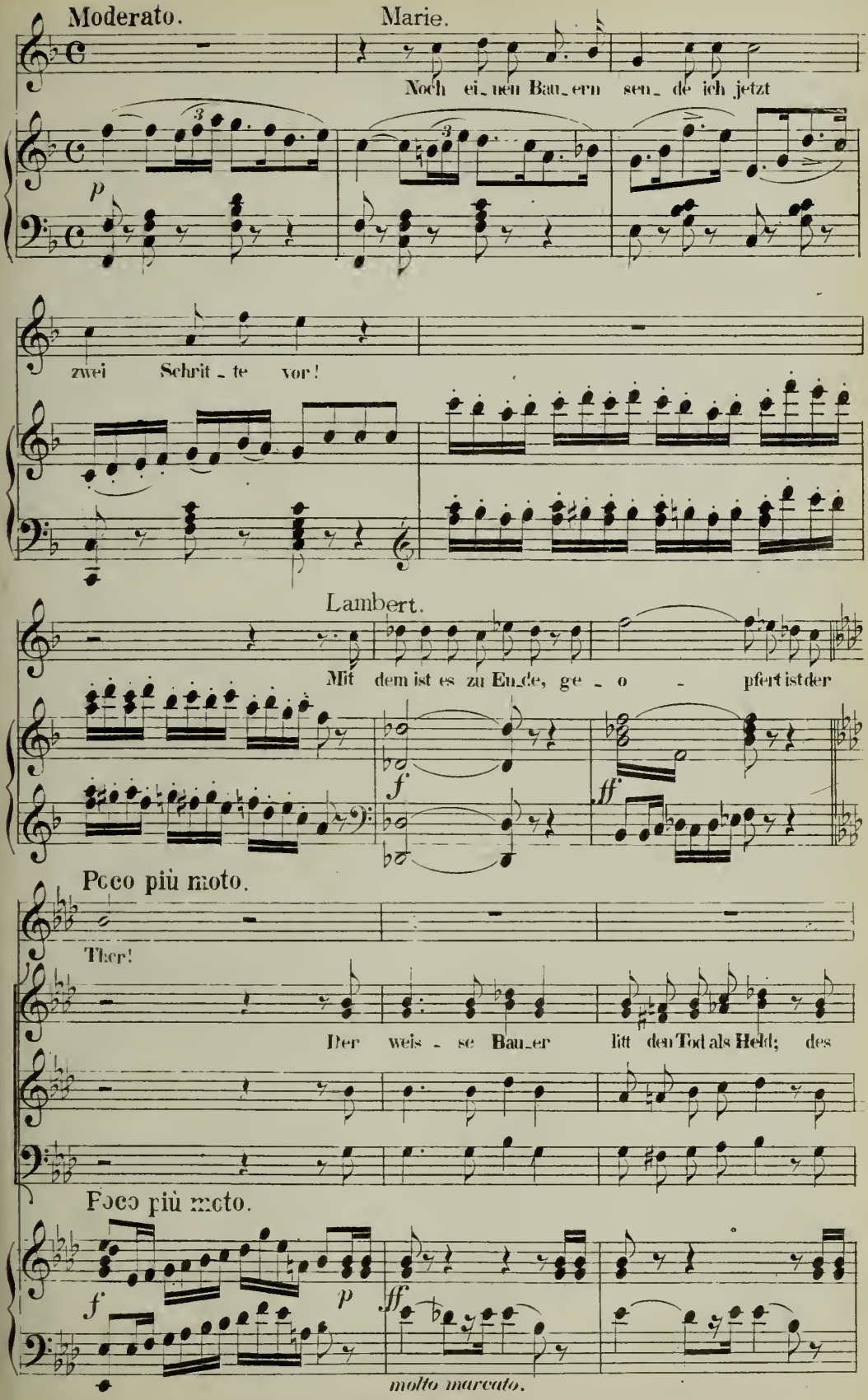

p
mf
Wie wird die Par_thie so in_tressant; Al_ler Au_gen war_ten schon gespannt.
L
p
mf
p
mf
mf
decres.
wer wird sie_gen, wer er_lie_gen? Schon zieh'n sie her_an, die
f
Bau_ern vor_an, die feind_li_chen Herr_scher_paa_re so_dann; die
f
f
f
f
f

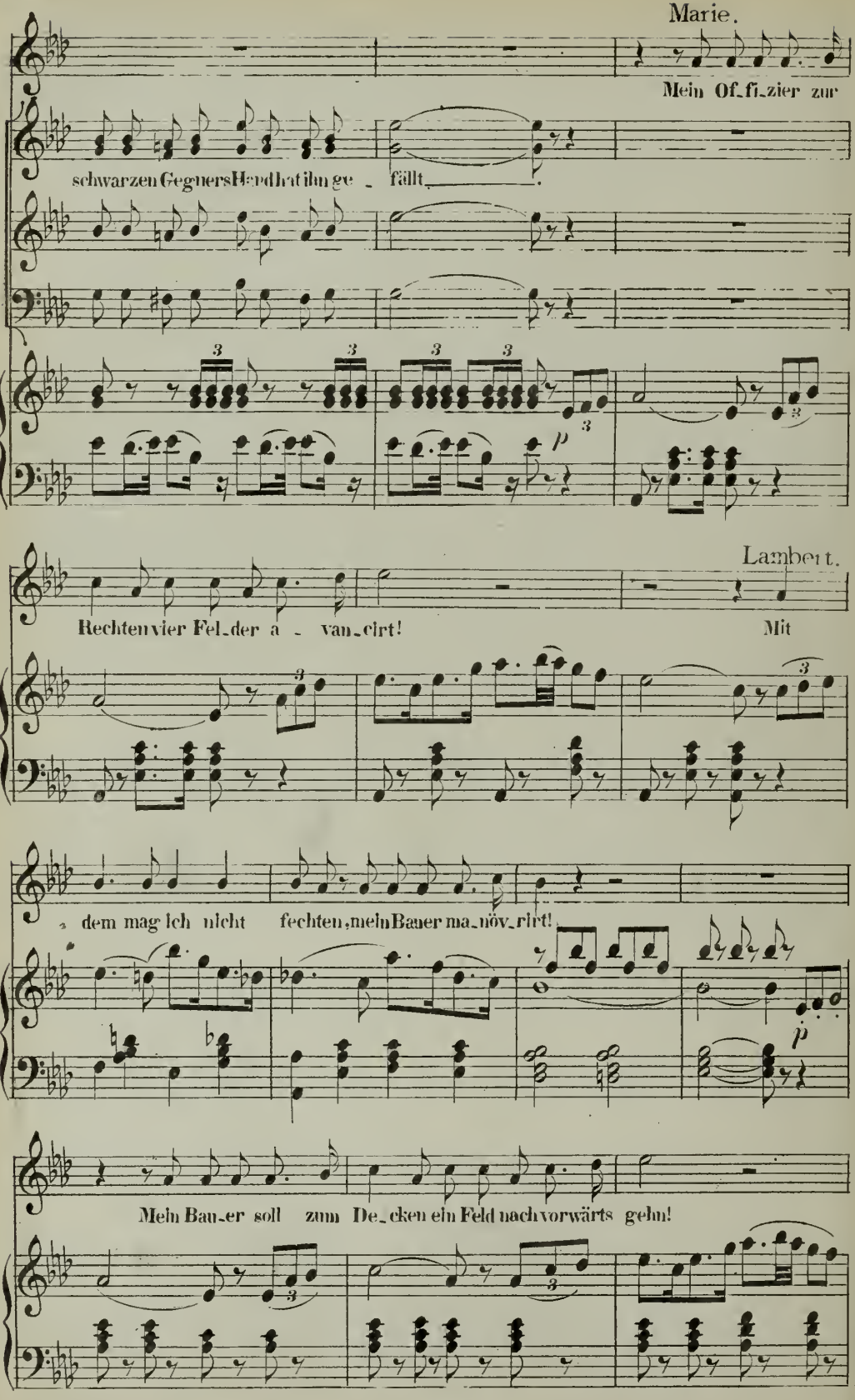

Springer zu Zwein von beiden Partheln, die Läufer, die Thürme hin - ter - drein!
molto cres.
f
p
mf
Wie wird die Par - thi so in - tressant, Al - ler Au - gen war - ten schon gespannt,
ff lento.
pp
wer wird siegen, wer er - lie - gen? Wer wird sie - gen? Wer er - lie - gen?
decres.
lento.

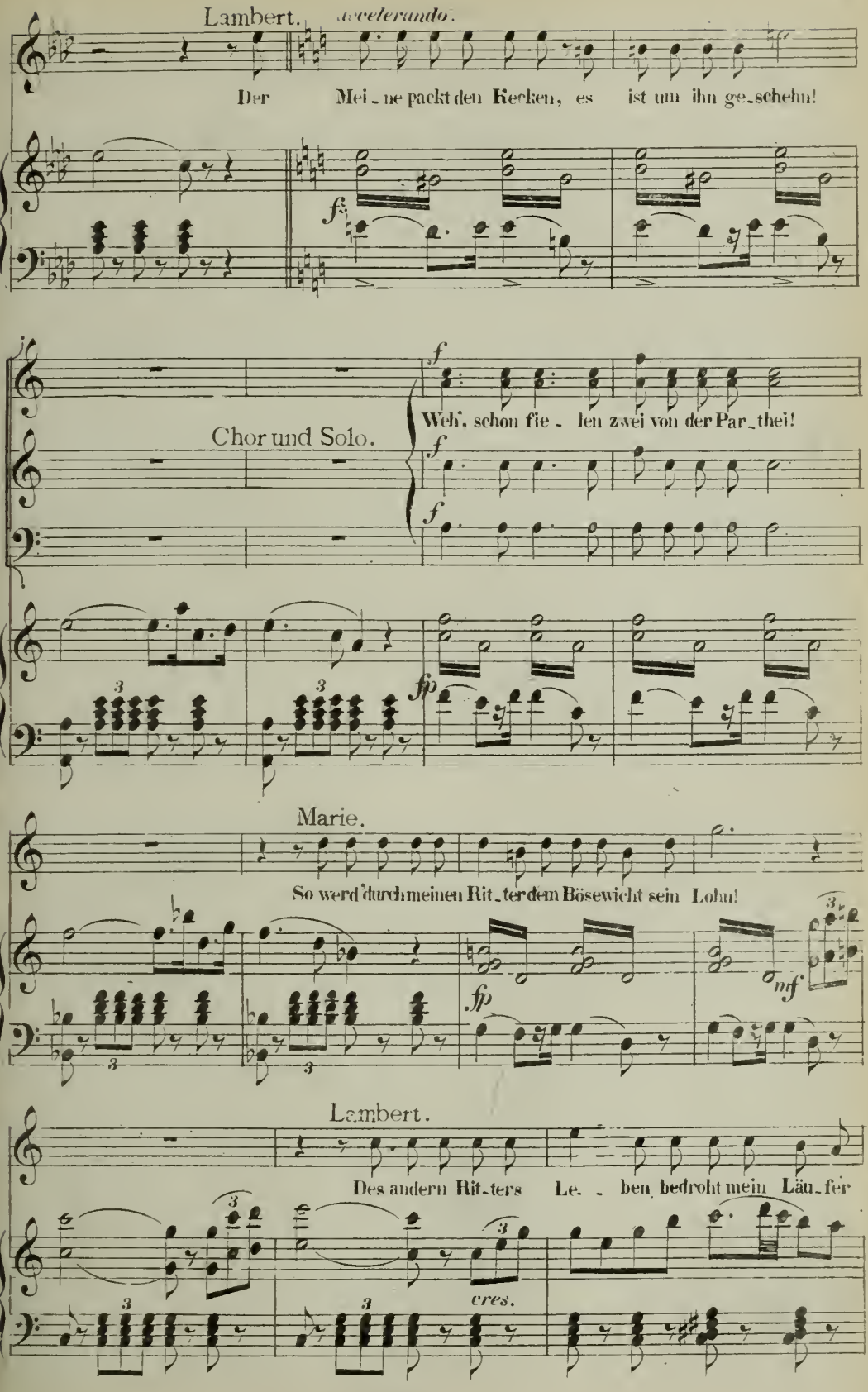

Marcia moderato.
Marie.
Herr Admiral, zum Kampf mit mir!
Lambert.
Ich bin bereit zum Turnier.
Marcia moderato.
f
Moderato.
Marie.
Moderato.
Des Kö_nigs
pp
(commandirend)
Bau_er geht: zwei Schritt vor-an!
(Die bezeichnete Schachfigur macht
Lambert.
die Bewegung)
Ihr stellt ent_

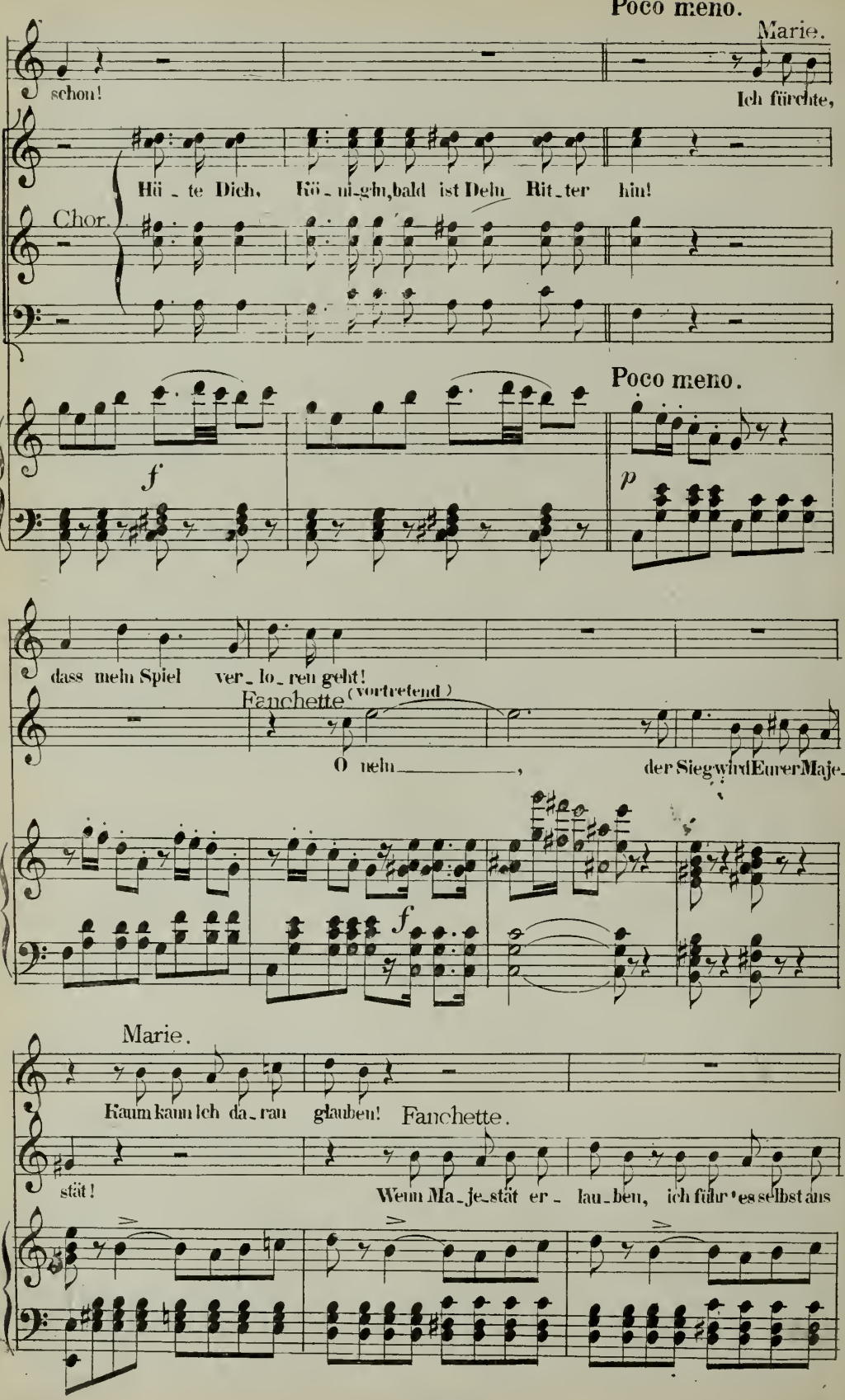

ge_gen sich
der glei_che Mann.
(Es geschieht)
p
Allgemeiner Chor.
mf
Die Bau_ern, die zum Schutz vor_an sind ge
stellt, sie ziehn mit ke_ckem Trutz zu_erst in das
Feld.
f
Allegro non troppo.
Allegro non troppo.

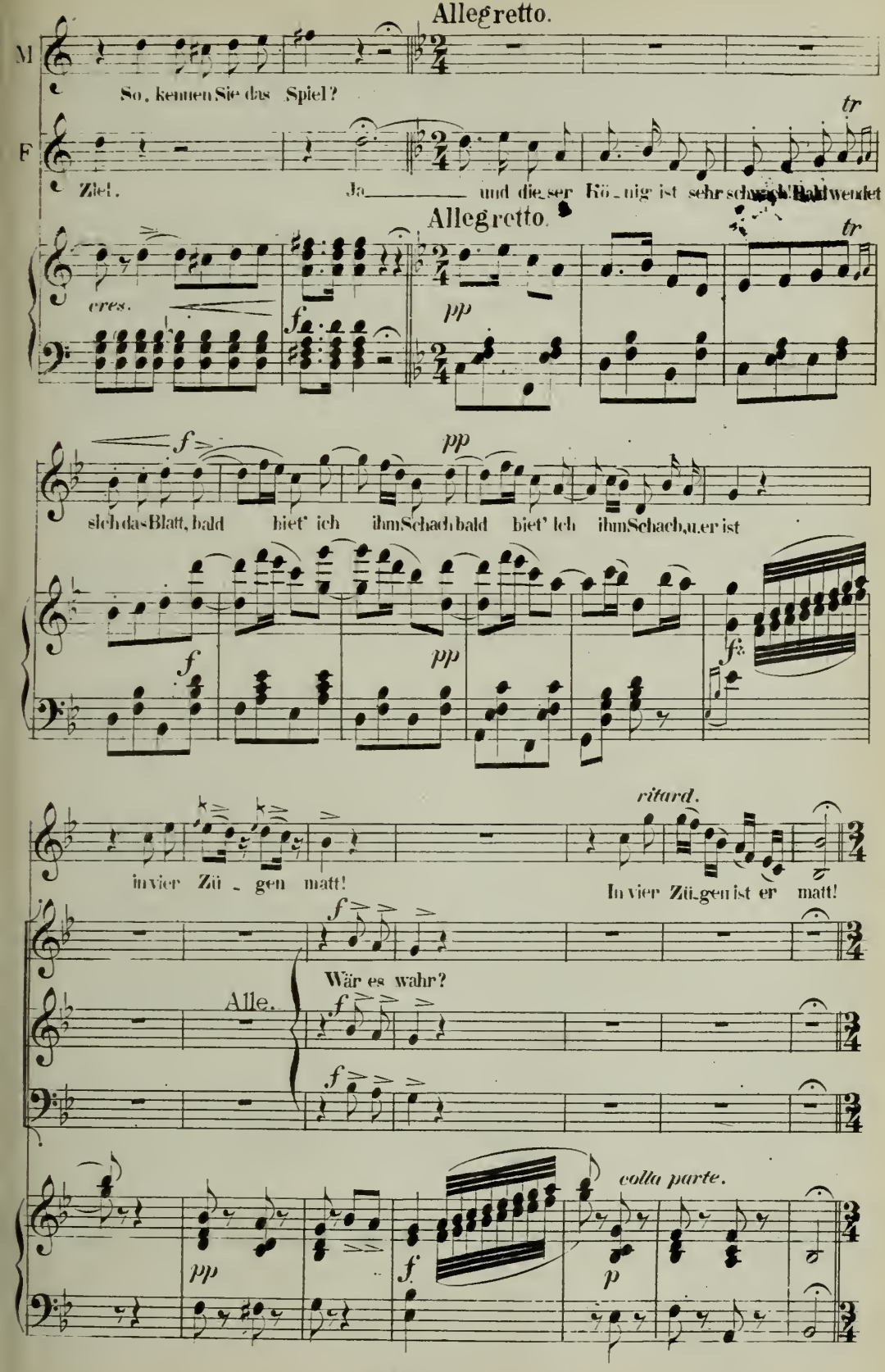

Marie.
Jetzt springet des Kö - nigs Rit - ter auf des Bret - tes drit - tes
Feld.
pp
Lambert
Hier kommt schon der Da - me Rit - ter, der sich ihm ent - ge - gen
stellt.
fz


Moderato.
Marie.
Noch ei_nen Bau_ern sen_de ich jetzt
p
zwei Schrit_te vor!
Lambert.
Mit dem ist es zu En_de, ge_o_pfert ist der
f
ff
Poco più moto.
Ther!
Der weis_se Bau_er litt den Tod als Held; des
Poco più moto.
f
p
ff
molto marcato.


Marie.
Mein Of_fi_zier zur
schwarzen Gegners Hand hat ihn ge_ fällt.
Lambert.
Rechten vier Fel_der a_ van_cirt! Mit
dem mag ich nicht fechten, mein Bauer ma_növ_rirt!
Mein Bau_er soll zum De_cken ein Feld nach vorwärts gehn!

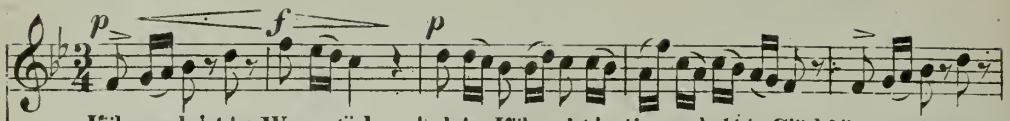

Lambert.
accelerando.
Der Mei_ne packt den Recken, es ist um ihn ge_schehn!
f
Chor und Solo.
f
Weh', schon fie_len zwei von der Par_thei!
f
f
fp
Marie.
So werd' durch meinen Rit_ter den Bösewicht sein Lohn!
fp
mf
Lambert.
Des andern Rit_ters Le_ben bedroht mein Läu_fer
cres.


Poco meno.
Marie.
schon!
Ich fürchte,
Hü_te Dich, Kö_nig, bald ist Dein Rit_ter hin!
Chor.
Poco meno.
f
p
dass mein Spiel ver_lo_ren geht!
Fanchette (vortretend)
O nein ———, der Sieg wird Eurer Maje_
f
Marie.
Kaum kann ich da_ran glauben! Fanchette.
stät! Wenn Ma_je_stät er_lau_ben, ich führ' es selbst ans

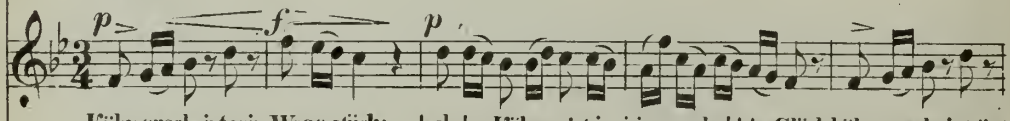

Allegretto.
M
So, kennen Sie das Spiel?
F
Ziel. Ja und dieser Kö_nig ist sehr schwach! Bald wendet
tr
Allegretto.
cres.
f
pp
tr
sich das Blatt, bald biet' ich ihm Schach bald biet' ich ihm Schach, u. er ist
f
pp
f
in vier Zü_gen matt!
ritard.
In vier Zü_gen ist er matt!
Alle.
Wär es wahr?
f
colla parte.
pp
f
p

Andante.

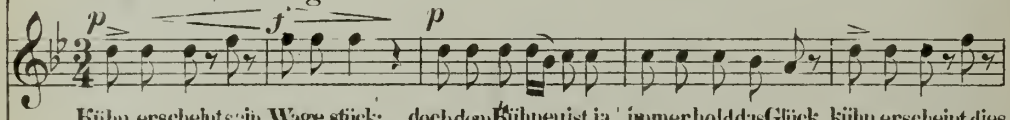
Fanchette.



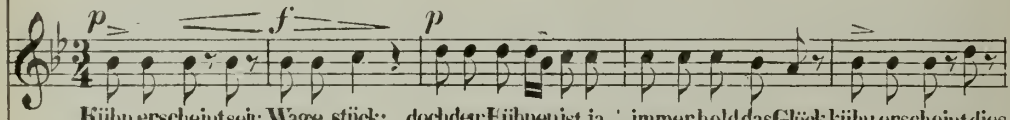
Marie.



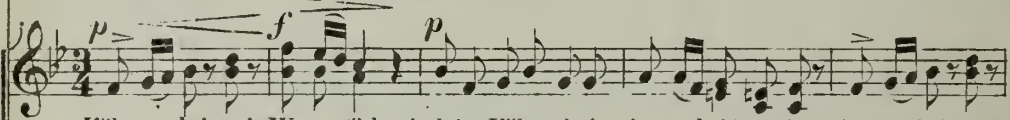
Lambert, Domingos.



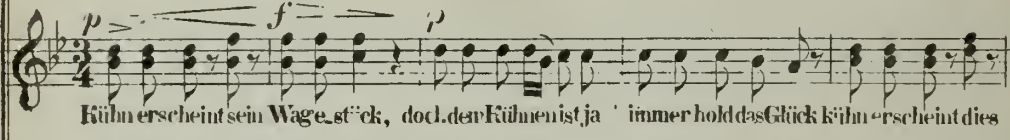
Januario.



Cadetten *I u. II.* Antonia *mit Sopr. II.*

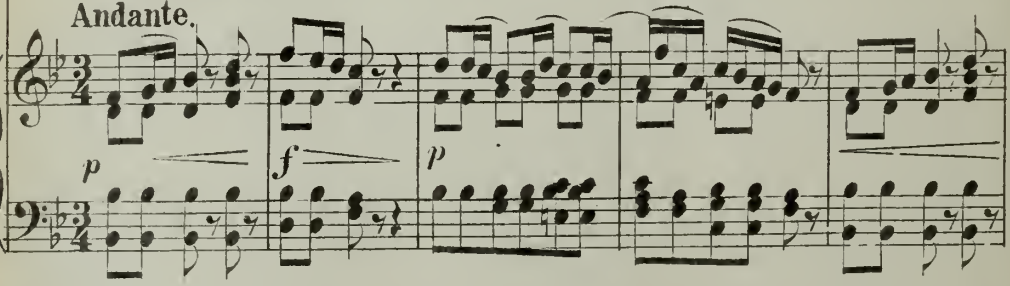


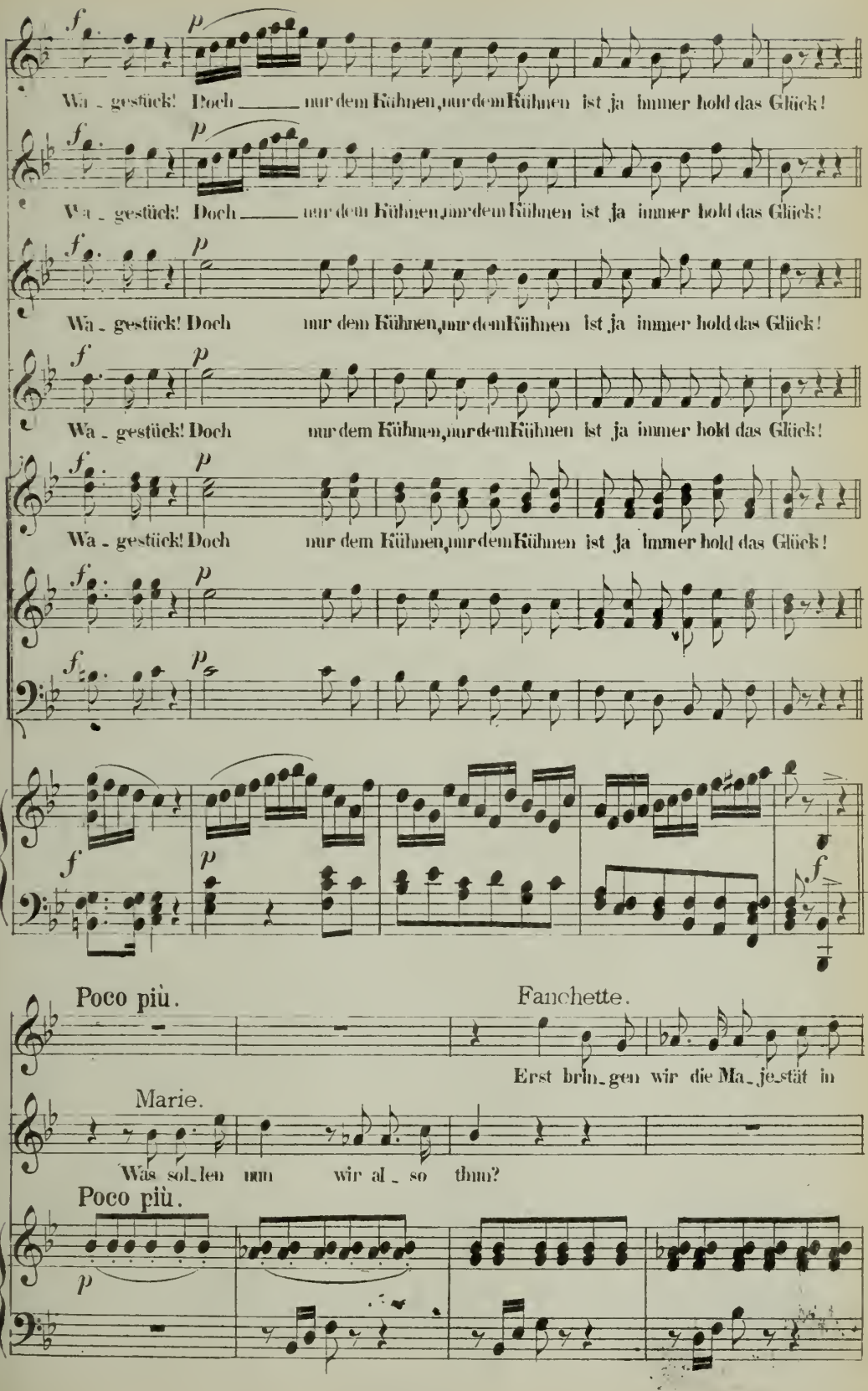
Francesco. Joaquino.

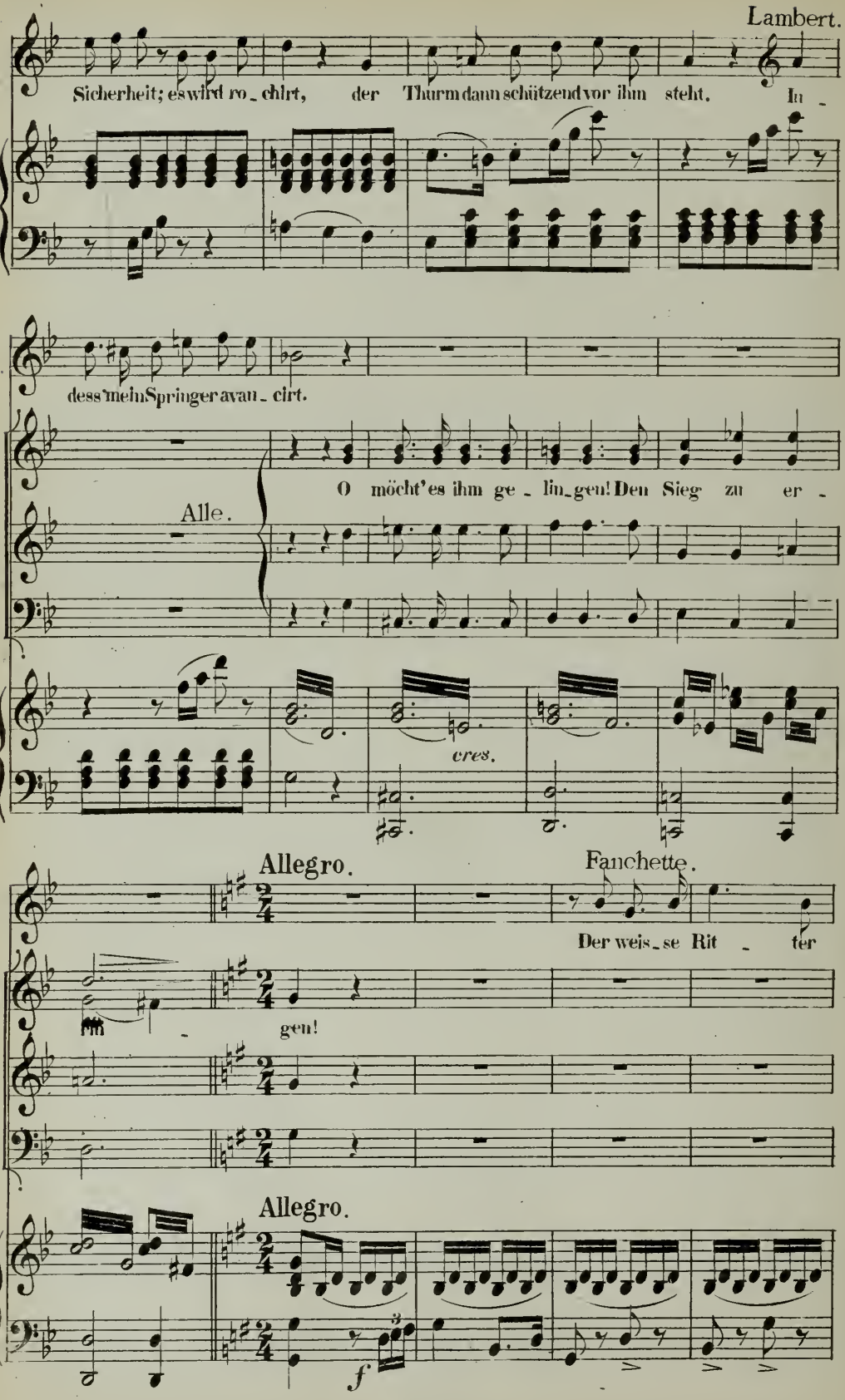


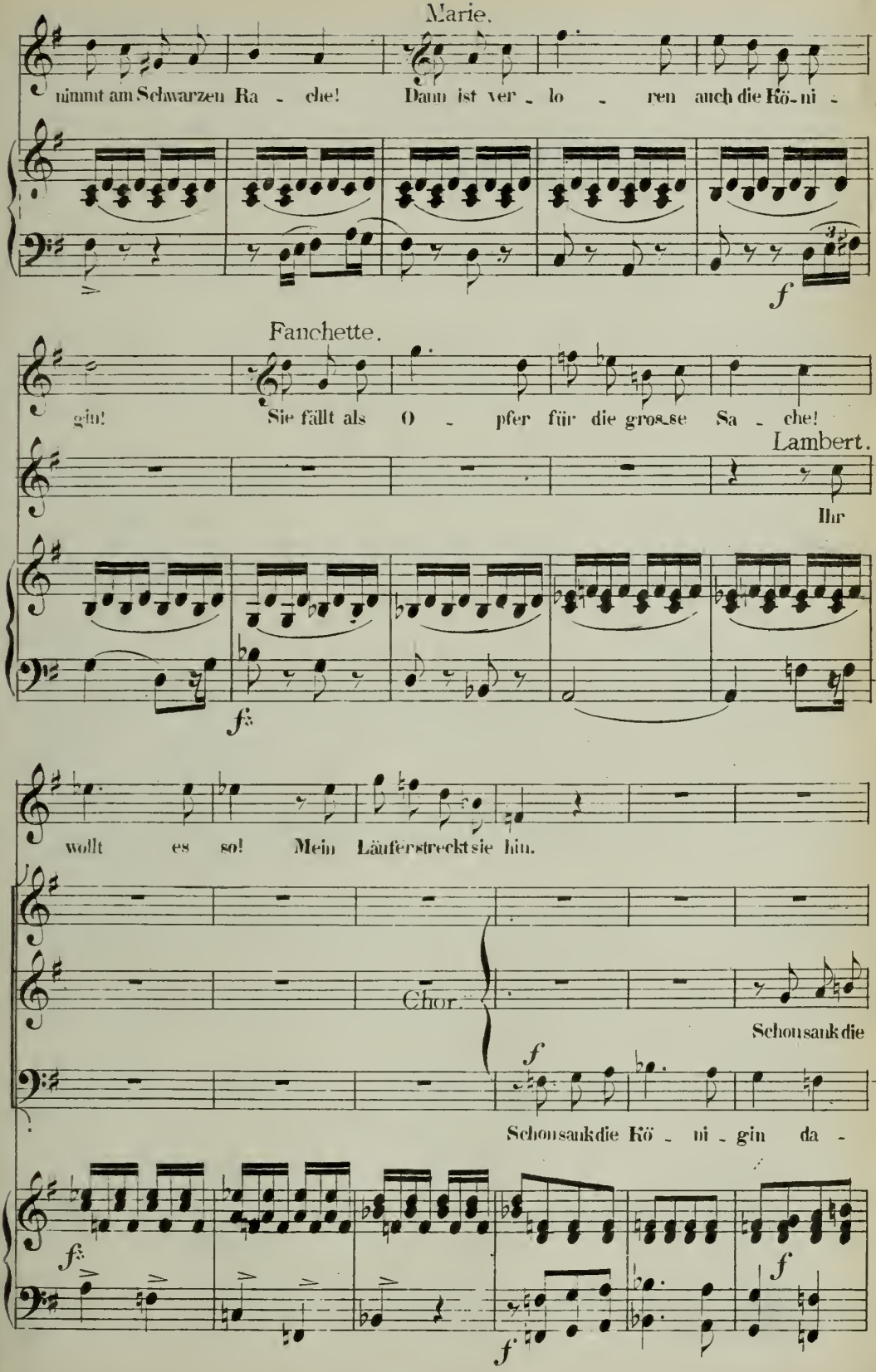
Norbert *col Basso I.*

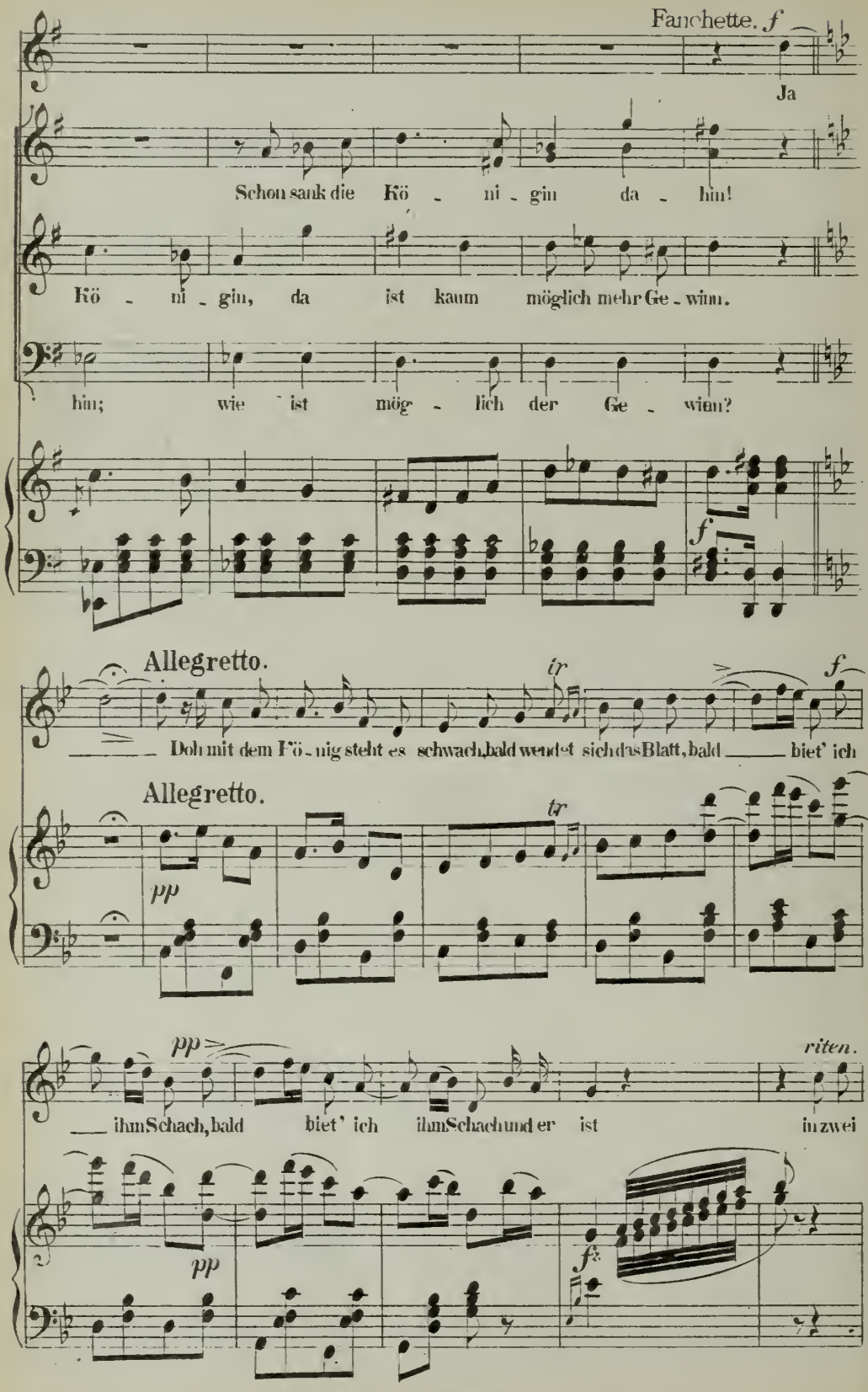
Andante.




Wa - gestück! Doch nur dem Kühnen, nur dem Kühnen ist ja immer hold das Glück!
Wa - gestück! Doch nur dem Kühnen, nur dem Kühnen ist ja immer hold das Glück!
Wa - gestück! Doch nur dem Kühnen, nur dem Kühnen ist ja immer hold das Glück!
Wa - gestück! Doch nur dem Kühnen, nur dem Kühnen ist ja immer hold das Glück!
Wa - gestück! Doch nur dem Kühnen, nur dem Kühnen ist ja immer hold das Glück!
Poco più.
Fanchette.
Erst brin - gen wir die Ma - jestät in
Marie.
Was sol - len nun wir al - so thun?
Poco più.


Lambert.
Sicherheit; es wird ro_chirt, der Thurm dann schützend vor ihm steht. In_
dess mein Springer avan_cirt.
Alle.
O möcht' es ihm ge_lin_gen! Den Sieg zu er_
cres.
Allegro.
Fanchette.
Der weis_se Rit_ter
gen!
Allegro.
f


Marie.
nimmt am Schwarzen Ra - che! Dann ist ver - lo - ren auch die Kö - ni -
f
Fanchette.
gin! Sie fällt als O - pfer für die gros_se Sa - che!
Lambert.
Ihr
f
wollt es so! Mein Läufer streckt sie hin.
Chor.
Schon sank die
f
Schon sank die Kö - ni - gin da -
f
f
f


Fanchette. f
Ja
Schon sank die Kö - ni - gin da - hin!
Kö - ni - gin, da ist kaum möglich mehr Ge - winn.
hin; wie ist mög - lich der Ge - winn?
f
Allegretto.
tr
f
Doh mit dem Kö - nig steht es schwach, bald wendet sich das Blatt, bald biet' ich
Allegretto.
tr
pp
pp
riten.
ihm Schach, bald biet' ich ihm Schach und er ist in zwei
pp
fz

Lento.

Zü - gen matt! In zwei Zü - gen ist er matt!

Wär'es wahr!

colla parte.

Tempo di Valse.

Lambert. Marie. Fanchette.

Wie? Ich matt? Wie? Er matt? Ganz si - cher ist

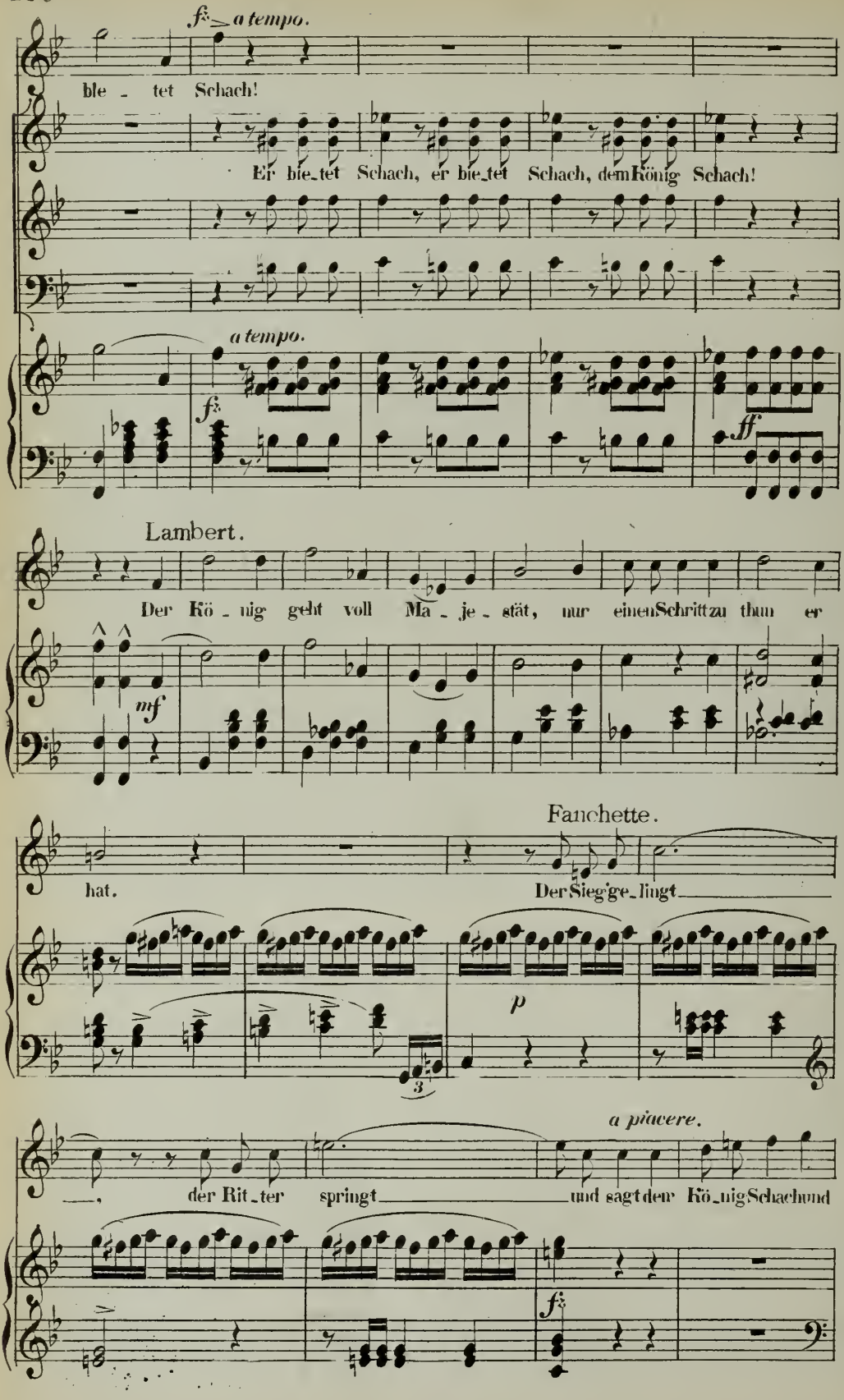
Ist's Ernst o - der Spass?

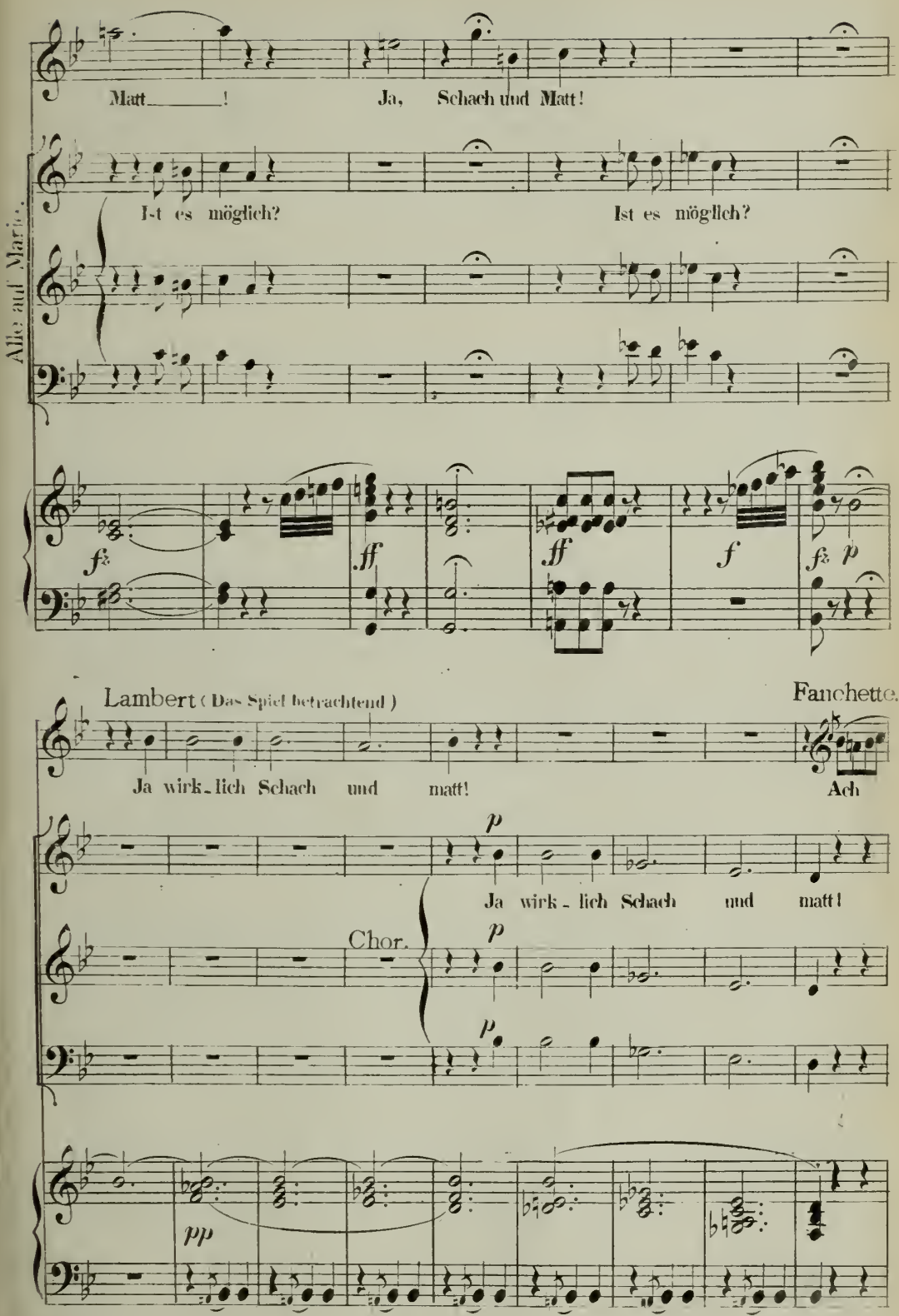
Tempo di Valse.

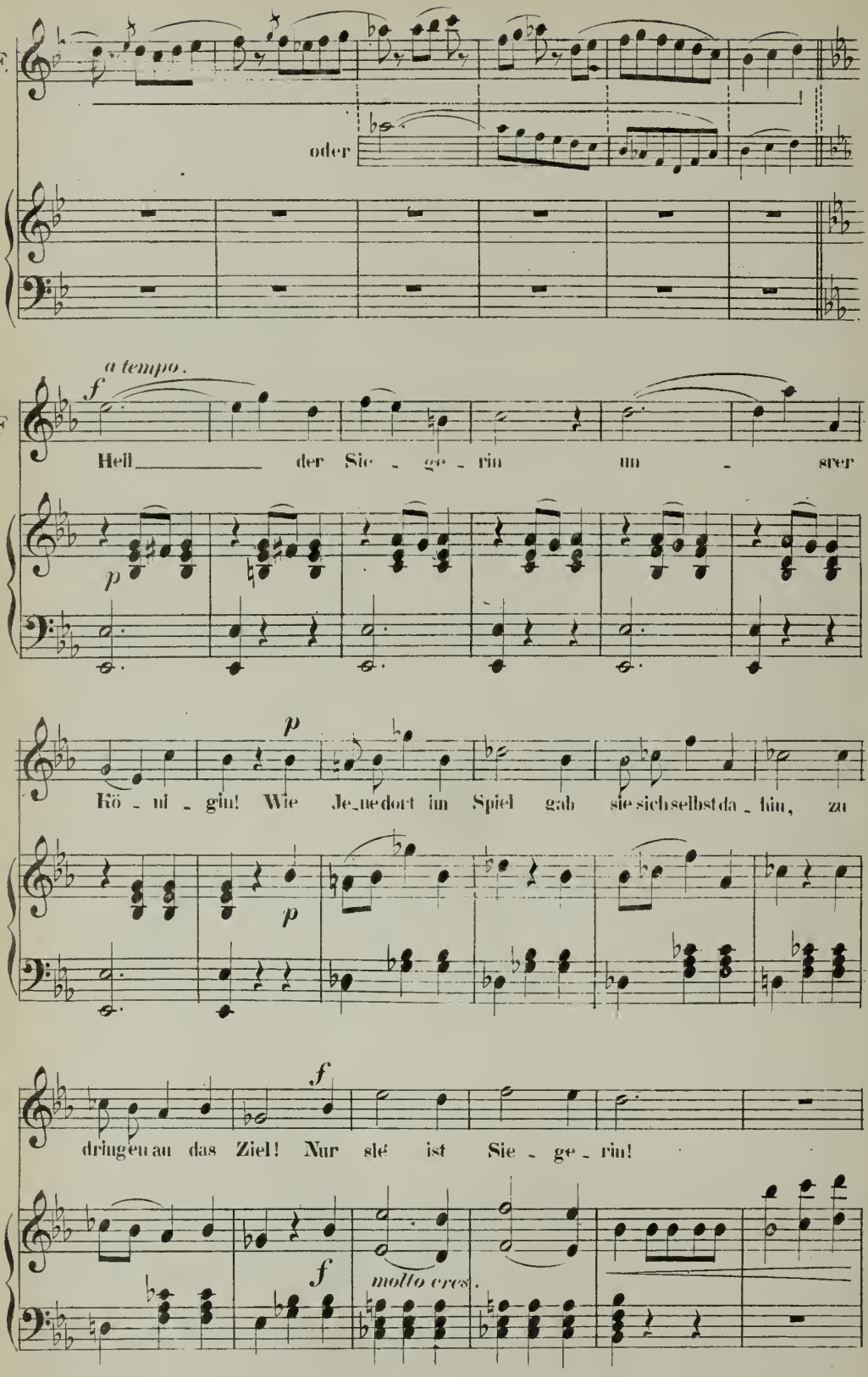
cres. rallent.

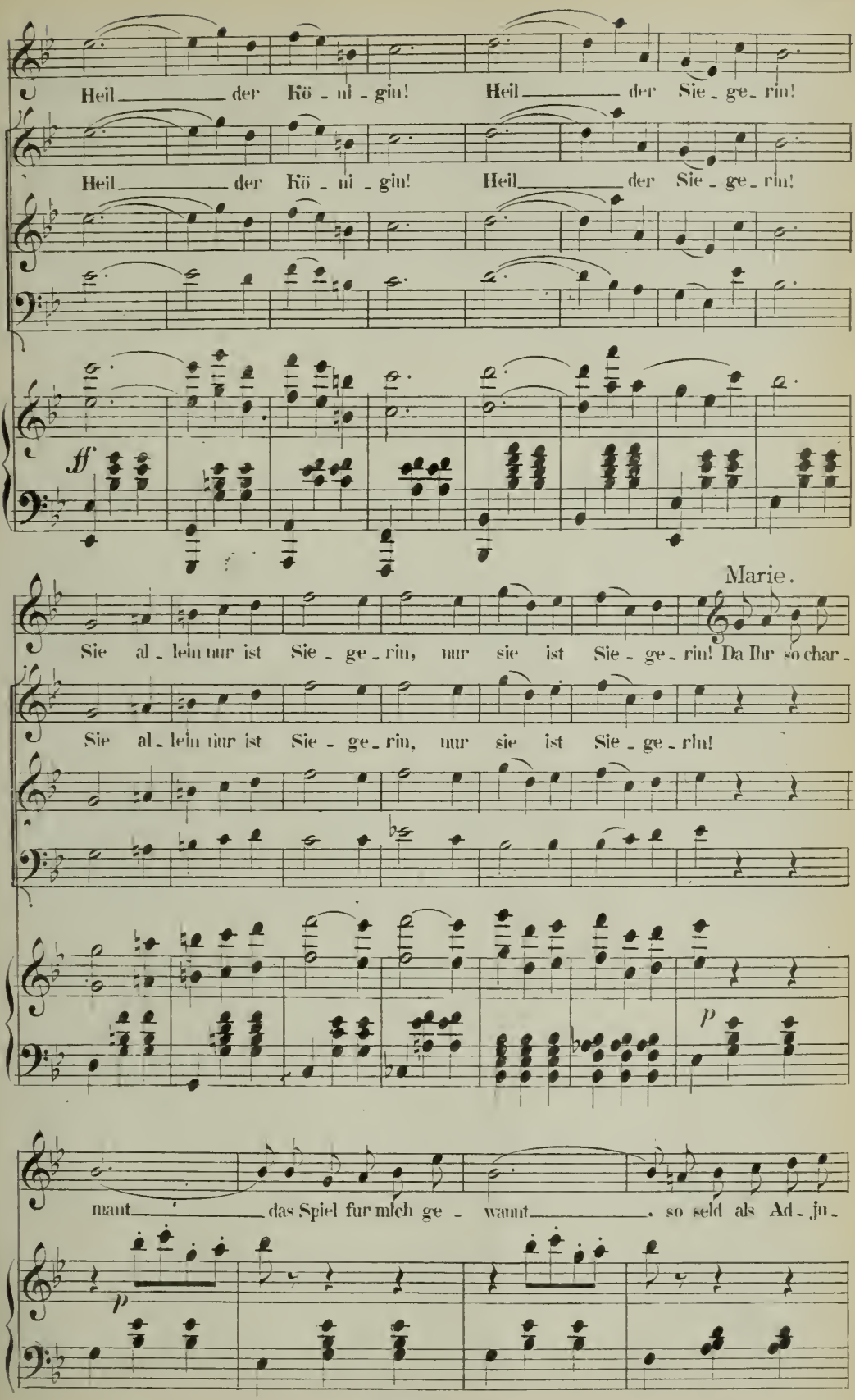
das! Mein Läu - fer nimmt wie ich's ver - sprach den Bau - ern ihm und

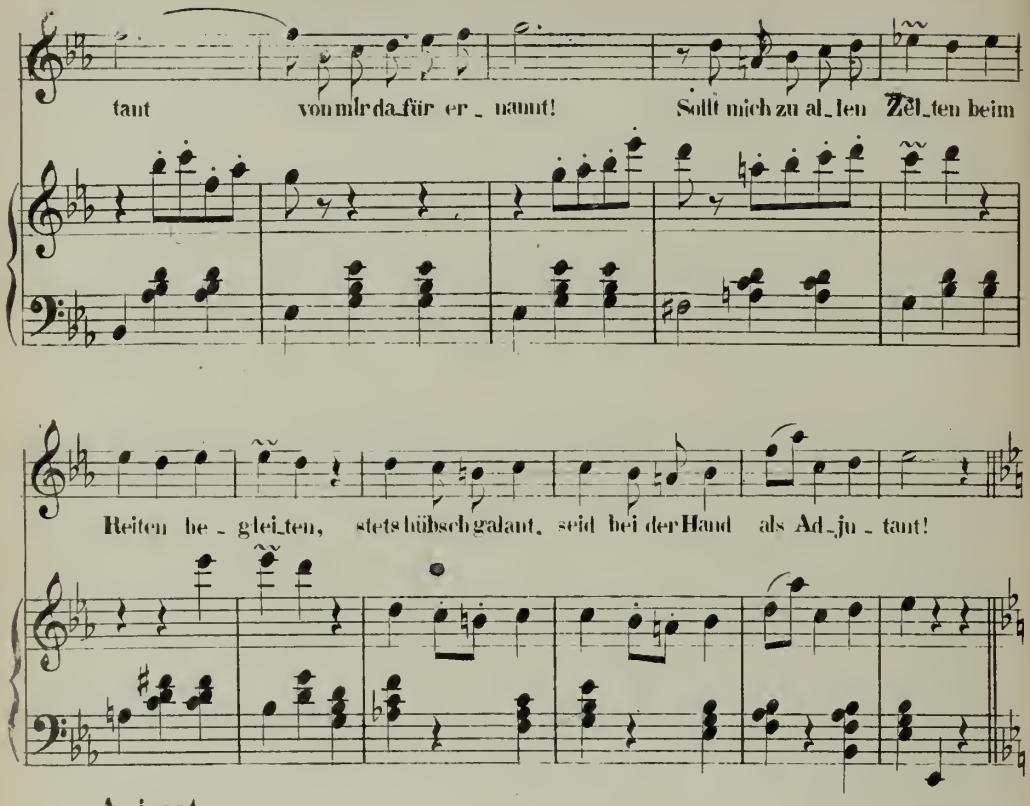
cres. rallent.

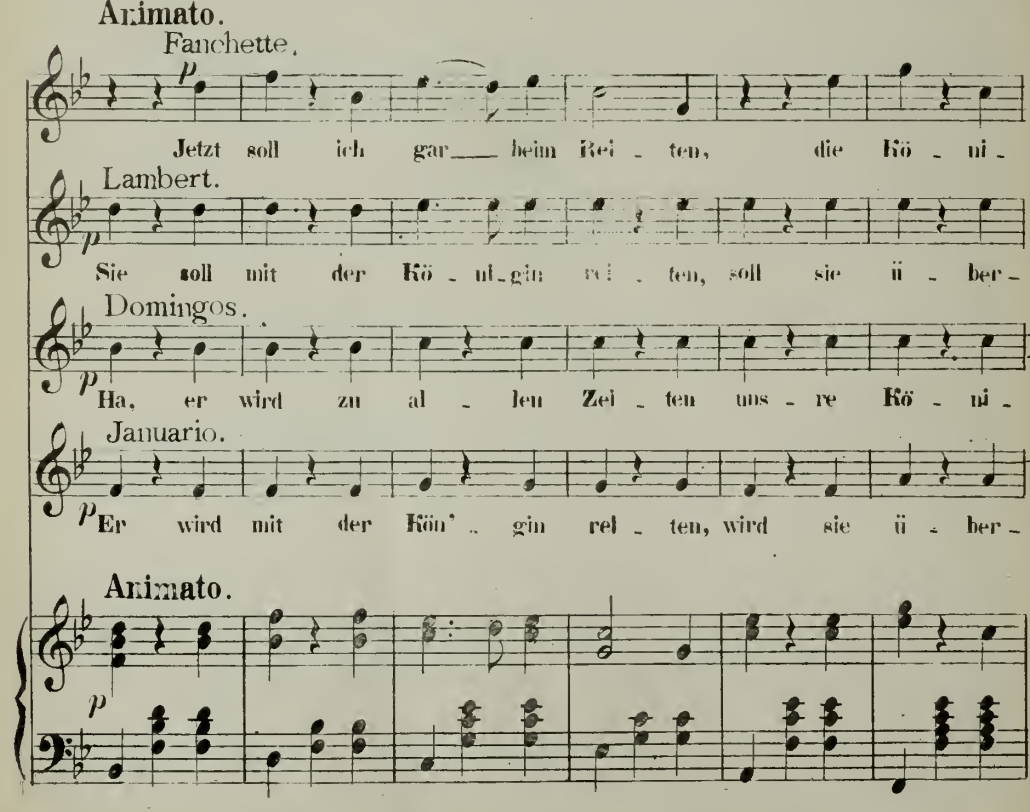

fz a tempo.
ble - tet Schach!
Er bie-tet Schach, er bie-tet Schach, dem König Schach!
a tempo.
fz
ff
Lambert.
Der Kö - nig geht voll Ma - je - stät, nur einen Schritt zu thun er
mf
Fanchette.
hat.
Der Sieg'ge - lingt
p
3
a piacere.
der Rit - ter springt
und sagt dem Kö - nig Schach und
fz

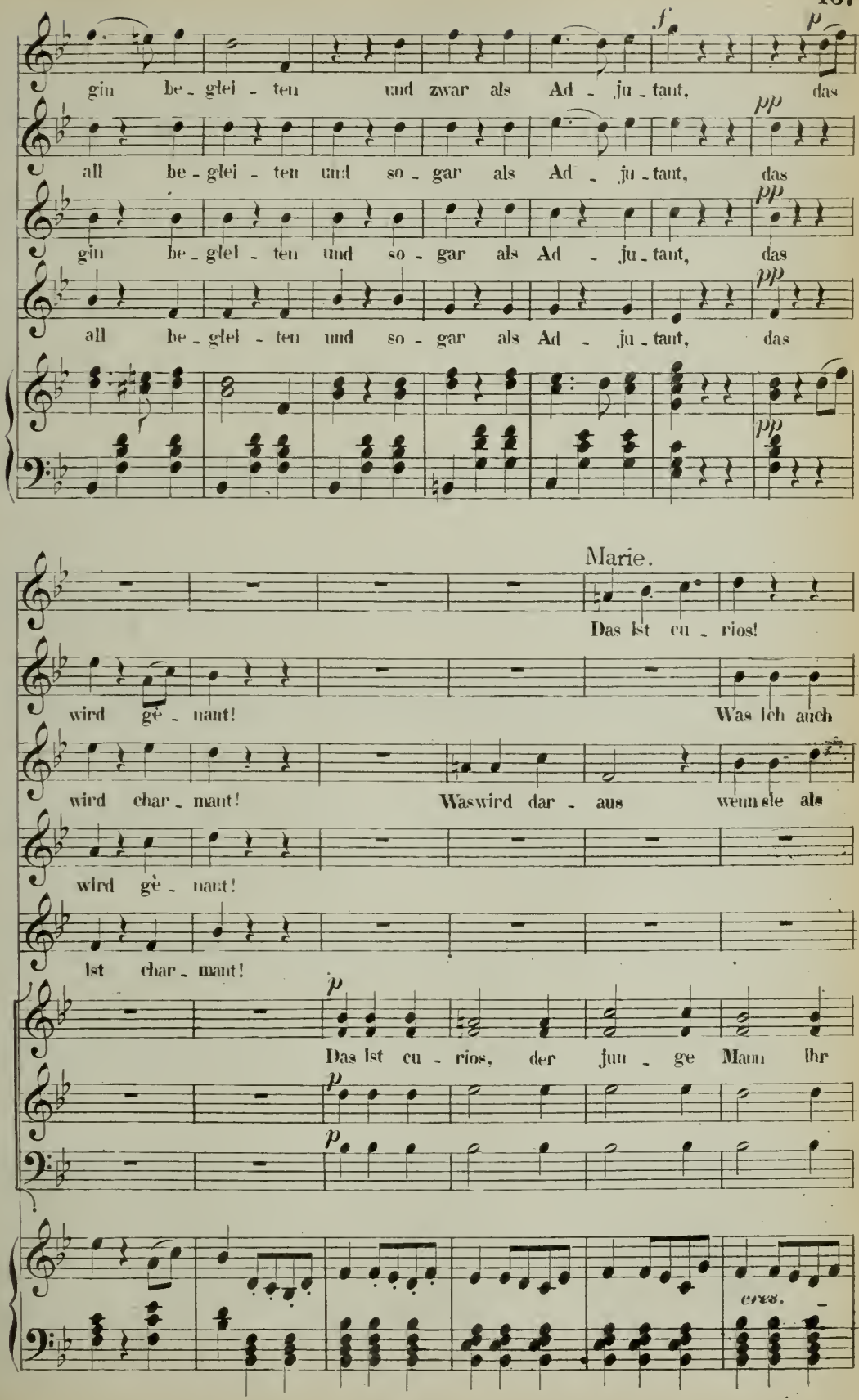

Matt_____!
Ja, Schach und Matt!
Ist es möglich?
Ist es möglich?
Alle auf Marie.
fz
ff
ff
f
fz p
Lambert (Das Spiel betrachtend)
Ja wirk_lich Schach und matt!
Fanchette.
Ach
p
Ja wirk - lich Schach und matt!
Chor.
p
p
pp

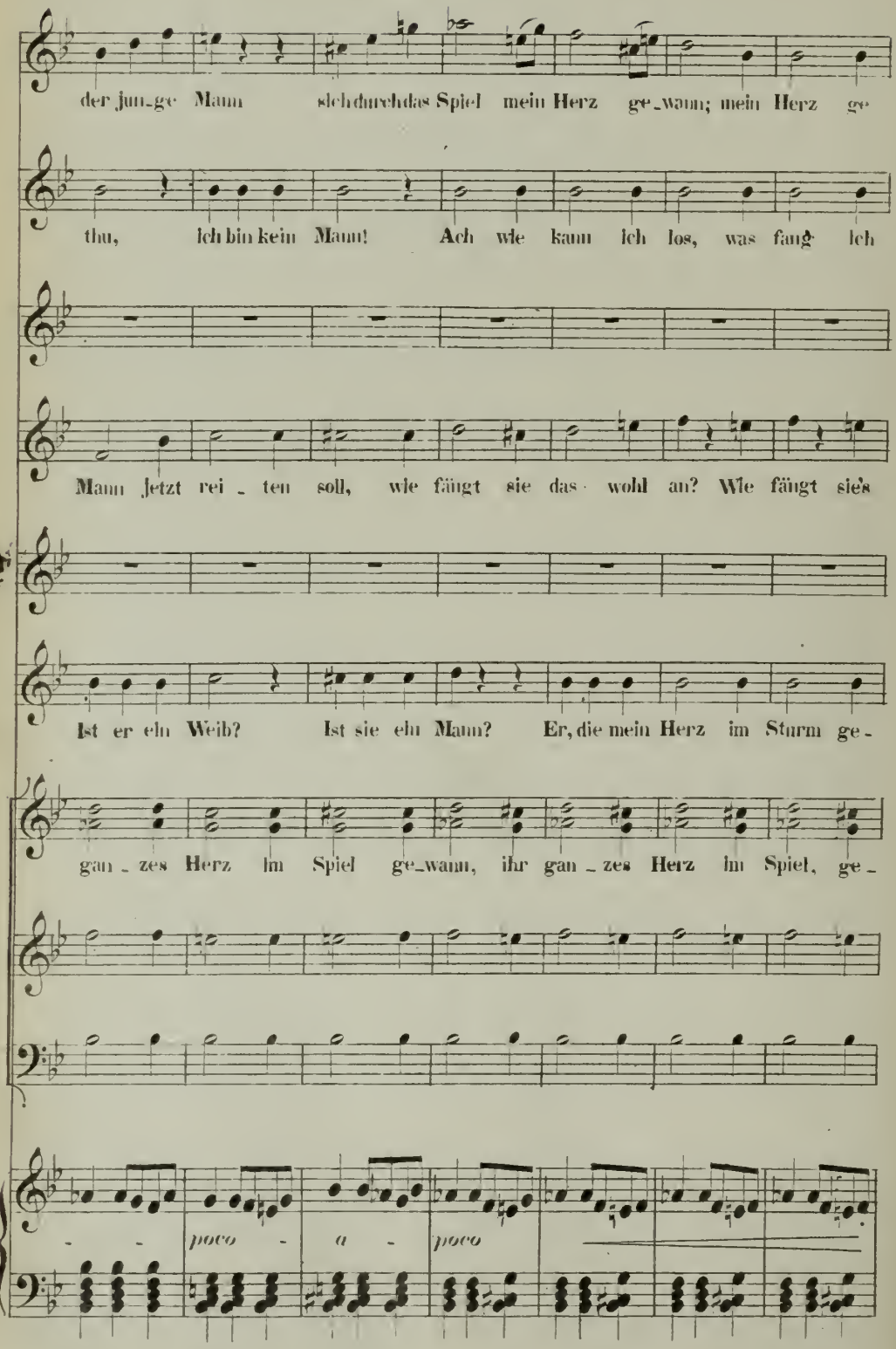

F.
oder
a tempo.
f
F
Hell der Sie - ge - rin un - srer
p
p
Kö - ni - gin! Wie Je_ne dort im Spiel gab sie sich selbst da - hin, zu
p
f
dringen an das Ziel! Nur sie ist Sie - ge - rin!
f
molto cres.

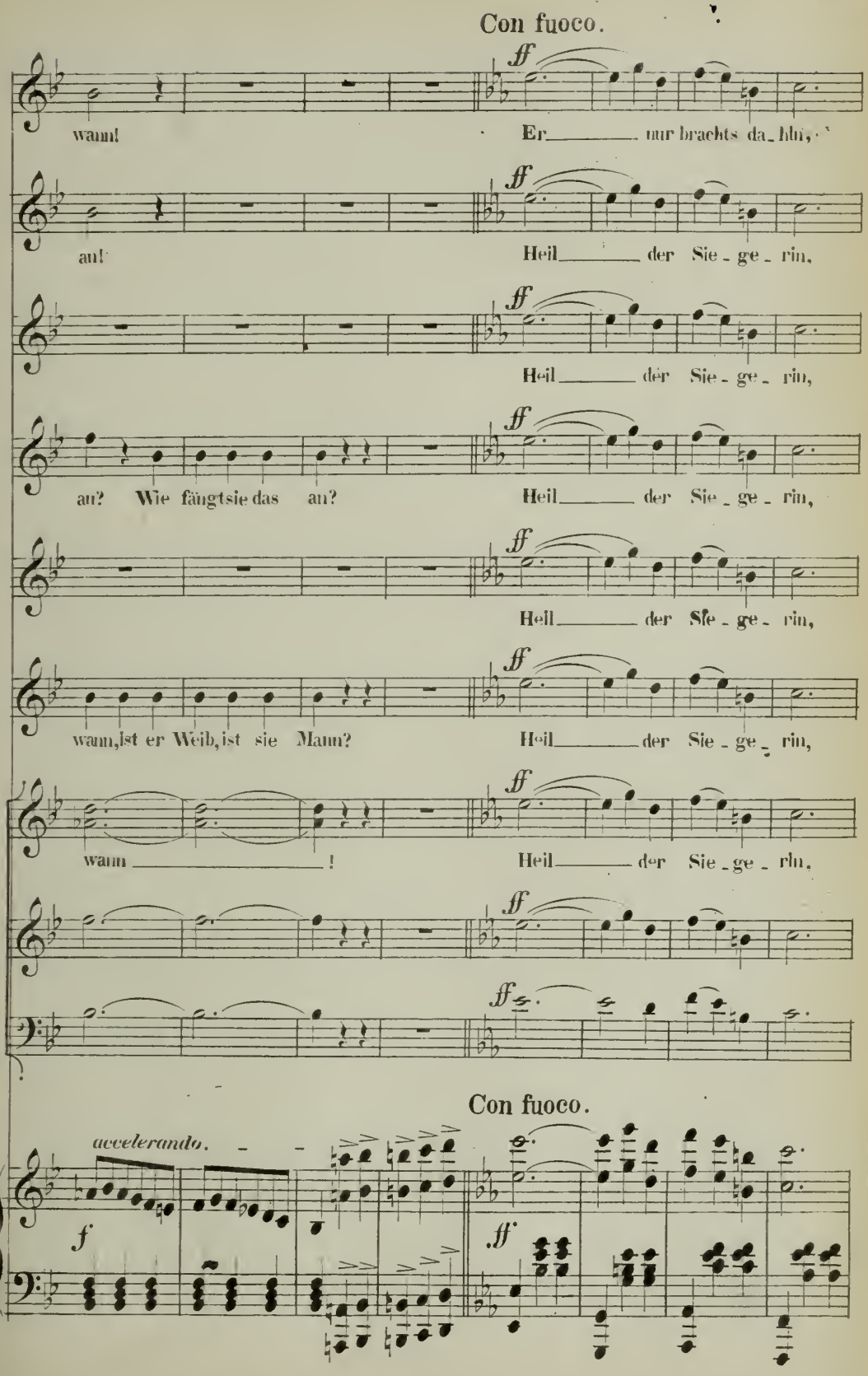

Heil der Kö - ni - gin! Heil der Sie - ge - rin!
Heil der Kö - ni - gin! Heil der Sie - ge - rin!
ff
Marie.
Sie al - lein nur ist Sie - ge - rin, nur sie ist Sie - ge - rin! Da Ihr so char -
Sie al - lein nur ist Sie - ge - rin, nur sie ist Sie - ge - rin!
p
nannt das Spiel für mich ge - wannt, so seid als Ad - ju -
p

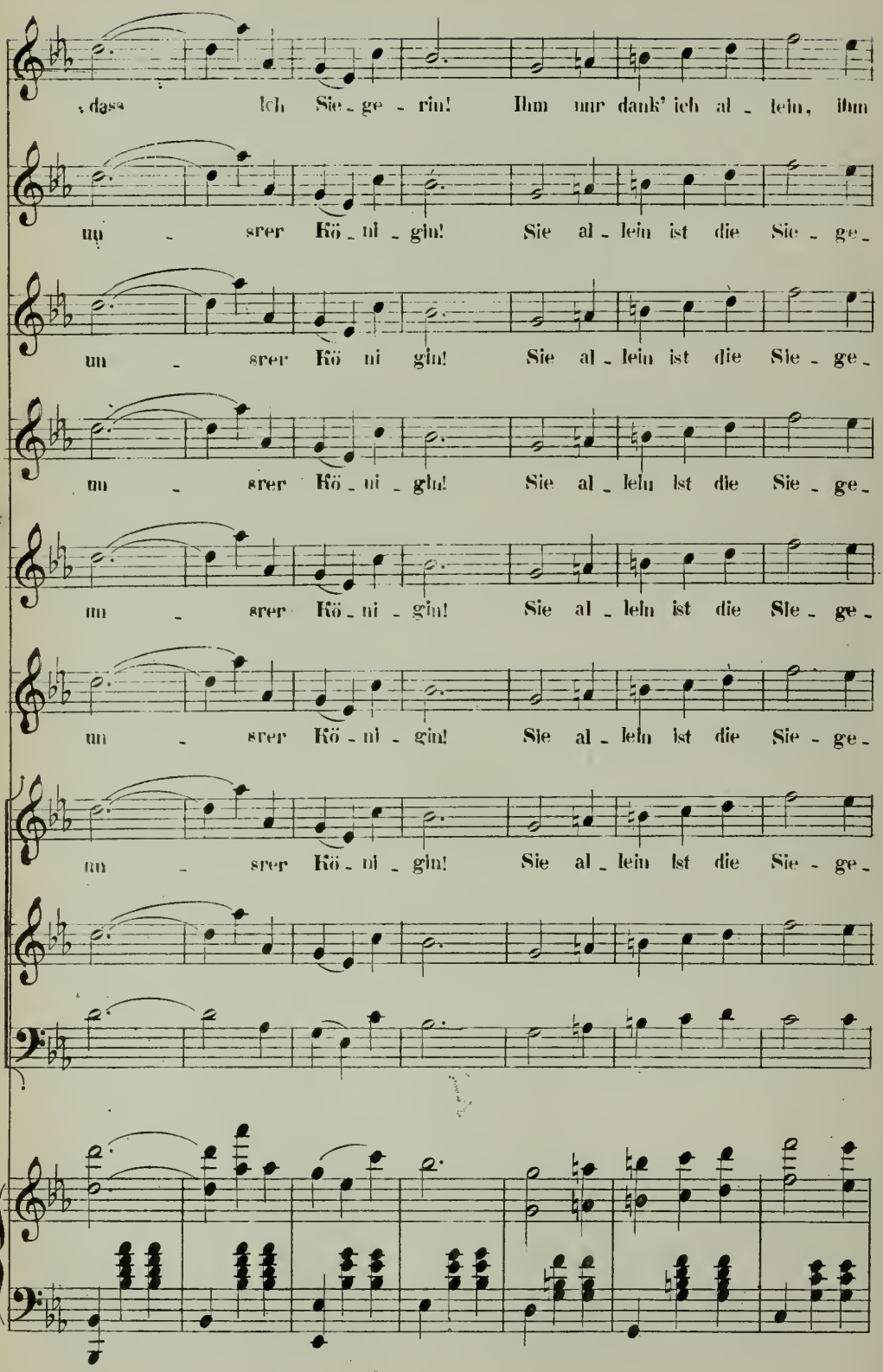

tant von mir da_für er_nannt! Sollt mich zu al_len Zei_ten beim
Reiten be_glei_ten, stets hübsch galant, seid bei der Hand als Ad_ju_tant!

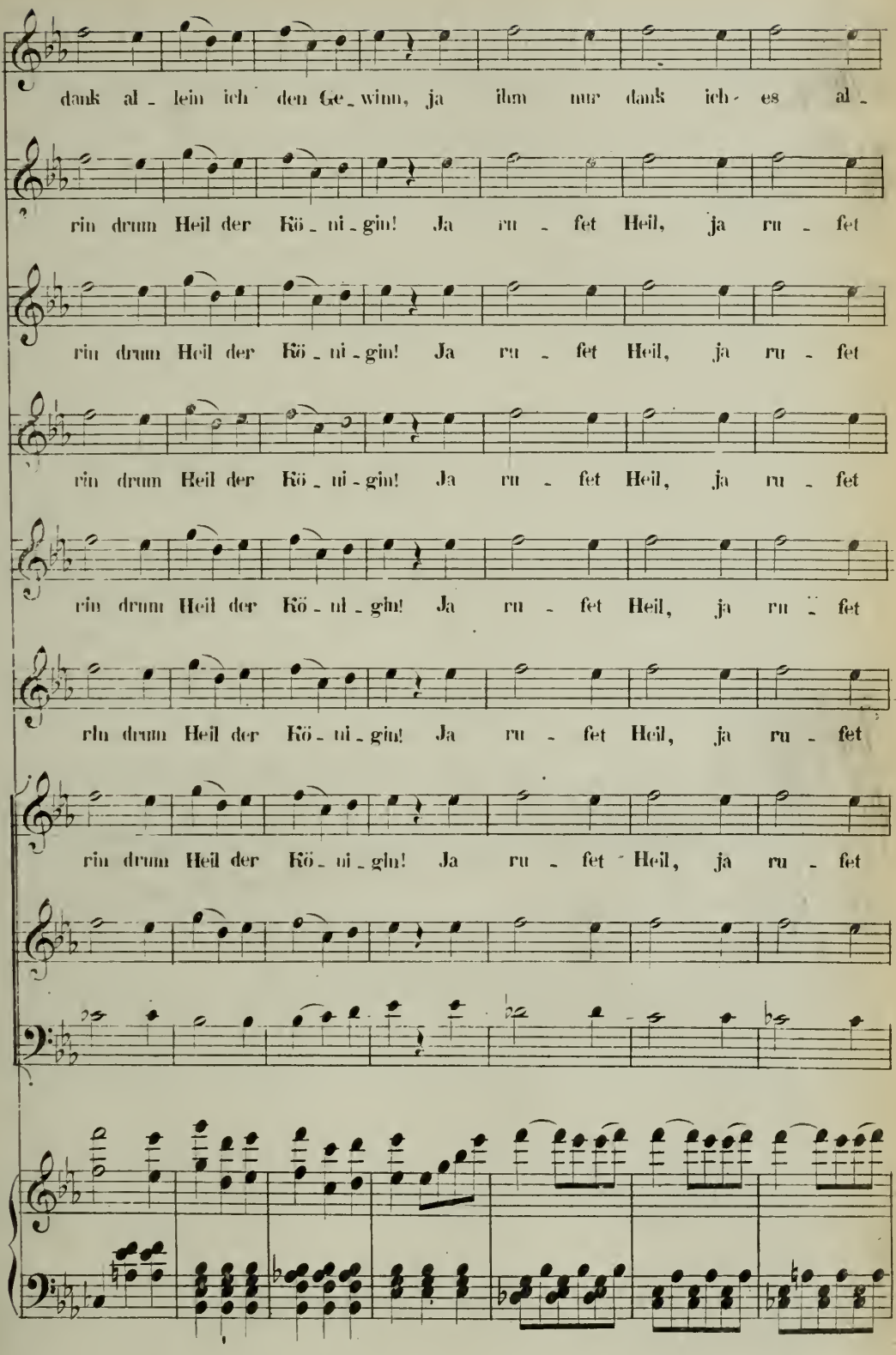

Animato.
Fanchette.
Jetzt soll ich gar beim Rei_ten, die Kö_ni_
Lambert.
Sie soll mit der Kö_ni_gin rei_ten, soll sie ü_ber_
Domingos.
Ha, er wird zu al_len Zei_ten uns_re Kö_ni_
Januario.
Er wird mit der Kön'_gin rei_ten, wird sie ü_ber_
Animato.

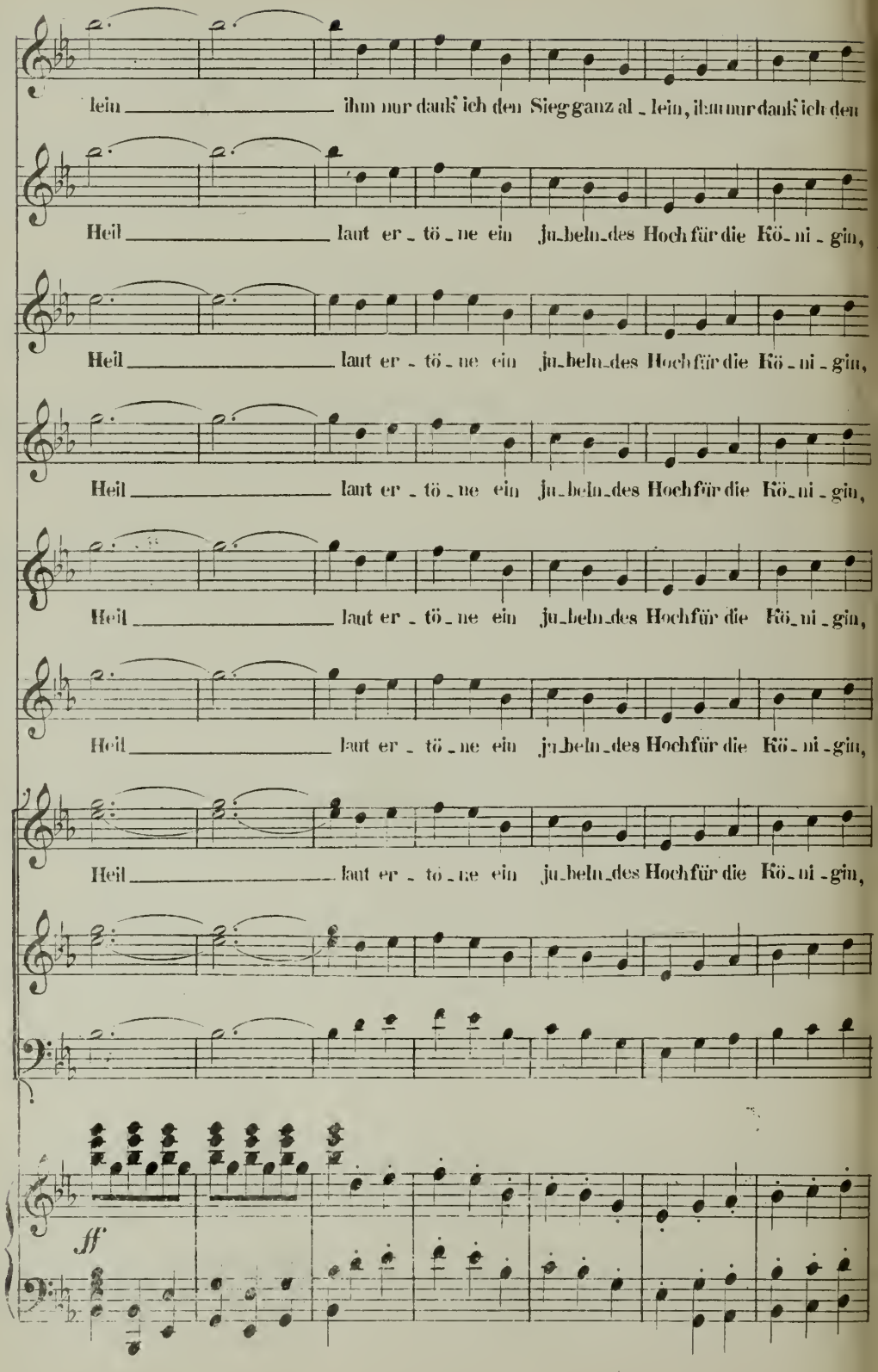

gin be-glei-ten und zwar als Ad-ju-tant, das
all be-glei-ten und so-gar als Ad-ju-tant, das
gin be-glei-ten und so-gar als Ad-ju-tant, das
all be-glei-ten und so-gar als Ad-ju-tant, das
Marie.
Das ist cu-rios!
wird gè-nant! Was ich auch
wird char-mant! Waswird dar-aus wenn sie als
wird gè-nant!
ist char-mant!
Das ist cu-rios, der jun-ge Mann ihr
cres.

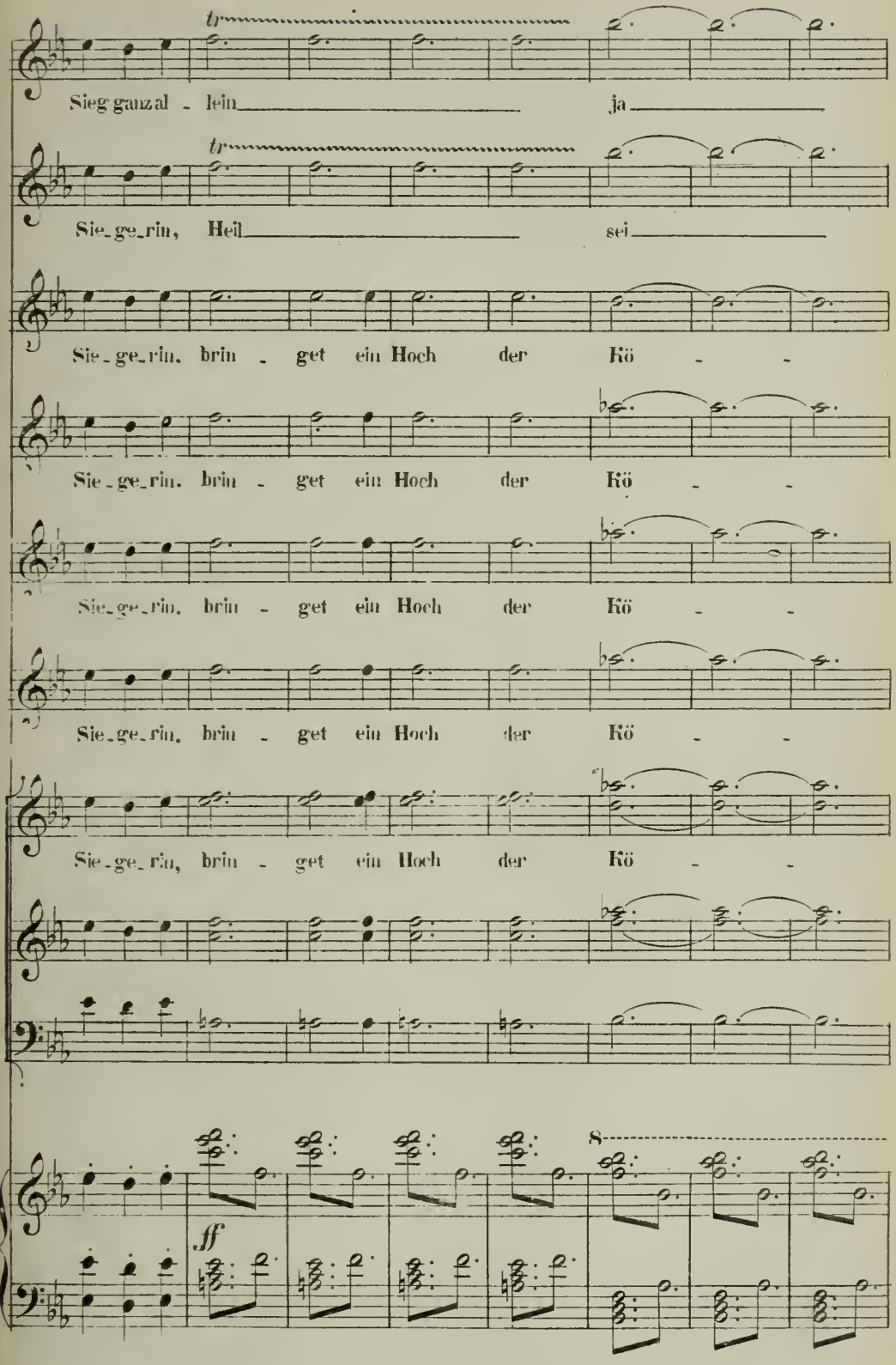

der jun_ge Mann sich durch das Spiel mein Herz ge_wann; mein Herz ge
thu, ich bin kein Mann! Ach wie kann ich los, was fang' ich
Mann jetzt rei_ten soll, wie fängt sie das wohl an? Wie fängt sie's
Ist er ein Weib? Ist sie ein Mann? Er, die mein Herz im Sturm ge_
gan_zes Herz im Spiel ge_wann, ihr gan_zes Herz im Spiel, ge_
poco a poco

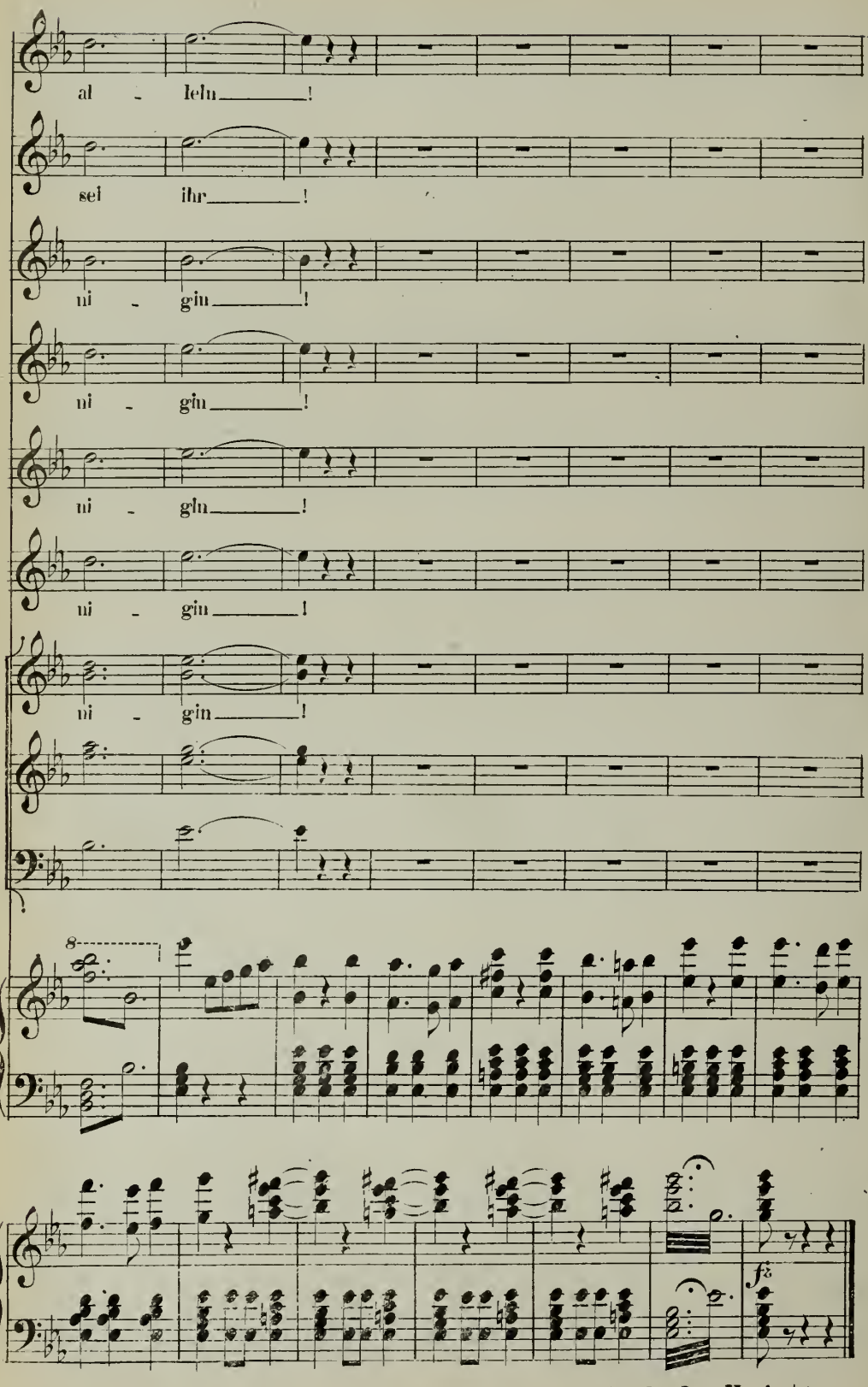

Con fuoco.
ff
wann! Er nur brachts da hin,
an! Heil der Sie ge rin,
Heil der Sie ge rin,
an? Wie fängtsie das an? Heil der Sie ge rin,
Heil der Sie ge rin,
wann,ist er Weib,ist sie Mann? Heil der Sie ge rin,
wann ! Heil der Sie ge rin,
Con fuoco.
accelerando.
f
ff


, dass ich Sie - ge - rin! Ihm nur dank' ich al - lein, ihm
un - srer Kö - ni - gin! Sie al - lein ist die Sie - ge -
un - srer Kö ni gin! Sie al - lein ist die Sie - ge -
un - srer Kö - ni - gin! Sie al - lein ist die Sie - ge -
un - srer Kö - ni - gin! Sie al - lein ist die Sie - ge -
un - srer Kö - ni - gin! Sie al - lein ist die Sie - ge -
un - srer Kö - ni - gin! Sie al - lein ist die Sie - ge -


dank al - lein ich den Ge - winn, ja ihm nur dank ich - es al -
rin drum Heil der Kö - ni - gin! Ja ru - fet Heil, ja ru - fet
rin drum Heil der Kö - ni - gin! Ja ru - fet Heil, ja ru - fet
rin drum Heil der Kö - ni - gin! Ja ru - fet Heil, ja ru - fet
rin drum Heil der Kö - ni - gin! Ja ru - fet Heil, ja ru - fet
rin drum Heil der Kö - ni - gin! Ja ru - fet Heil, ja ru - fet


lein ihm nur dank' ich den Sieg ganz al_lein, ihm nur dank' ich den
Heil laut er_tö_ne ein ju_beln_des Hoch für die Kö_ni_gin,
Heil laut er_tö_ne ein ju_beln_des Hoch für die Kö_ni_gin,
Heil laut er_tö_ne ein ju_beln_des Hoch für die Kö_ni_gin,
Heil laut er_tö_ne ein ju_beln_des Hoch für die Kö_ni_gin,
Heil laut er_tö_ne ein ju_beln_des Hoch für die Kö_ni_gin,
Heil laut er_tö_ne ein ju_beln_des Hoch für die Kö_ni_gin,
ff


tr
Sieg ganz al - lein ja
tr
Sie_ge_rin, Heil sei
Sie_ge_rin, brin - get ein Hoch der Kö - -
Sie_ge_rin, brin - get ein Hoch der Kö - -
Sie_ge_rin, brin - get ein Hoch der Kö - -
Sie_ge_rin, brin - get ein Hoch der Kö - -
8
ff

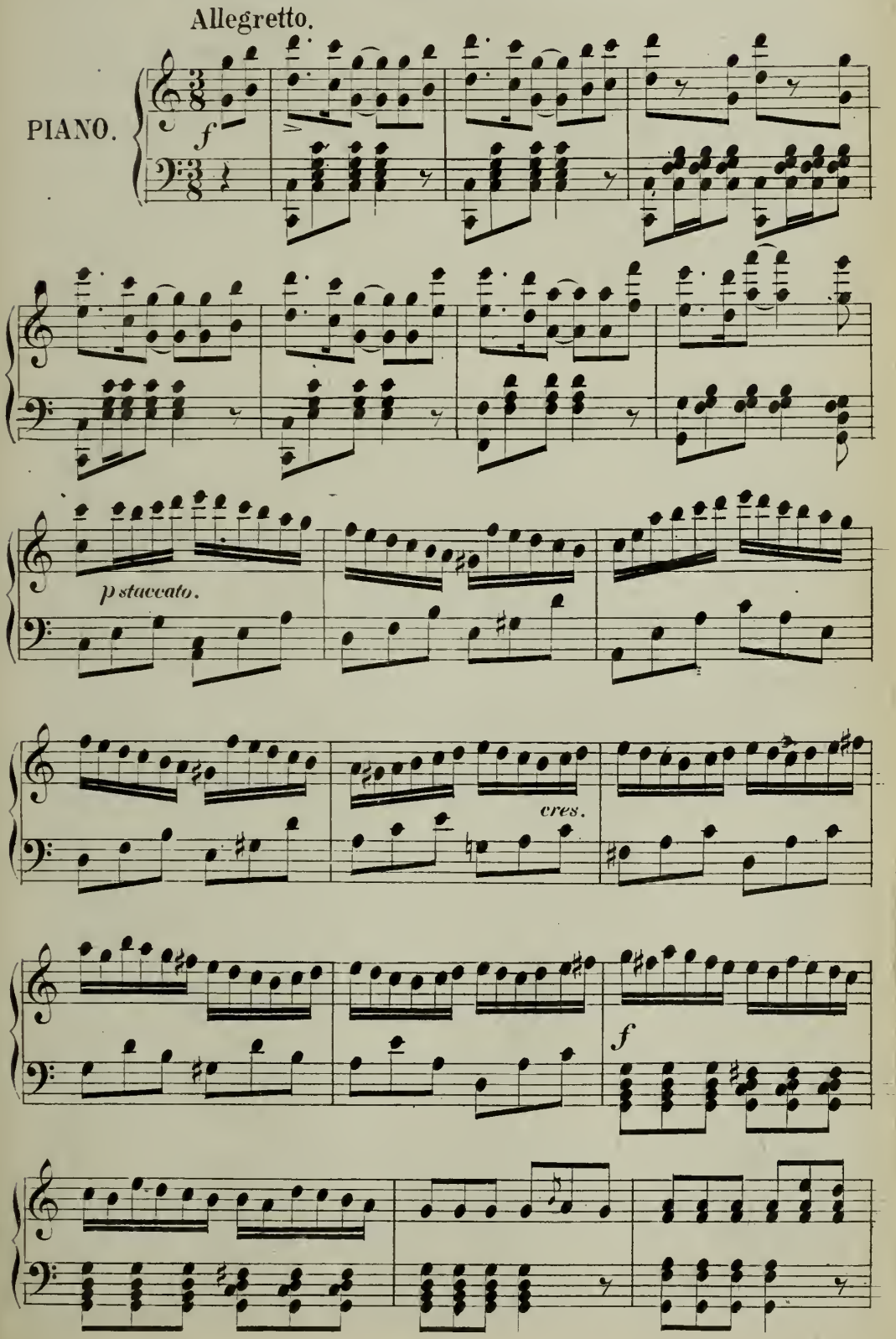


Ende des II. Acts.

III. ACT.

№ 16. Entreact Chor und Ensemble.

Allegretto.



(Fado.)

Chor.

Sopr. Wir Al - le sind da um zu

Tenor. Wir Al - le sind da um zu

Bass.

Wir

f

kla - gen, wie sich die - ser Mau - ri - tio be - tra - gen! Wie der's

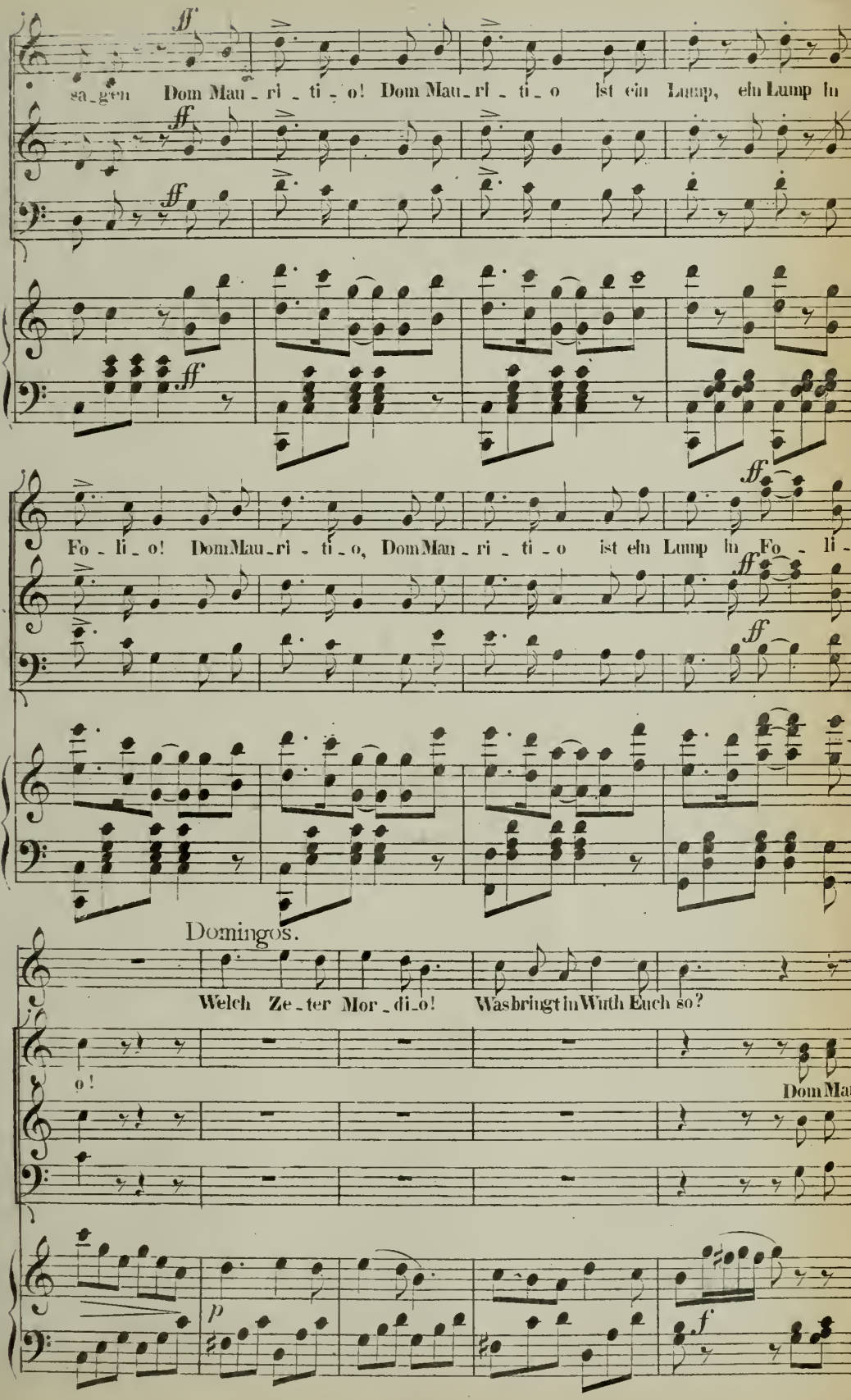
kla - gen, wie sich die - ser Mau - ri - tio be - tra - gen! Wie der's

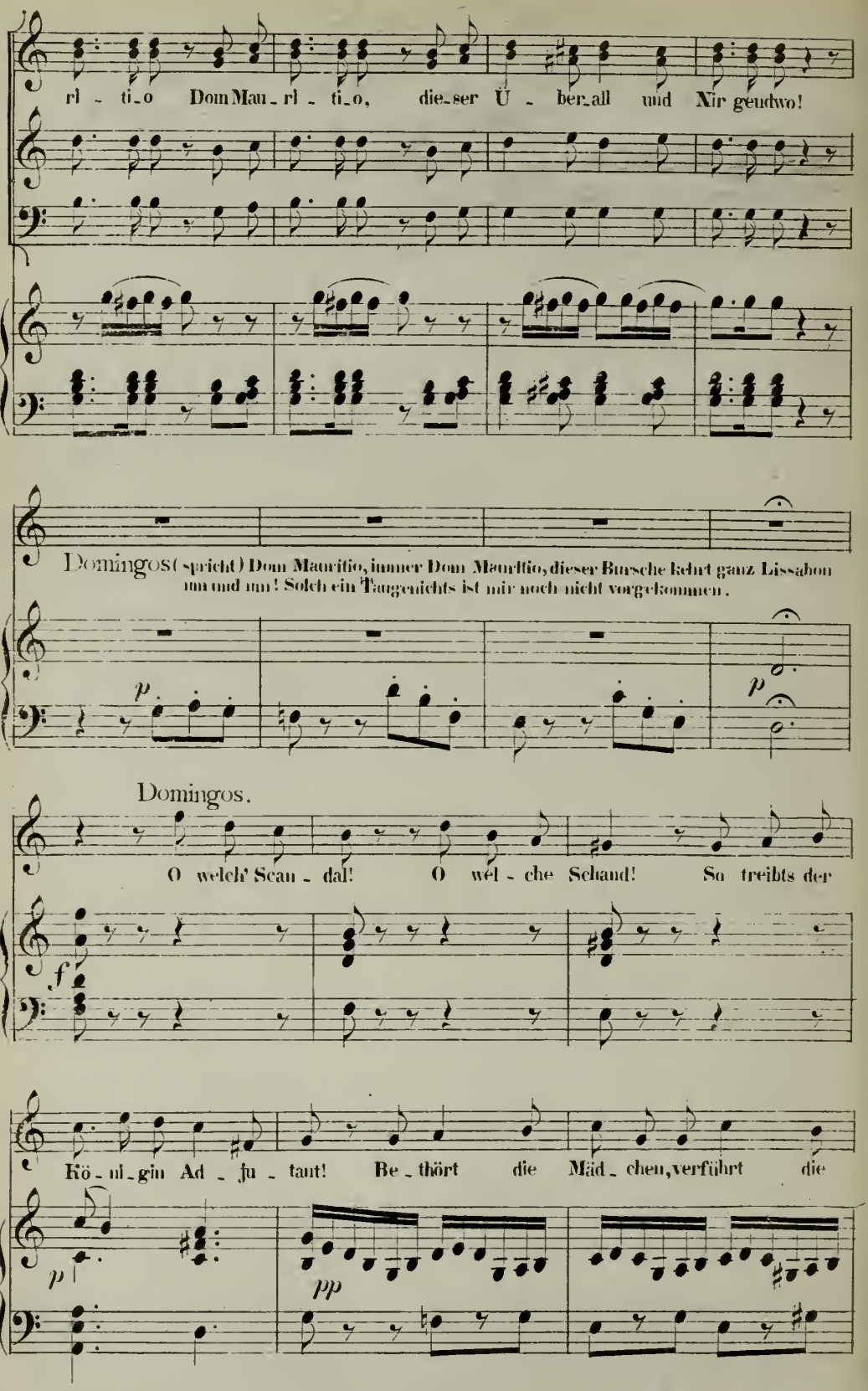
Al - le sind da um zu kla - gen, wie sich die - ser Mau - ri - tio be -

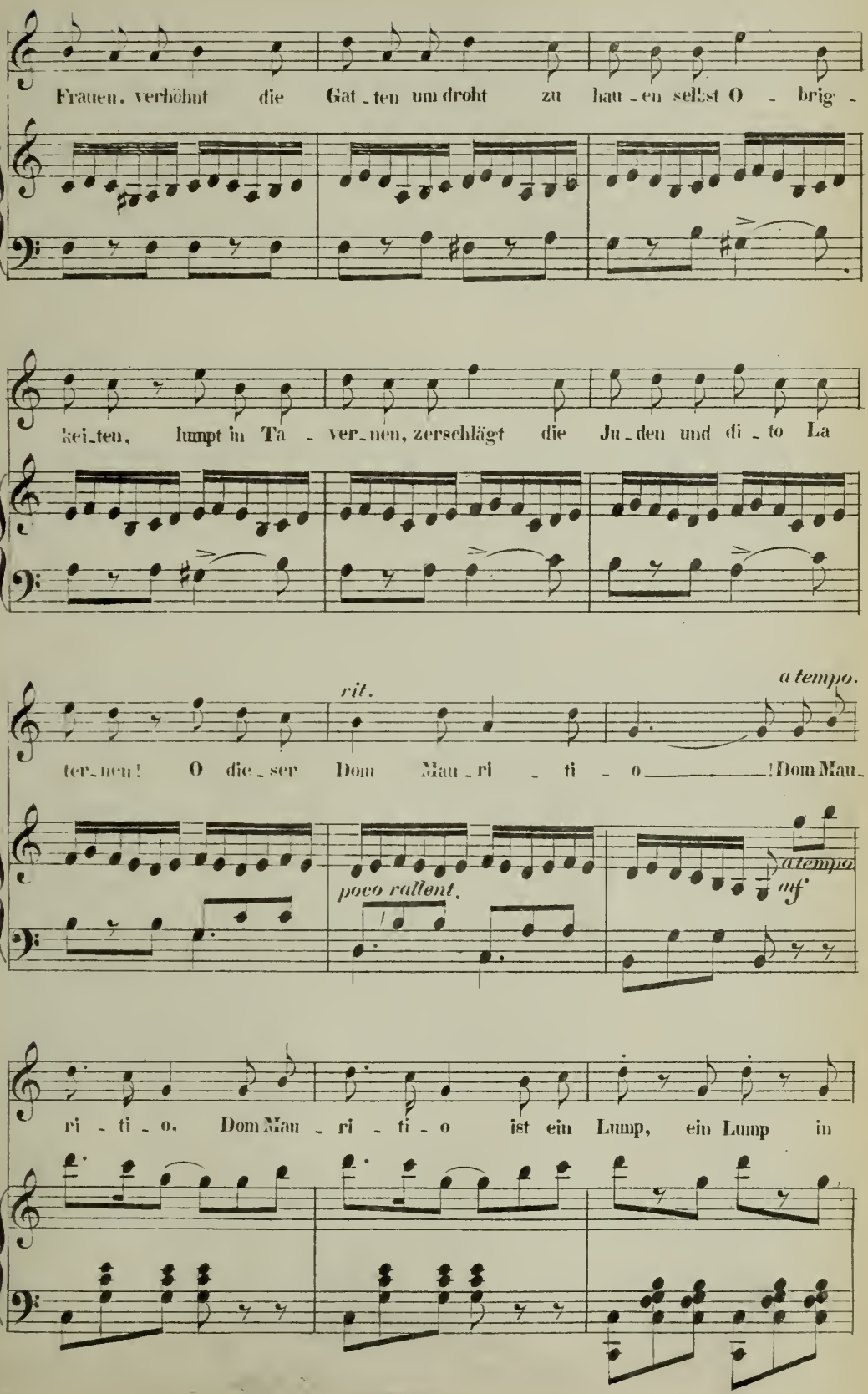
treibt, das ist gar nicht zu sa - gen! Wie der's treibt, das ist gar nicht zu

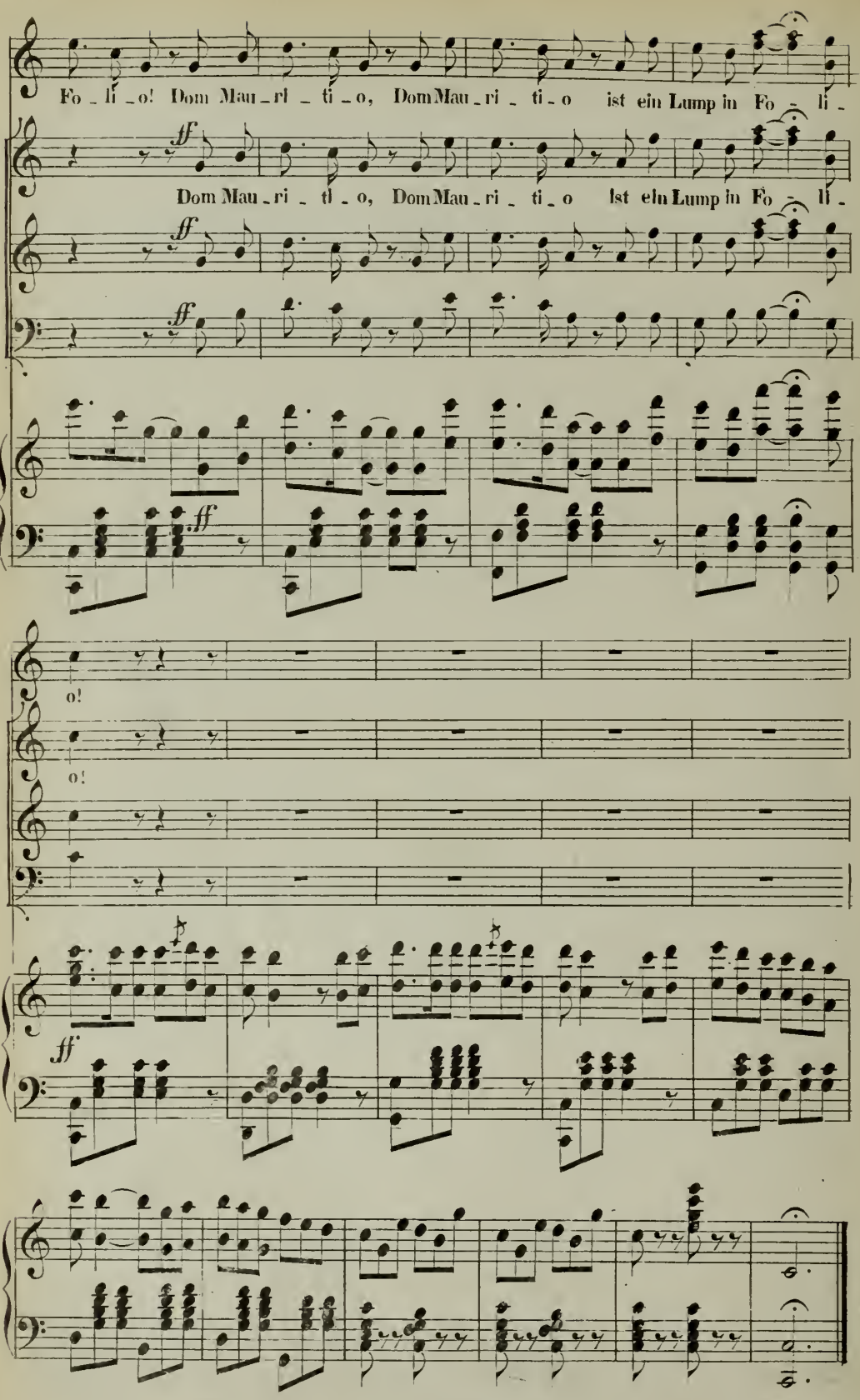
treibt, das ist gar nicht zu sa - gen! Wie der's treibt, das ist gar nicht zu

tra - gen! Ist nicht zu sa - gen, nein, nein, nein, das ist gar nicht zu

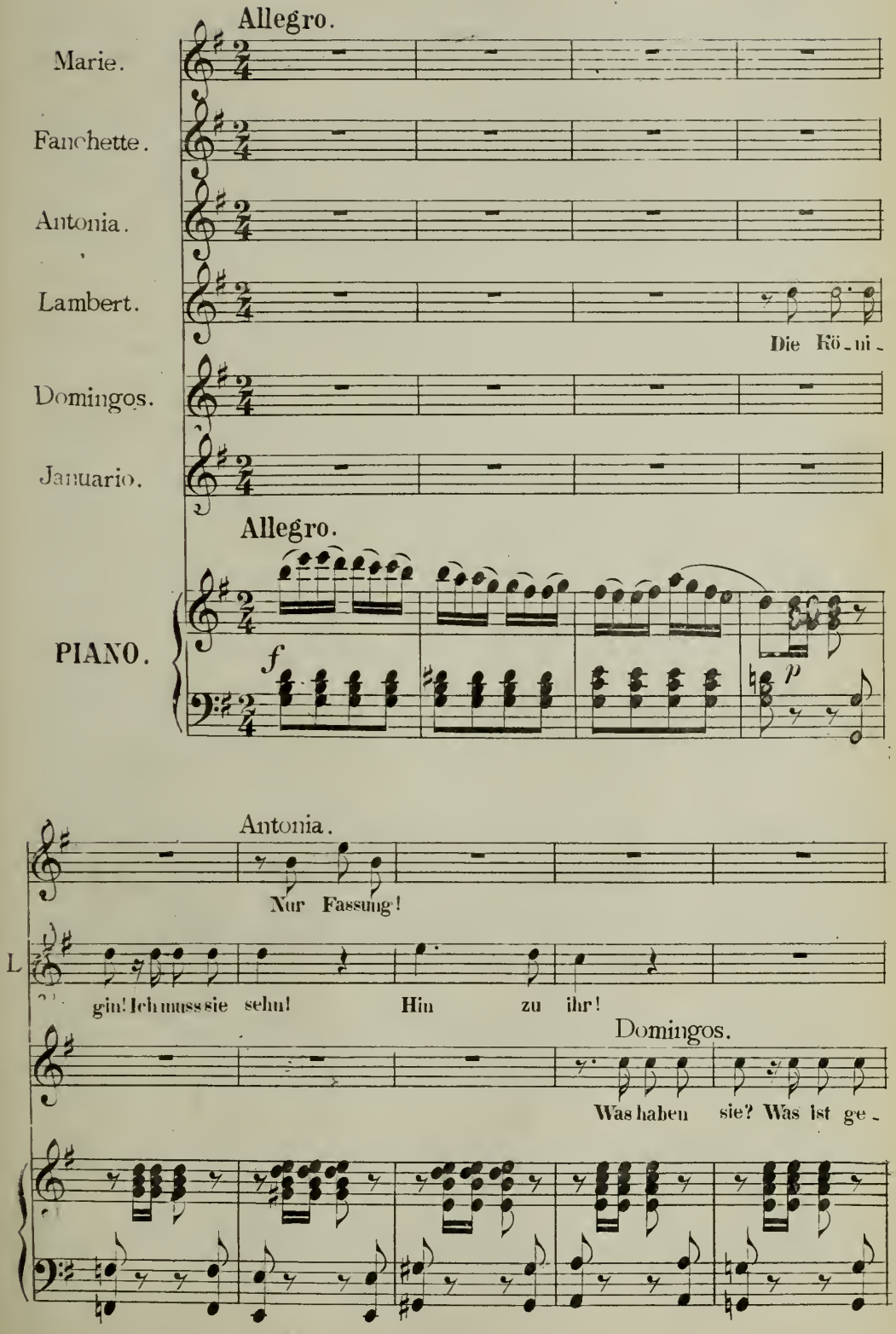

sa_gen Dom Mau_ri_ti_o! Dom Mau_ri_ti_o ist ein Lump, ein Lump in
Fo_li_o! DomMau_ri_ti_o, DomMau_ri_ti_o ist ein Lump in Fo_li_
Domingos.
Welch Ze_ter Mor_di_o! Was bringt in Wuth Euch so?
o!
DomMa

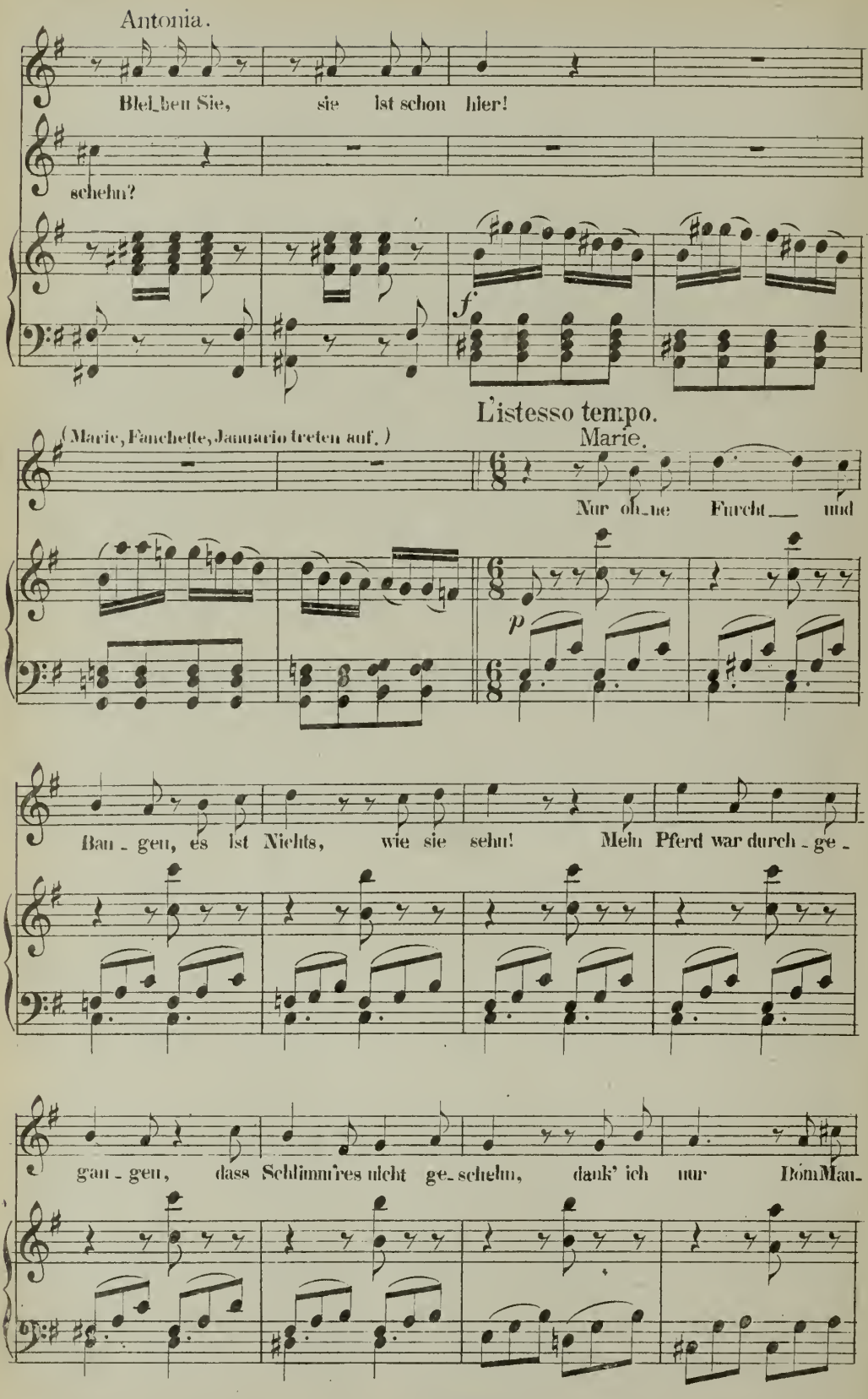

ri - ti_o Dom Mau_ri - ti_o, die_ser Ü - ber_all und Nir gendwo!
Domingos (spricht) Dom Mauritio, immer Dom Mauritio, dieser Bursche kehrt ganz Lissabon um und um! Solch ein Taugenichts ist mir noch nicht vorgekommen.
p
p
Domingos.
O welch' Scan - dal! O wel - che Schand! So treibts der
f
Kö - ni_gin Ad - ju - tant! Be_thört die Mäd_chen, verführt die
p
pp

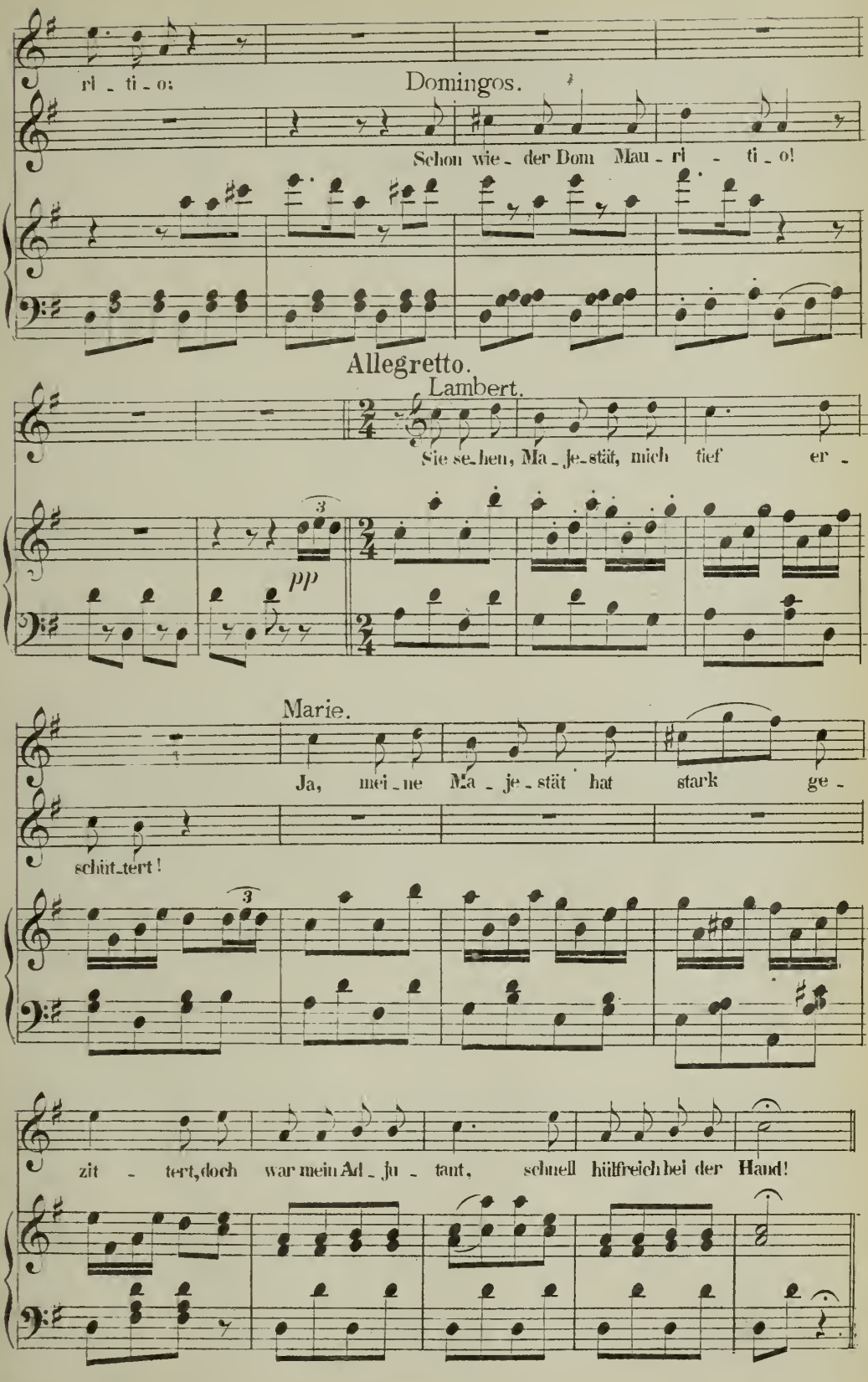

Frauen, verhöhnt die Gat-ten um droht zu hau-en selbst O-brig-
kei-ten, lumpt in Ta-ver-nen, zerschlägt die Ju-den und di-to La
rit.
a tempo.
ter-nen! O die-ser Dom Mau-ri-ti-o ! Dom Mau-
poco rallent.
a tempo
mf
ri-ti-o, Dom Mau-ri-ti-o ist ein Lump, ein Lump in

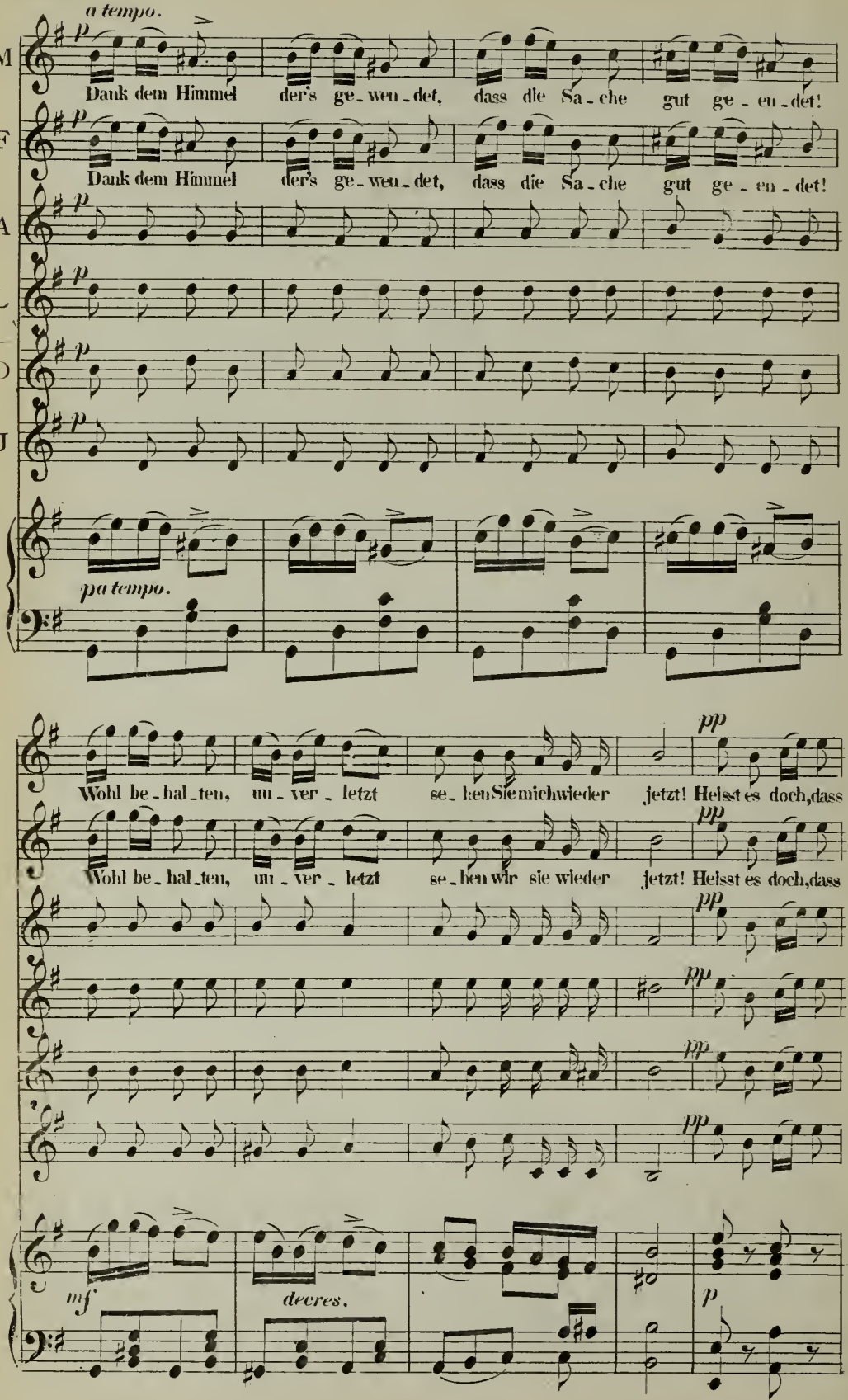

Fo - li - o! Dom Mau - ri - ti - o, Dom Mau - ri - ti - o ist ein Lump in Fo - li -
Dom Mau - ri - ti - o, Dom Mau - ri - ti - o ist ein Lump in Fo - li -
ff
o!
o!

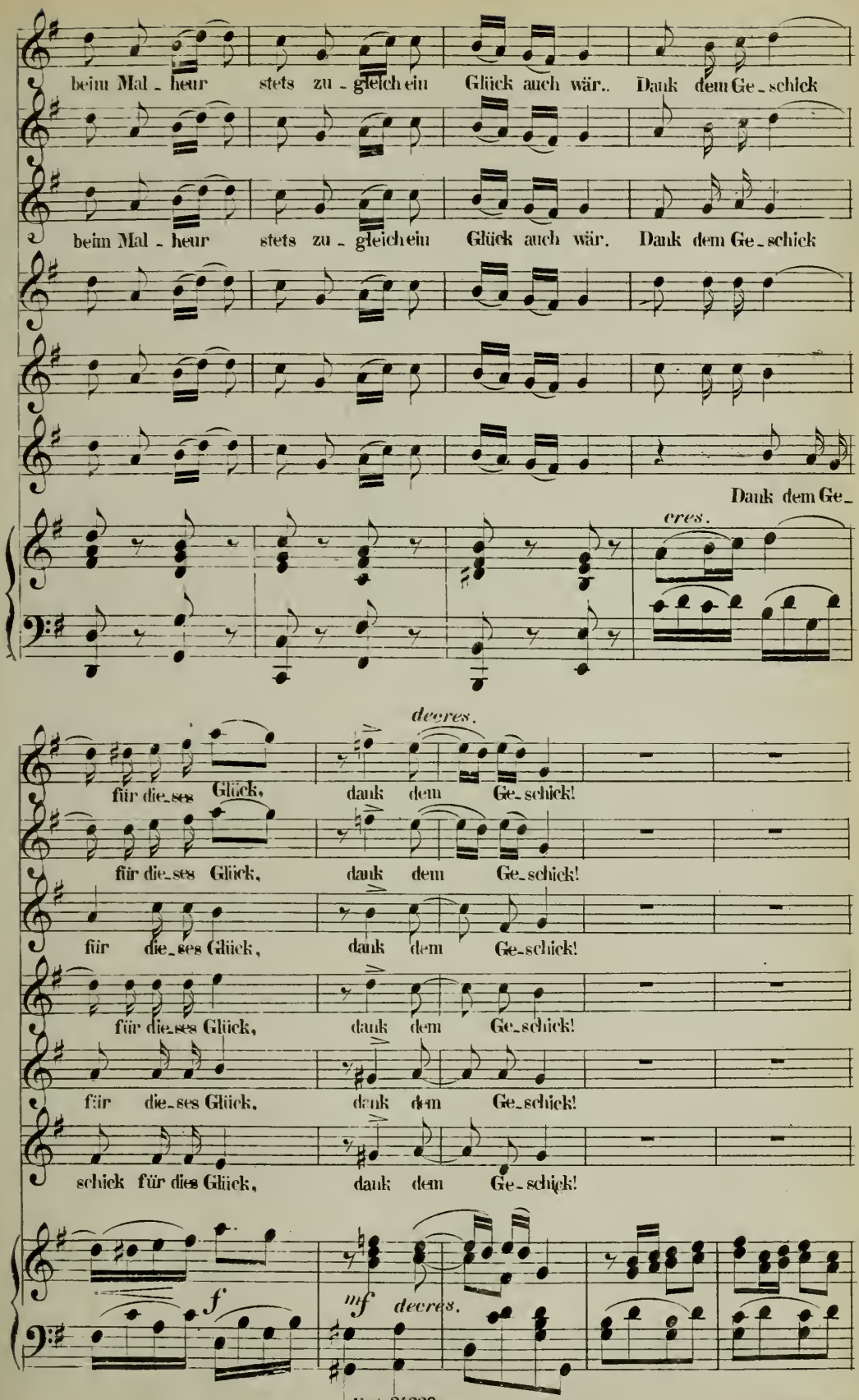
№ 17. Sextett.

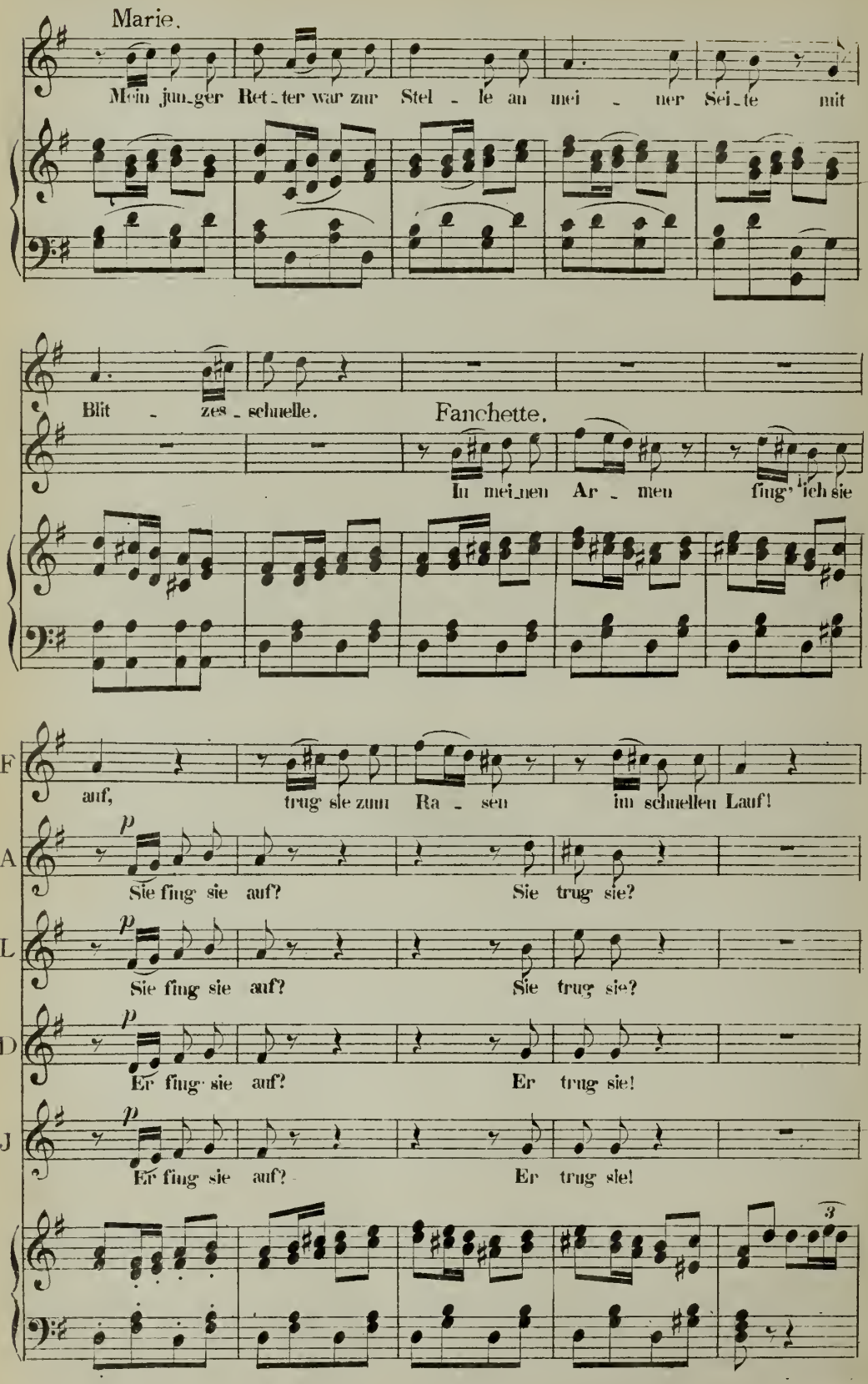

Allegro.
Marie.
Fanchette.
Antonia.
Lambert.
Die Kö - ni -
Domingos.
Januario.
Allegro.
PIANO.
f
p
Antonia.
Nur Fassung!
L
gin! Ich muss sie sehn! Hin zu ihr!
Domingos.
Was haben sie? Was ist ge -

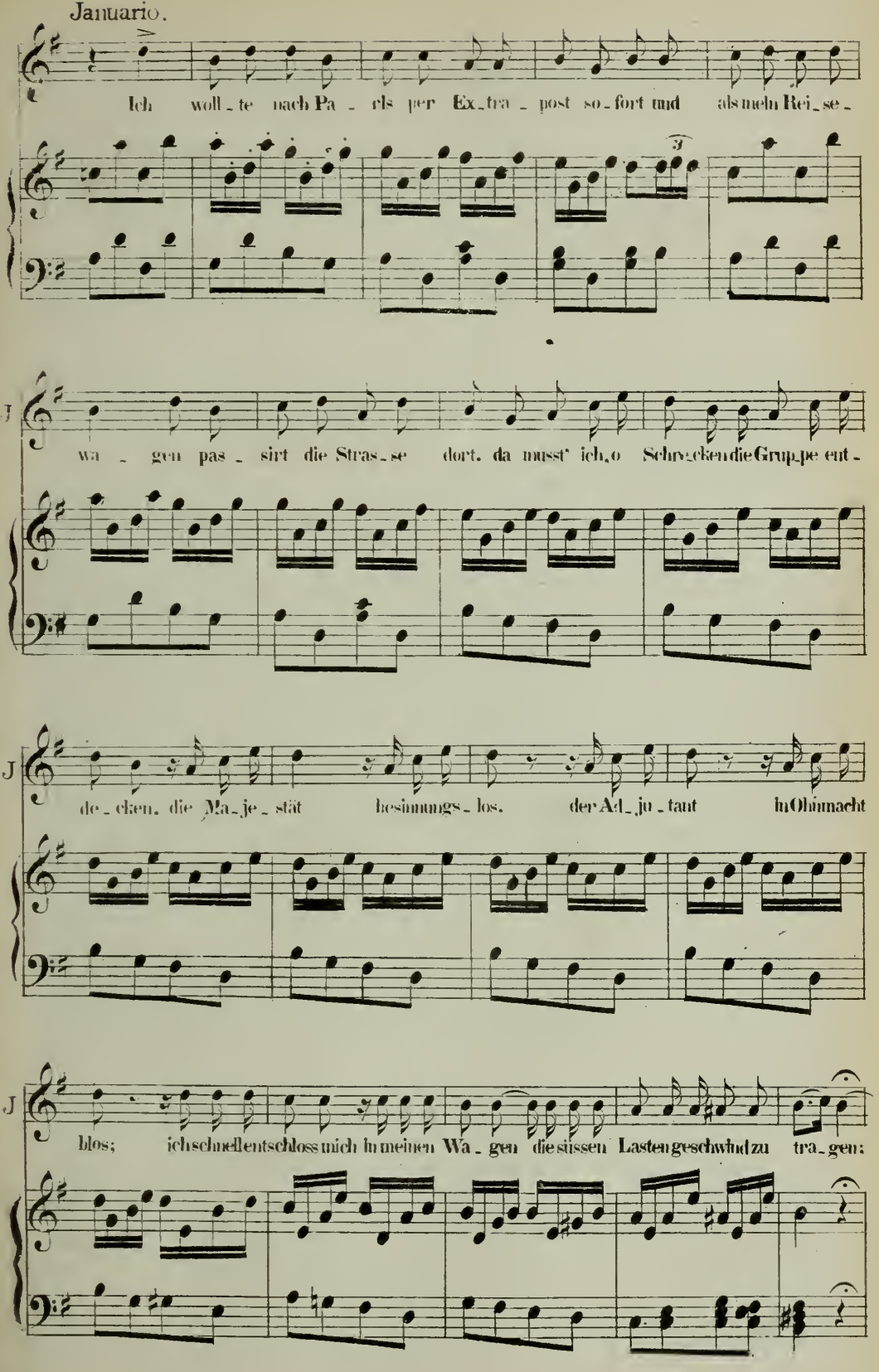

Antonia.
Blei_ben Sie, sie ist schon hier!
schein?
f
L'istesso tempo.
(Marie, Fanchette, Jannario treten auf.)
Marie.
Nur oh_ne Furcht und
p
Ban_gen, es ist Nichts, wie sie scheint! Mein Pferd war durch_ge_
gan_gen, dass Schlimm'res nicht ge_schehn, dank' ich nur Dom Man_

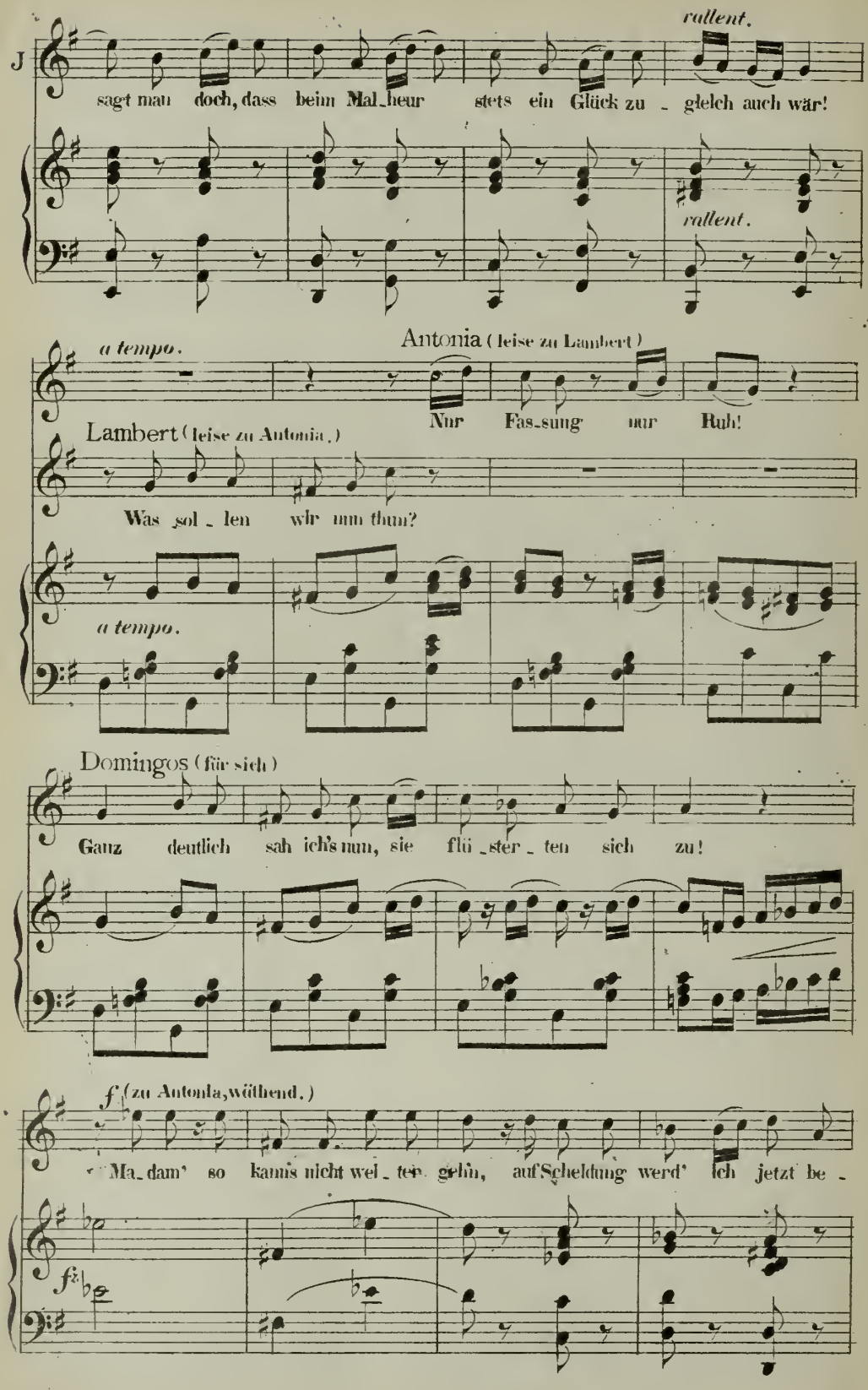

ri - ti - o!
Domingos.
Schon wie - der Dom Mau - ri - ti - o!
Allegretto.
Lambert.
Sie se-hen, Ma - je-stät, mich tief er -
pp
Marie.
Ja, mei - ne Ma - je - stät hat stark ge -
schüt-tert!
zit - tert, doch war mein Ad - ju - tant, schnell hülfreich bei der Hand!

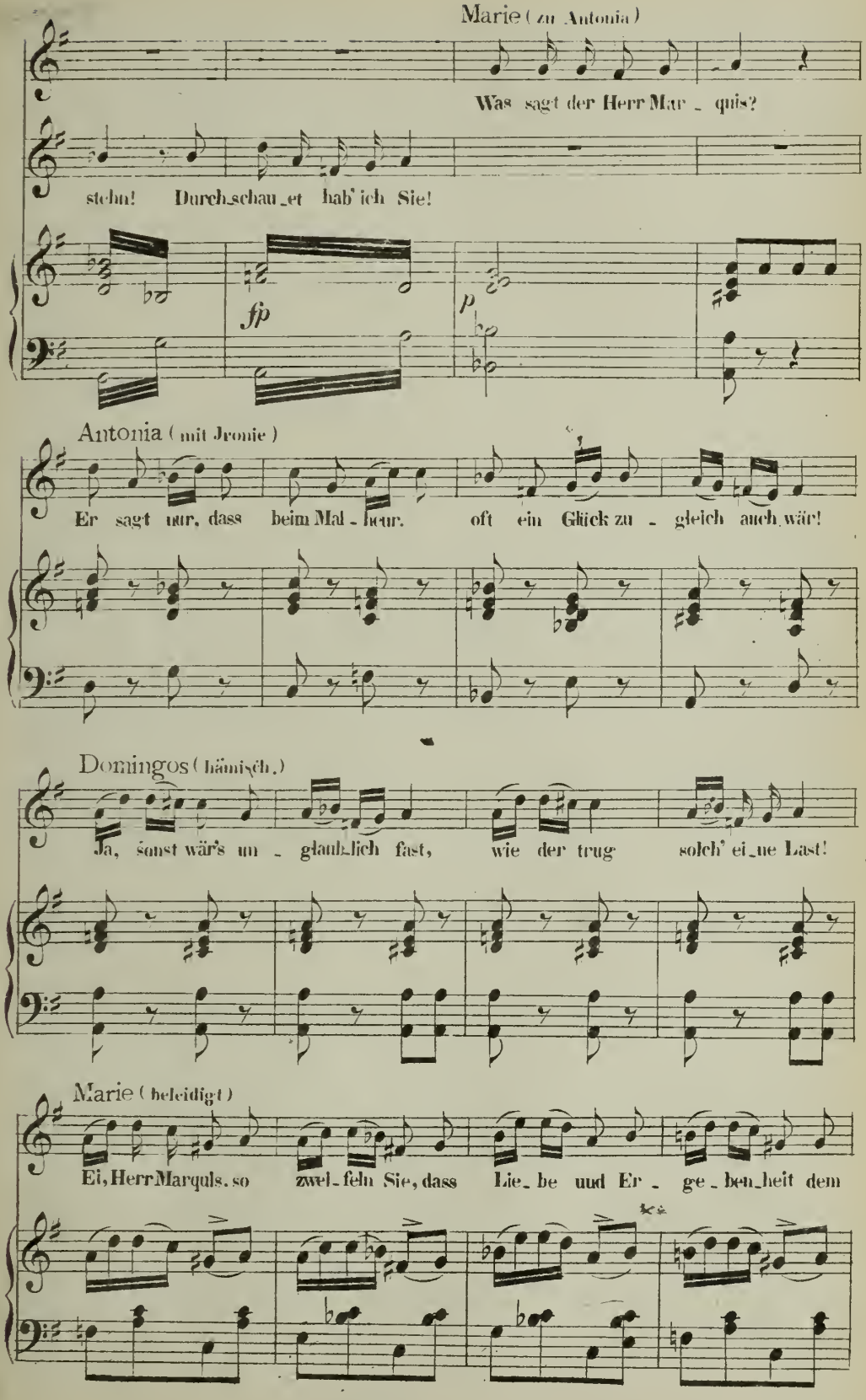

a tempo.
M
F
A
L
D
J
Dank dem Himmel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det!
Dank dem Himmel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det!
pa tempo.
Wohl be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt se_hen Sie mich wieder jetzt! Heisst es doch, dass
Wohl be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt se_hen wir sie wieder jetzt! Heisst es doch, dass
pp
mf
decres.
p

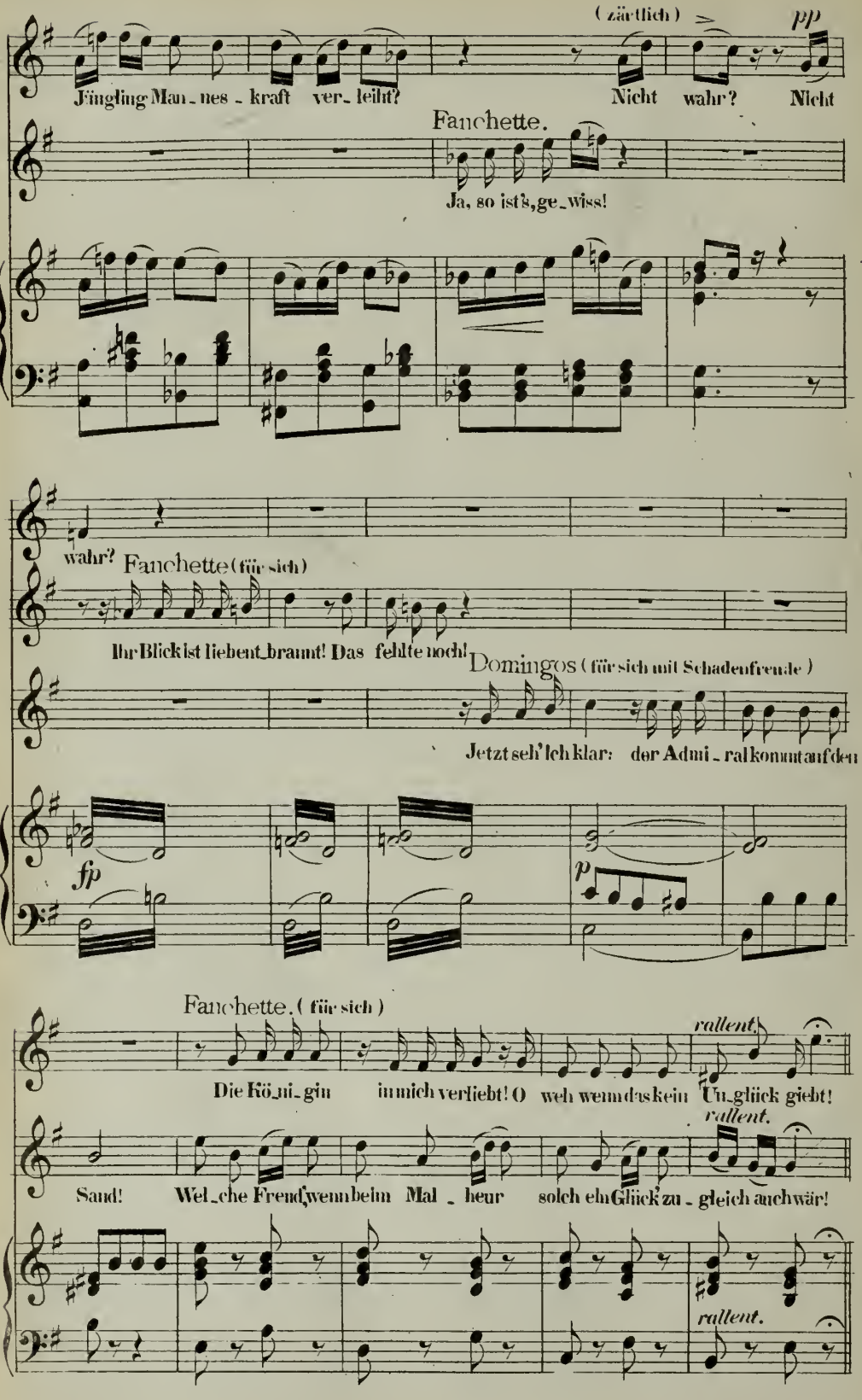

beim Mal - heur stets zu - gleich ein Glück auch wär.. Dank dem Ge - schick
beim Mal - heur stets zu - gleich ein Glück auch wär. Dank dem Ge - schick
Dank dem Ge -
cres.
decres.
für die - ses Glück, dank dem Ge - schick!
für die - ses Glück, dank dem Ge - schick!
für die - ses Glück, dank dem Ge - schick!
für die - ses Glück, dank dem Ge - schick!
für die - ses Glück, dank dem Ge - schick!
schick für dies Glück, dank dem Ge - schick!
f
mf
decres.

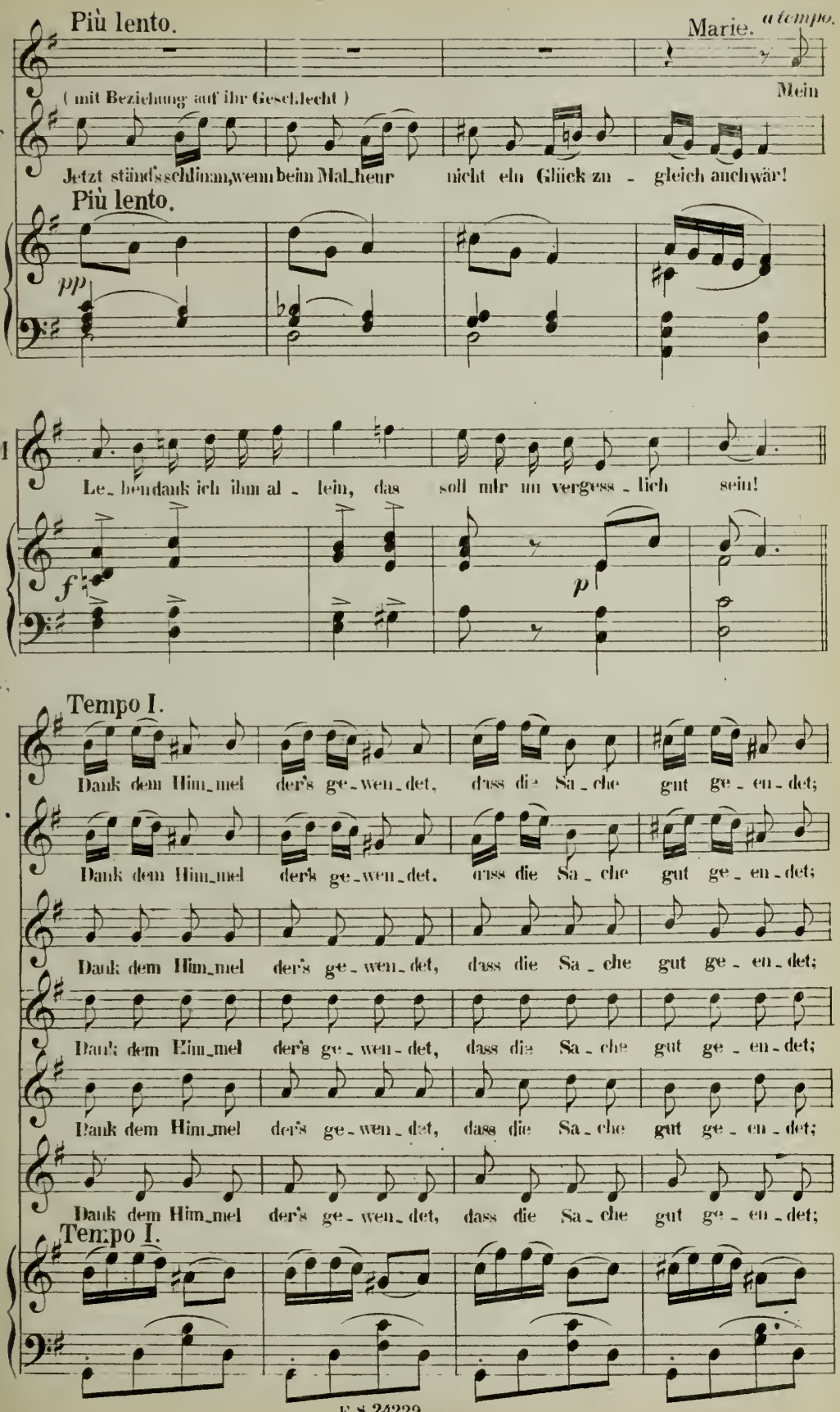

Marie.
Mein jun_ger Ret_ter war zur Stel_le an mei_ner Sei_te mit
Blit_zes_schnelle.
Fanchette.
In mei_nen Ar_men fing' ich sie
F
auf, trug sie zum Ra_sen im schnellen Lauf!
A
p
Sie fing sie auf? Sie trug sie?
L
p
Sie fing sie auf? Sie trug sie?
D
p
Er fing sie auf? Er trug sie!
J
p
Er fing sie auf? Er trug sie!
3

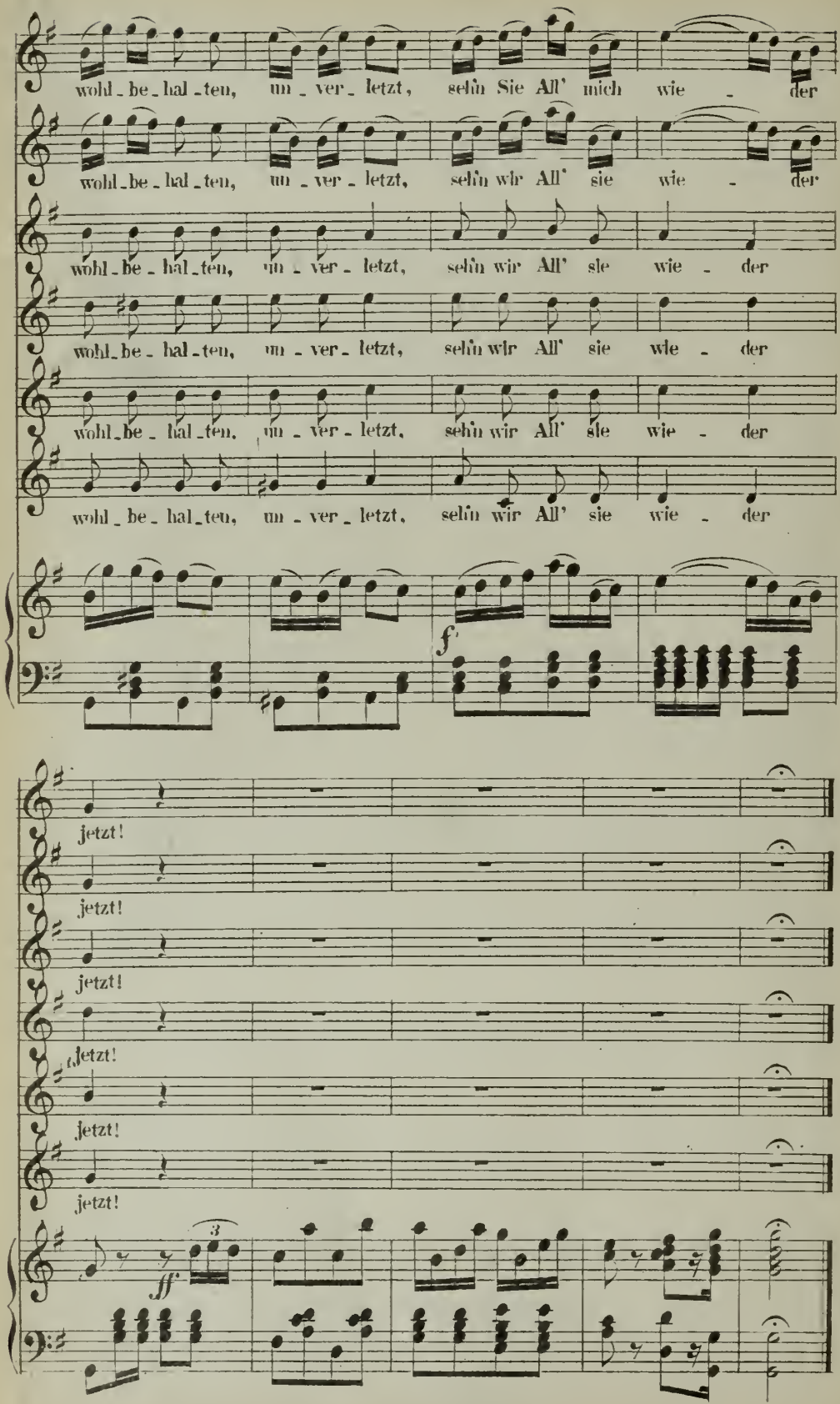

Januario.
Ich woll_te nach Pa_ris per Ex_tra_post so_fort und als mein Rei_se_
wa_gen pas_sirt die Stras_se dort. da musst' ich, o Schre_cken die Grup_pe ent_
de_cken. die Ma_je_stät besinnungs_los. der Ad_ju_tant in Ohnmacht
blos; ich schnell entschloss mich in meinen Wa_gen die süssen Lasten geschwind zu tra_gen:


rallent.
sagt man doch, dass beim Mal_heur stets ein Glück zu _ gleich auch wär!
rallent.
a tempo.
Antonia (leise zu Lambert)
Nur Fas_sung nur Ruh!
Lambert (leise zu Antonia.)
Was sol _ len wir nun thun?
a tempo.
Domingos (für sich)
Ganz deutlich sah ich's nun, sie flü _ ster _ ten sich zu!
f (zu Antonia, wüthend.)
Ma_dam' so kann's nicht wei _ ter gehn, auf Scheidung werd' ich jetzt be _
fz

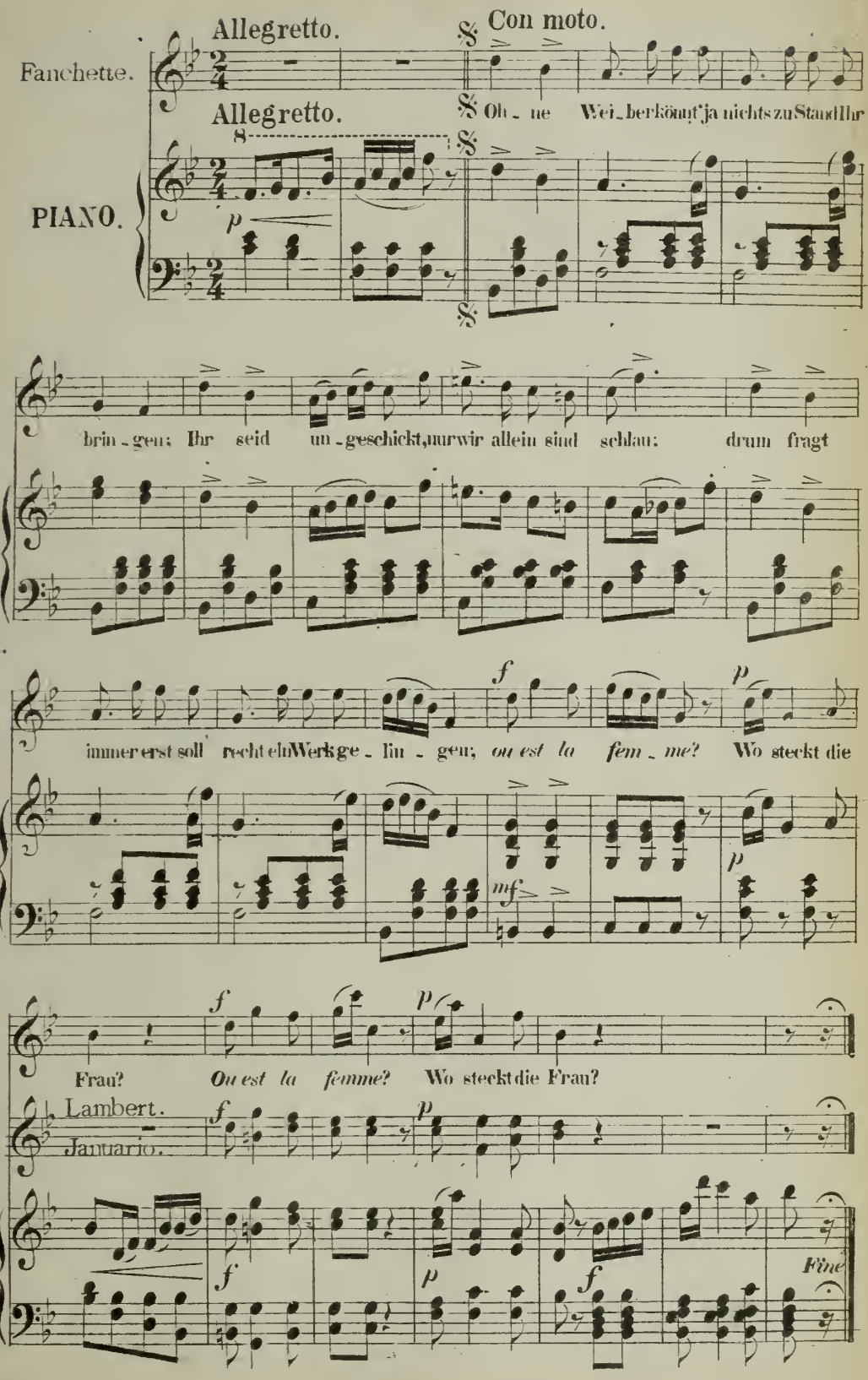

Marie (zu Antonia)
Was sagt der Herr Mar - quis?
stehn! Durch-schau-et hab' ich Sie!
fp
p
Antonia (mit Ironie)
Er sagt nur, dass beim Mal - heur. oft ein Glück zu - gleich auch wär!
Domingos (hämisch.)
Ja, sonst wär's un - glaub-lich fast, wie der trug solch' ei-ne Last!
Marie (beleidigt)
Ei, Herr Marquis, so zwei-feln Sie, dass Lie-be und Er - ge-ben-heit dem


(zärtlich)
pp
Jüngling Man_nes_kraft ver_leiht? Nicht wahr? Nicht
Fanchette.
Ja, so ist's, ge_wiss!
wahr?
Fanchette (für sich)
Ihr Blick ist liebentbrannt! Das fehlte noch!
Domingos (für sich mit Schadenfreude)
Jetzt seh' ich klar: der Admi_ral kommt auf den
fp
p
Fanchette. (für sich)
rallent.
Die Kö_ni_gin in mich verliebt! O weh wenn das kein Un_glück giebt!
rallent.
Sand! Wel_che Freud, wenn beim Mal_heur solch ein Glück zu_gleich auch wär!
rallent.


Più lento.
Marie.
a tempo.
(mit Beziehung auf ihr Geschlecht)
Mein
F
Jetzt ständ's schlimm, wenn beim Mal_heur nicht ein Glück zu - gleich auch wär!
Più lento.
pp
M
Le_ben dank ich ihm al - lein, das soll mir un vergess_lich sein!
f
p
Tempo I.
Dank dem Him_mel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det;
Dank dem Him_mel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det;
Dank dem Him_mel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det;
Dank dem Him_mel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det;
Dank dem Him_mel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det;
Dank dem Him_mel der's ge_wen_det, dass die Sa_che gut ge_en_det;
Tempo I.

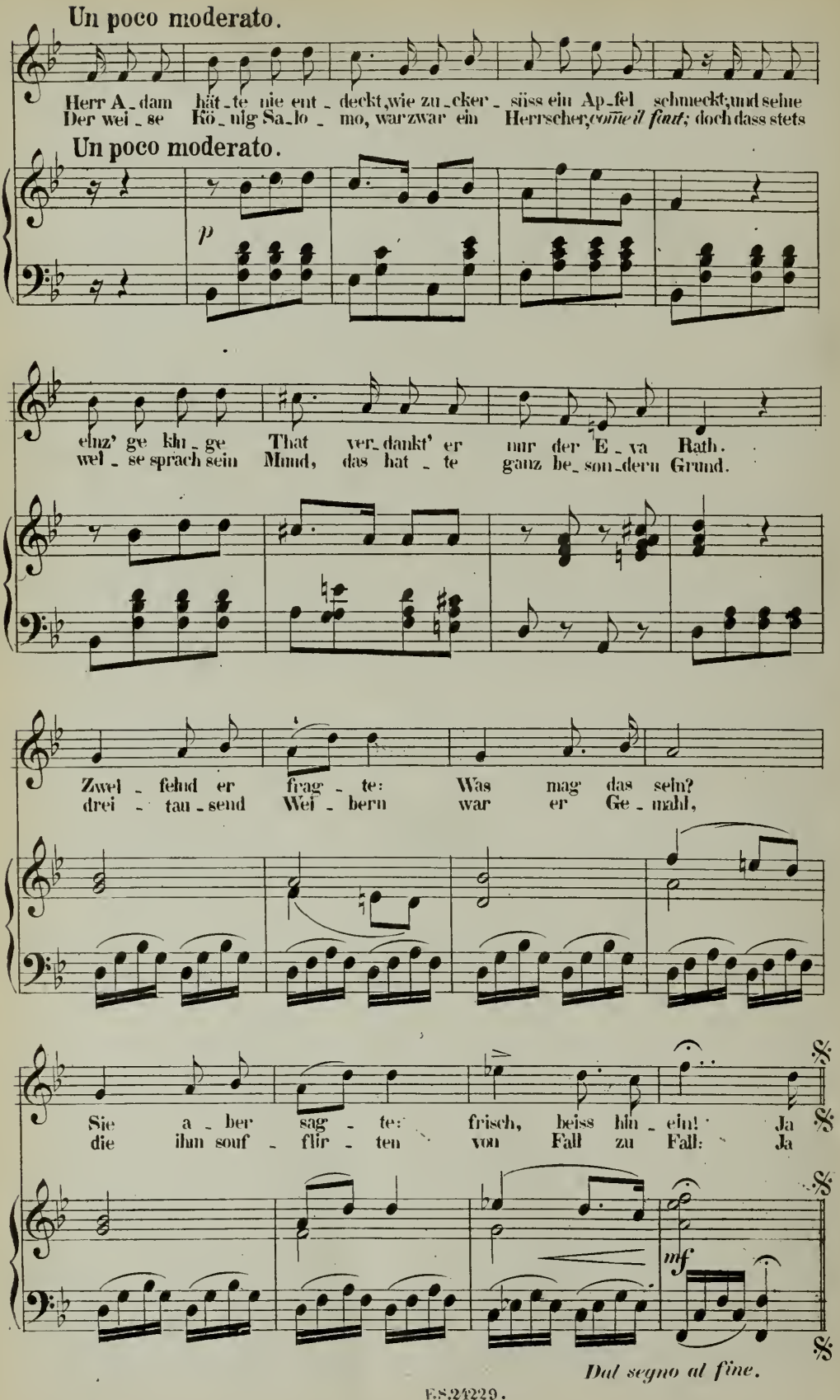

wohl_be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt, sehn Sie All' mich wie_der
wohl_be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt, sehn wir All' sie wie_der
wohl_be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt, sehn wir All' sie wie_der
wohl_be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt, sehn wir All' sie wie_der
wohl_be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt, sehn wir All' sie wie_der
wohl_be_hal_ten, un_ver_letzt, sehn wir All' sie wie_der
f
jetzt!
jetzt!
jetzt!
jetzt!
jetzt!
jetzt!
ff
3

№ 18. Couplets.


Allegretto.
Con moto.
Fanchette.
Allegretto.
Oh - ne Wei - ber könnt' ja nichts zu Stand Ihr
PIANO.
p
brin - gen; Ihr seid un - geschickt, nur wir allein sind schlau: drum fragt
f
p
immer erst soll recht ein Werk ge - lin - gen; *ou est la fem - me?* Wo steckt die
mf
p
f
p
Frau? *Ou est la femme?* Wo steckt die Frau?
Lambert.
Januario.
f
p
f
p
f
Fine

Un poco moderato.

Herr A_dam hät_te nie ent_deckt, wie zu_cker_süss ein Ap_fel schmeckt; und seine
Der wei_se Kö_nig Sa_lo_mo, war zwar ein Herrscher, *come il faut;* doch dass stets



Un poco moderato.

p

einz' ge klu_ge That ver_dankt' er nur der E_va Rath.
wei_se sprach sein Mund, das hat_te ganz be_son_dern Grund.

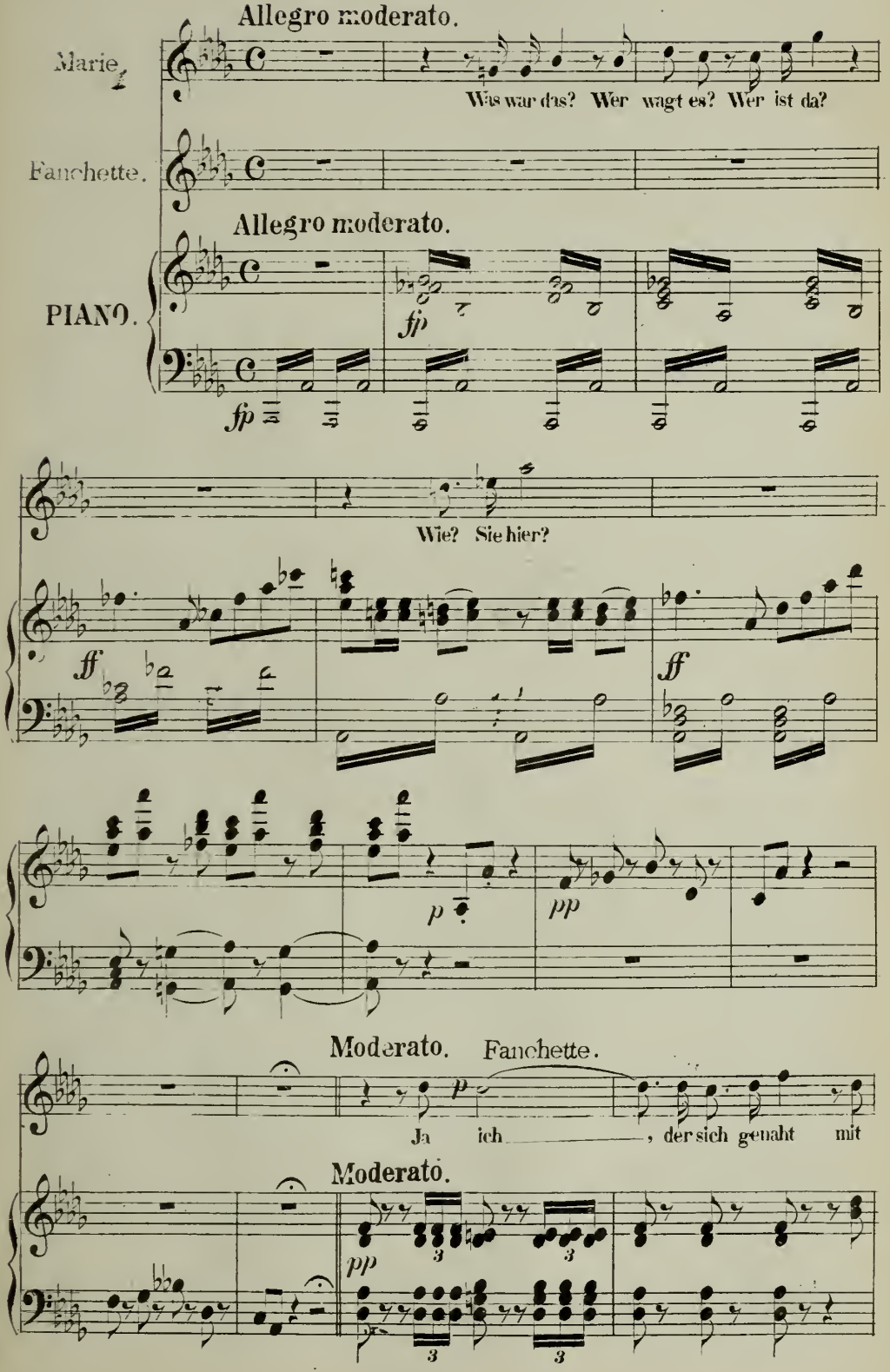
Zwei_felnd er frag_te: Was mag das sein?
drei_tau_send Wei_bern war er Ge_mahl,

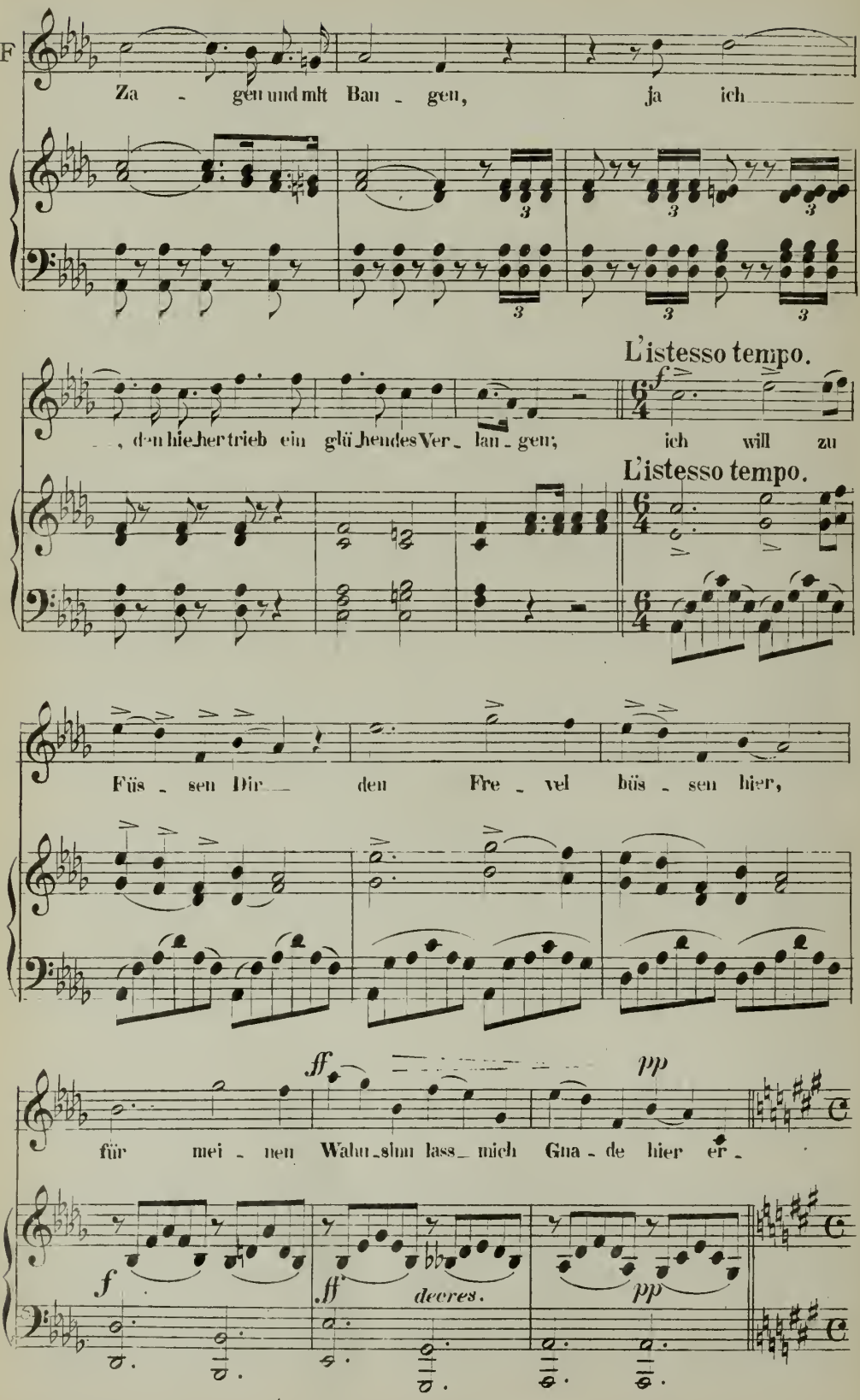
Sie a_ber sag_te: frisch, beiss hin_ein! Ja
die ihm souf_flir_ten von Fall zu Fall: Ja

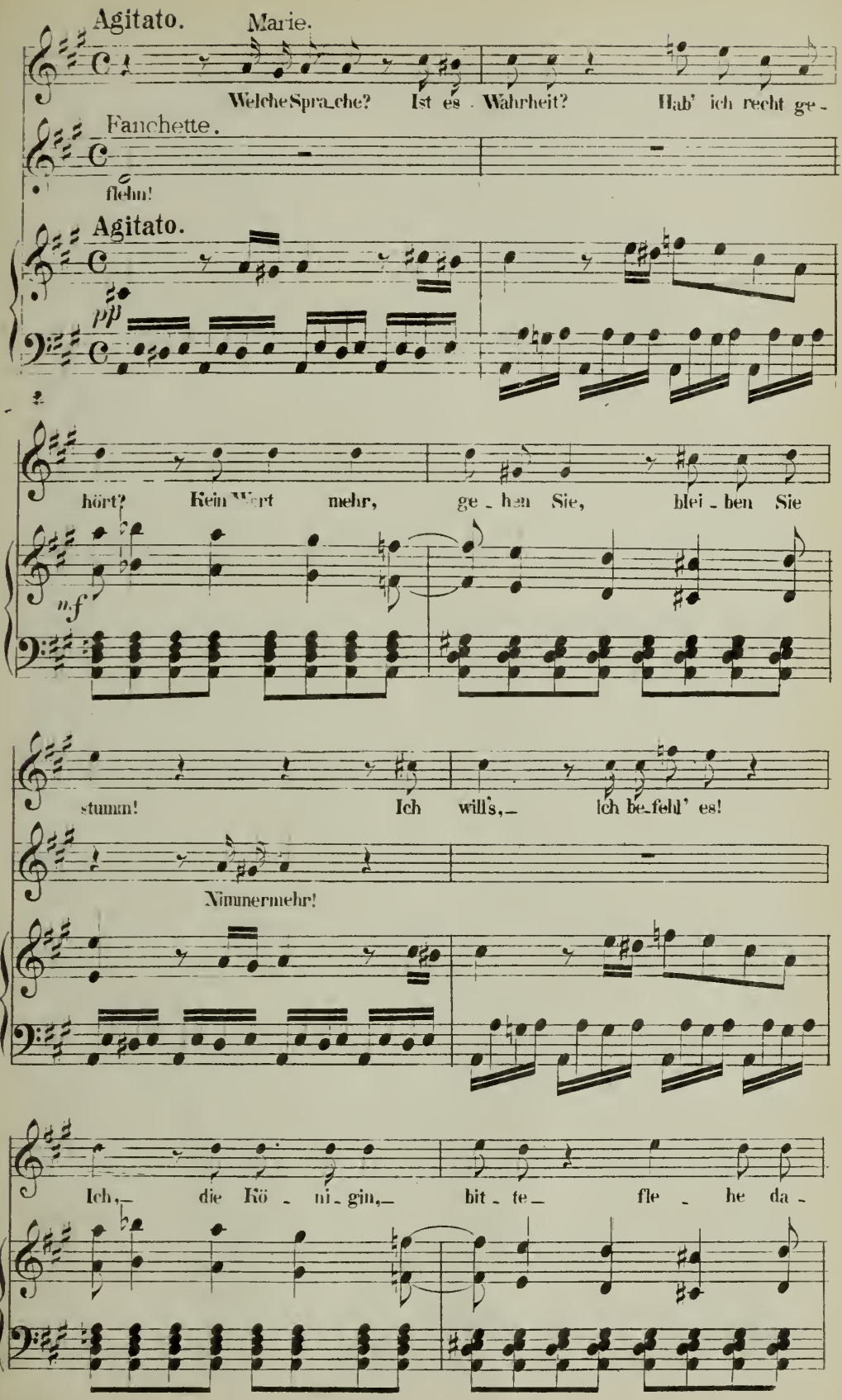
mf

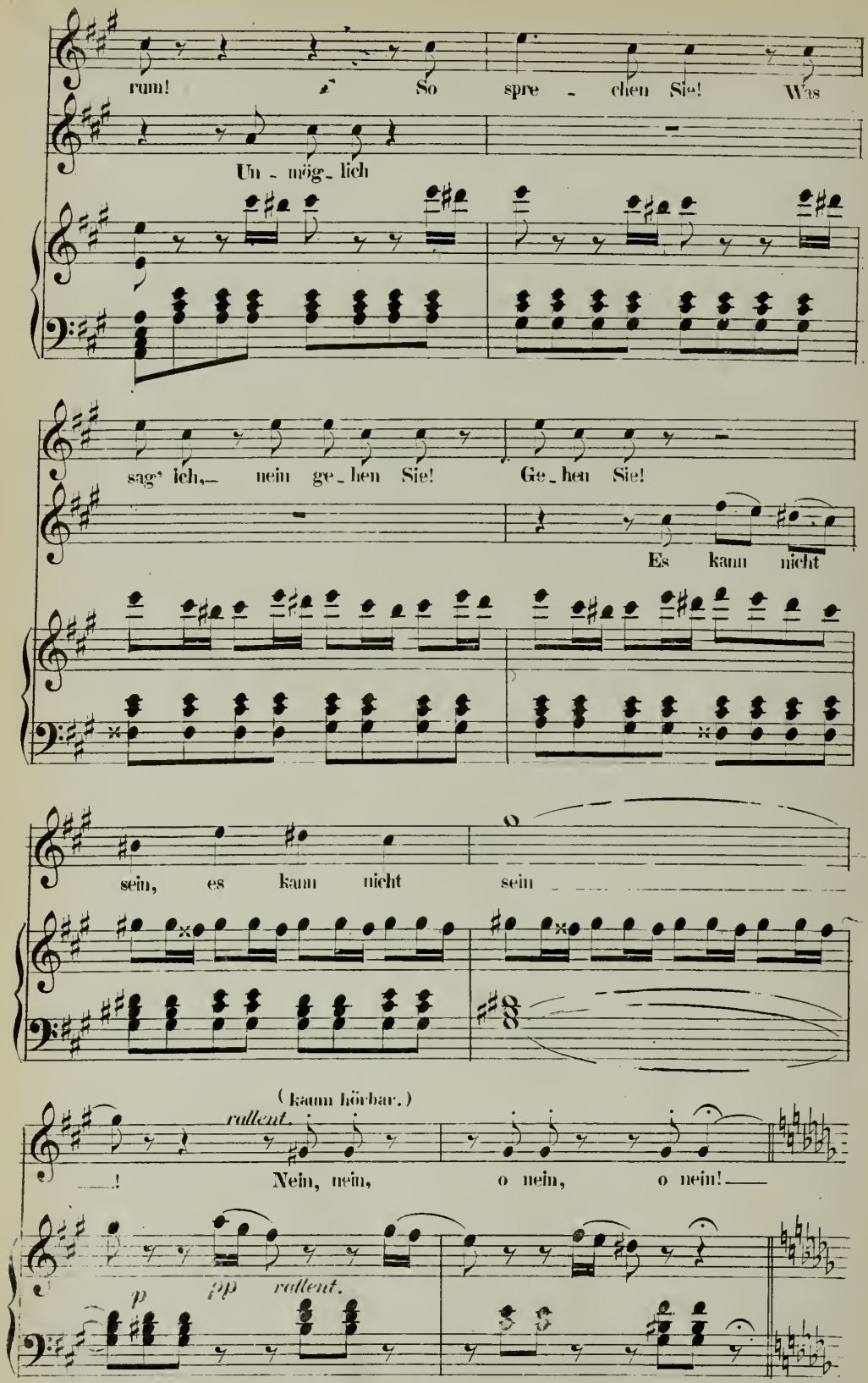
Dal segno al fine.

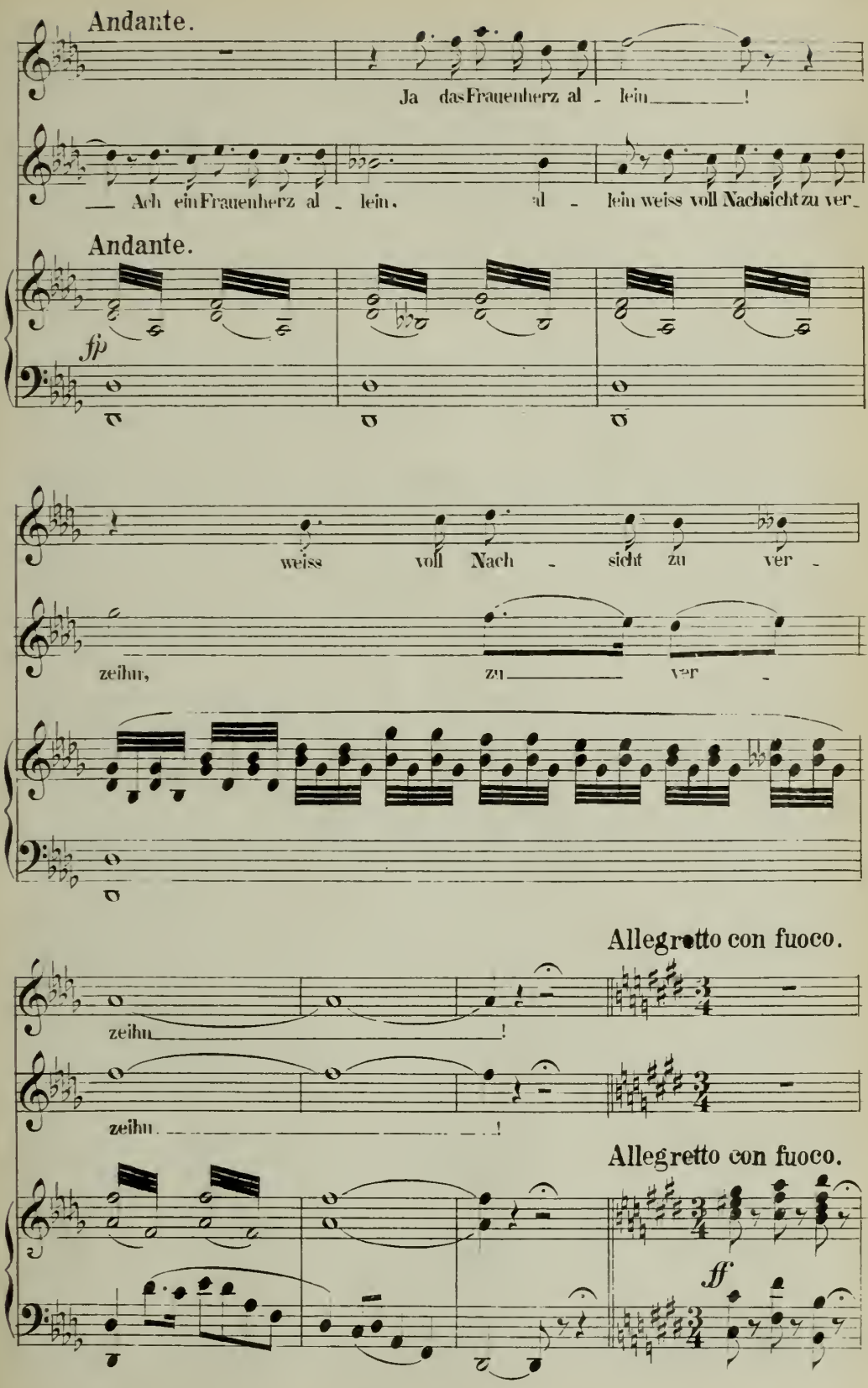
№ 19. Duett.

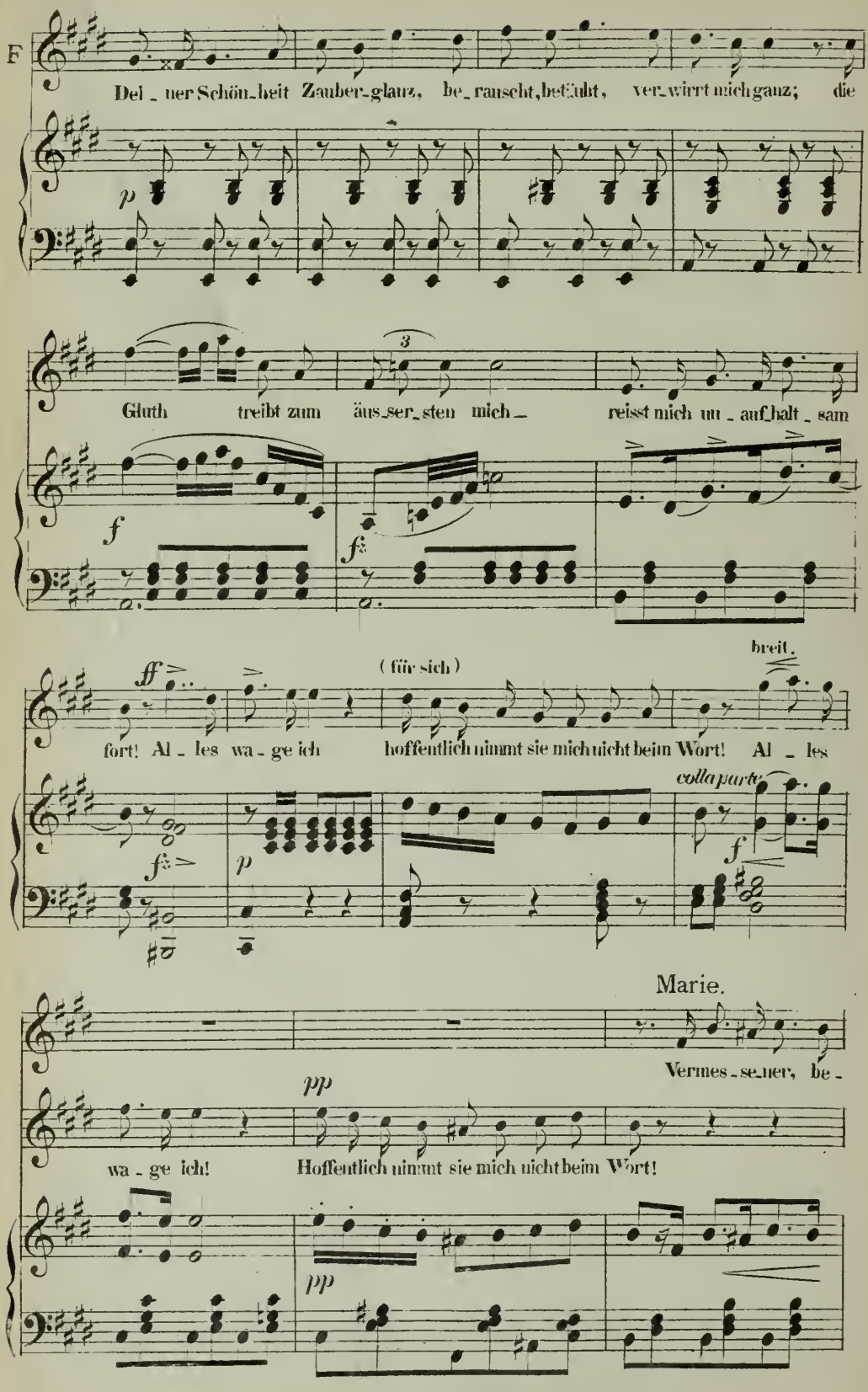

Allegro moderato.
Marie.
Was war das? Wer wagt es? Wer ist da?
Fanchette.
Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
fp
fp
Wie? Sie hier?
ff
ff
p
pp
Moderato.
Fanchette.
Ja ich _____, der sich genaht mit
Moderato.
pp
3
3
3
3

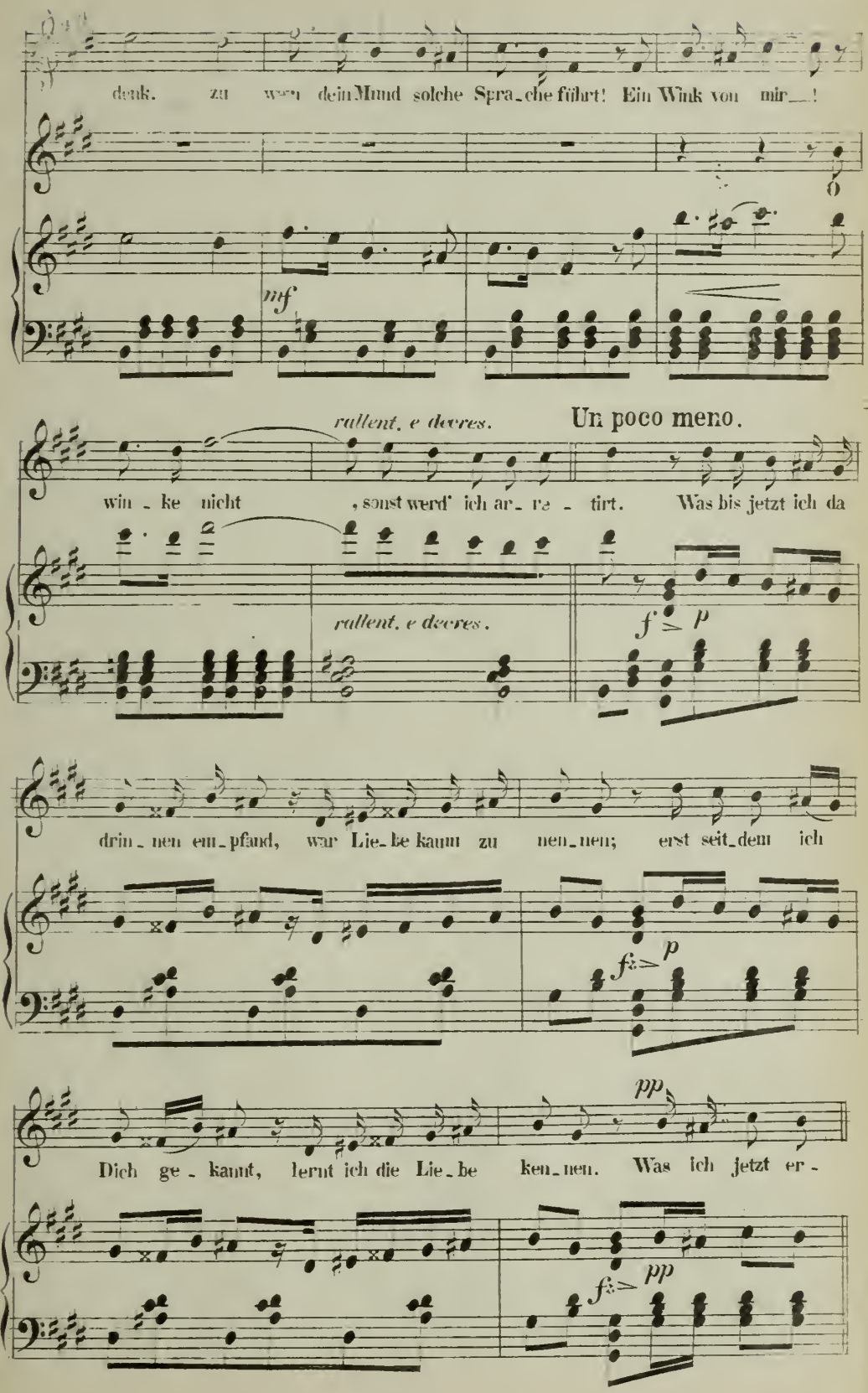

F
Za - gen und mit Ban - gen, ja ich
L'istesso tempo.
f
, den hieher trieb ein glü hendes Ver - lan - gen; ich will zu
L'istesso tempo.
Füs - sen Dir den Fre - vel büs - sen hier,
ff
pp
für mei - nen Wahn - sinn lass mich Gna - de hier er -
f
ff
decres.
pp

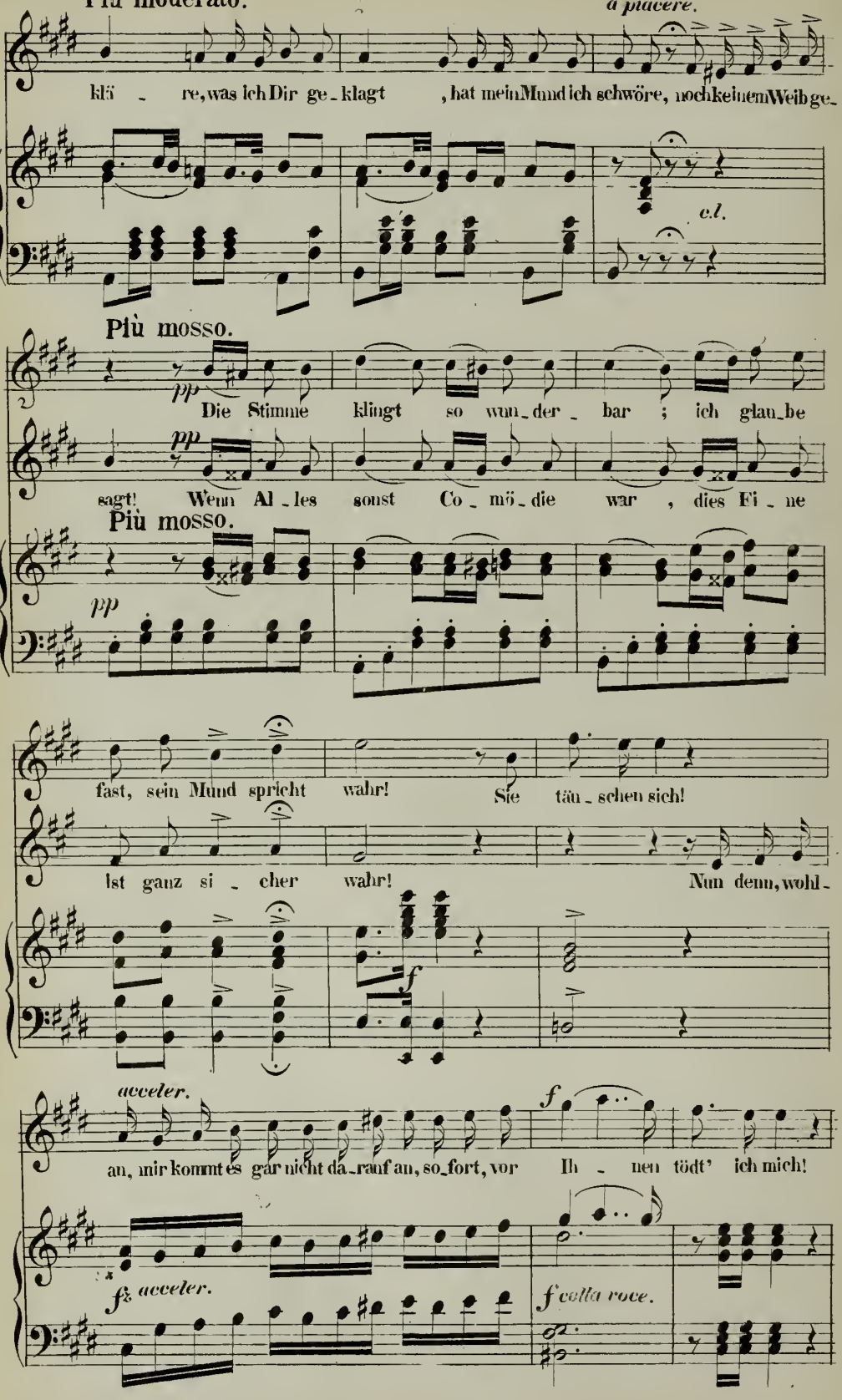

Agitato.
Marie.
Welche Spra_che? Ist es Wahrheit? Hab' ich recht ge_
Fanchette.
flehn!
Agitato.
pp
hört? Kein Wort mehr, ge_hen Sie, blei_ben Sie
nf
stumm! Ich will's, ich be_fehl' es!
Nimmermehr!
Ich, die Kö_ni_gin, bit_te fle_he da_

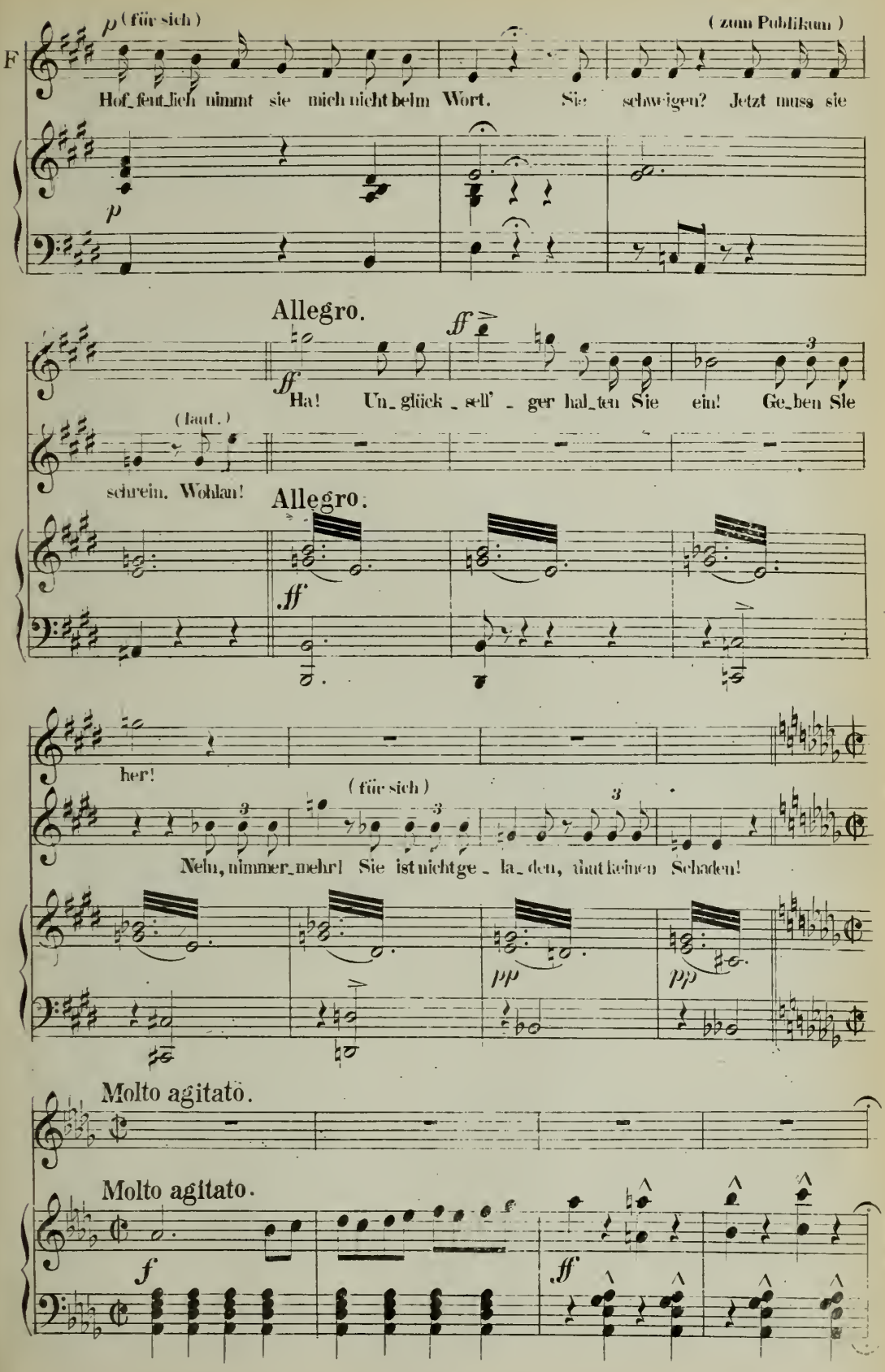

rum! So spre - chen Sie! Was
Un - mög - lich
sag' ich, nein ge - hen Sie! Ge - hen Sie!
Es kann nicht
sein, es kann nicht sein
(kaum hörbar.)
rallent.
! Nein, nein, o nein, o nein! —
p
pp
rallent.

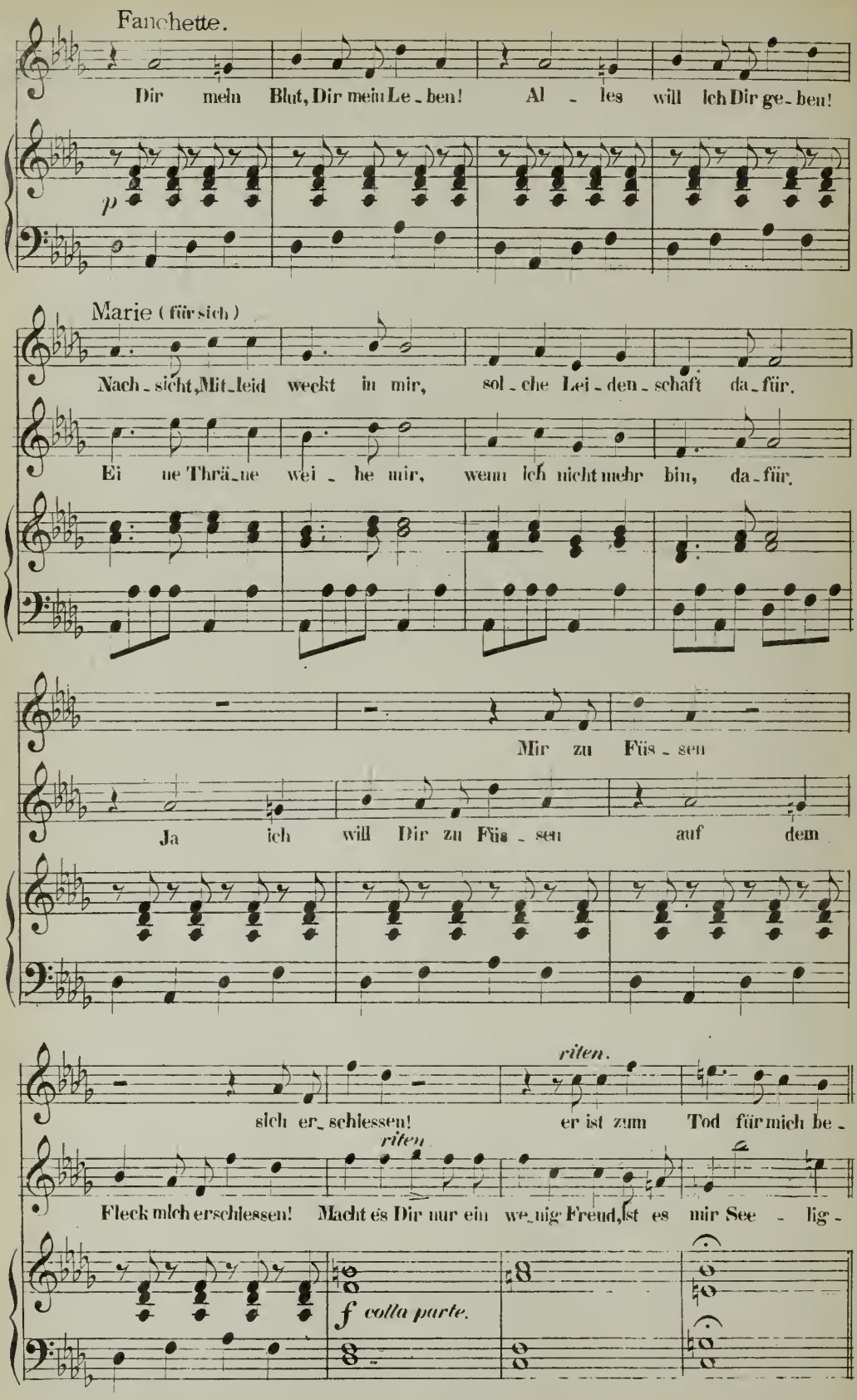

Andante.
Ja das Frauenherz al - lein!
— Ach ein Frauenherz al - lein, al - lein weiss voll Nachsicht zu ver-
Andante.
fp
weiss voll Nach - sicht zu ver -
zeihn, zu ver -
Allegretto con fuoco.
zeihn!
zeihn!
Allegretto con fuoco.
ff

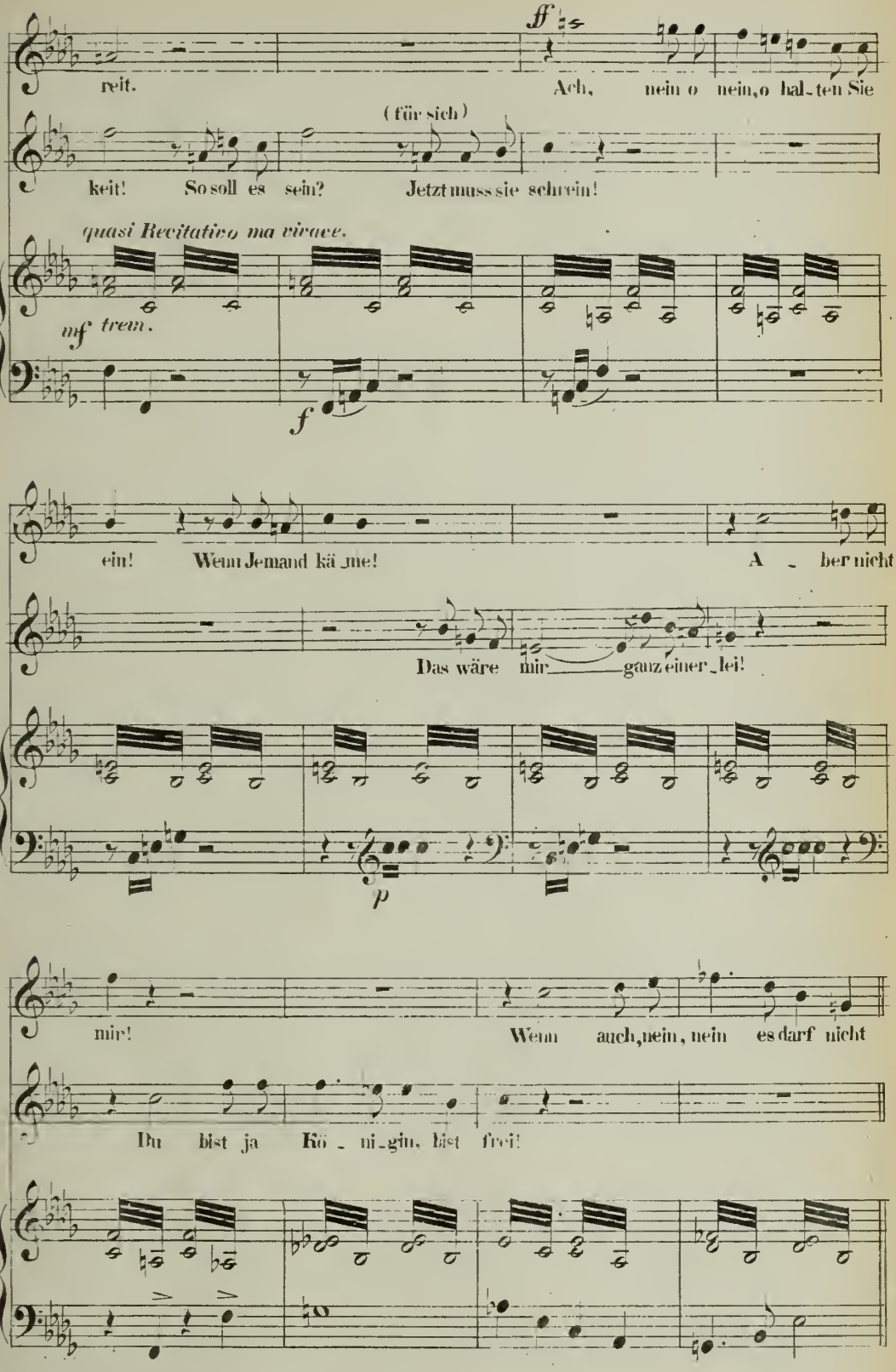

F
Del - ner Schön - heit Zauber - glanz, be - rauscht, betäubt, ver - wirrt mich ganz; die
p
Gluth treibt zum äus - ser - sten mich - reisst mich un - auf - halt - sam
f
fz
breit.
(für sich)
ff
fort! Al - les wa - ge ich hoffentlich nimmt sie mich nicht beim Wort! Al - les
colla parte
fz
p
f
Marie.
Vermes - se - ner, be -
pp
wa - ge ich! Hoffentlich nimmt sie mich nicht beim Wort!
pp

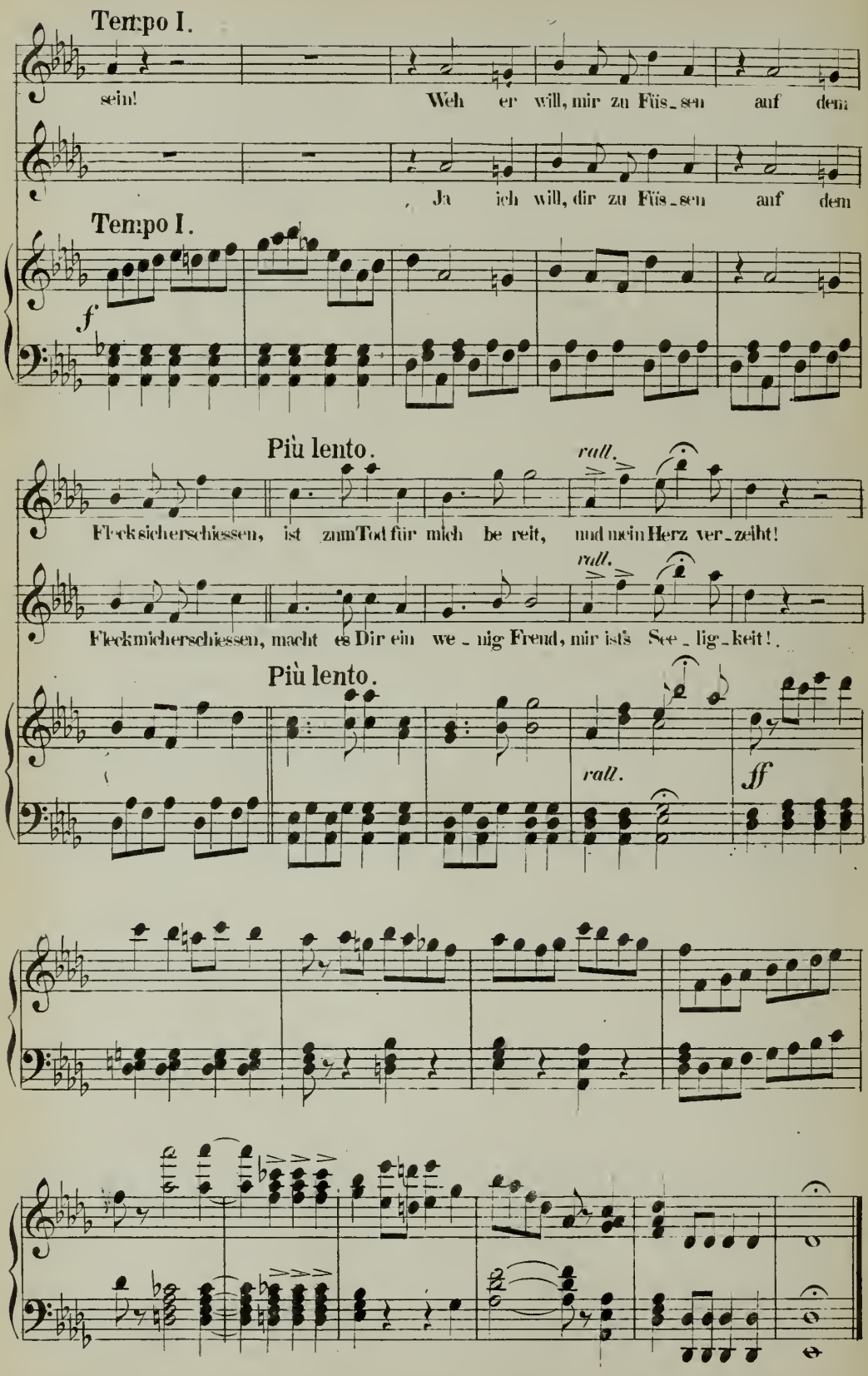

denk. zu wem dein Mund solche Spra_che führt! Ein Wink von mir_!
mf
rallent. e decres.
Un poco meno.
win_ke nicht , sonst werd' ich ar_re_tirt. Was bis jetzt ich da
rallent. e decres.
f p
drin_nen em_pfand, war Lie_be kaum zu nen_nen; erst seit_dem ich
fz p
pp
Dich ge_kannt, lernt ich die Lie_be ken_nen. Was ich jetzt er_
fz pp


Più moderato.
a piacere.
klä - re, was ich Dir ge - klagt, hat mein Mund ich schwöre, noch keinem Weib ge -
c.l.
Più mosso.
pp
Die Stimme klingt so wun - der - bar; ich glau - be
sagt! Wenn Al - les sonst Co - mö - die war, dies Ei - ne
Più mosso.
pp
fast, sein Mund spricht wahr! Sie täu - schen sich!
Ist ganz si - cher wahr! Nun denn, wohl -
f
acceler.
an, mir kommt es gar nicht da - rauf an, so - fort, vor Ih - nen tödt' ich mich!
f
f acceler.
f colla voce.

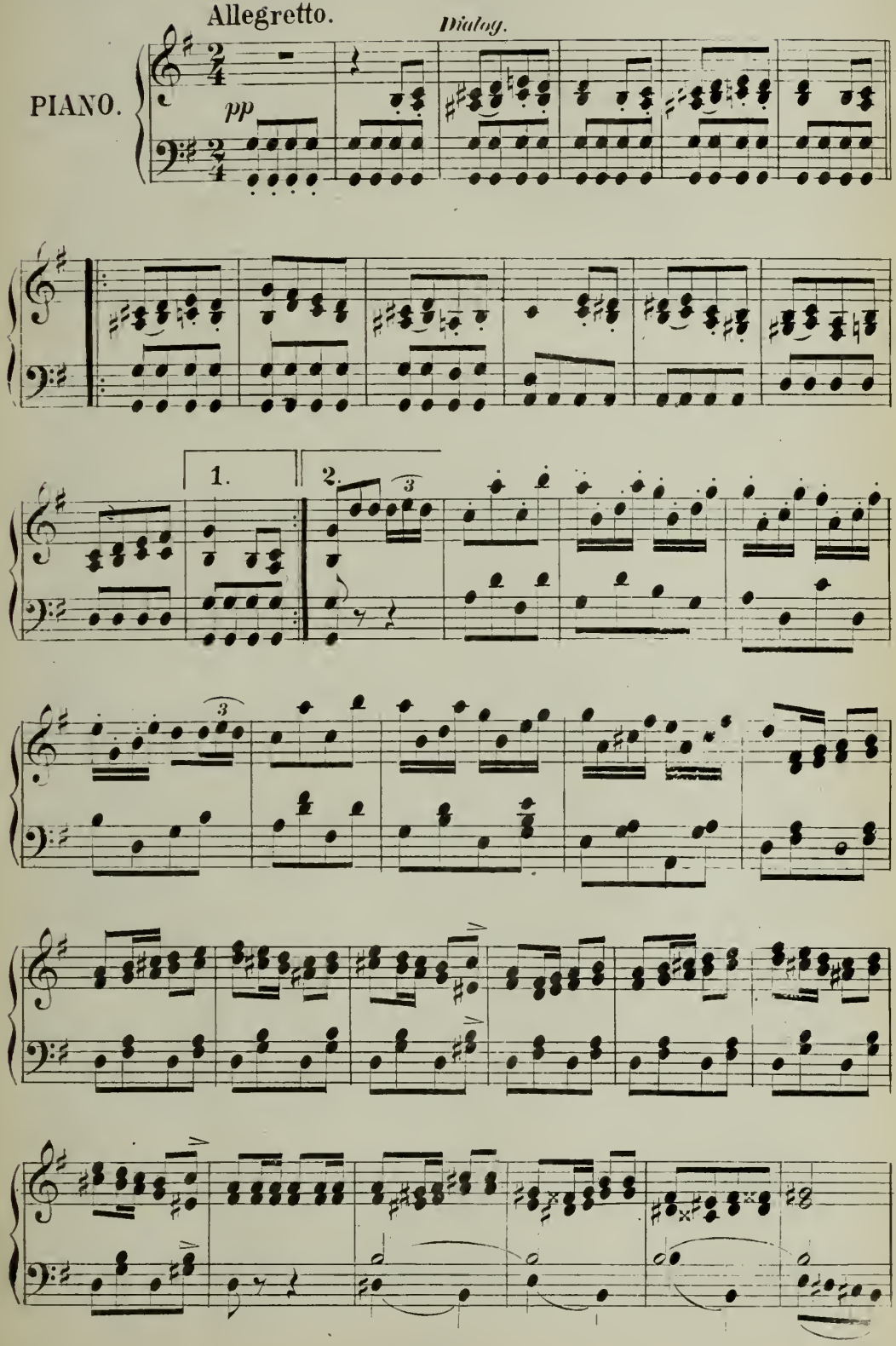

F
p (für sich)
(zum Publikum)
Hof_fent_lich nimmt sie mich nicht beim Wort. Sie schweigen? Jetzt muss sie
p
Allegro.
ff
Ha! Un_glück_sel'_ger hal_ten Sie ein! Ge_ben Sie
(laut.)
schrein. Wohlan!
Allegro.
ff
her!
(für sich)
Nein, nimmer_mehr! Sie ist nicht ge_la_den, hat keinen Schaden!
pp
pp
Molto agitato.
Molto agitato.
f
ff

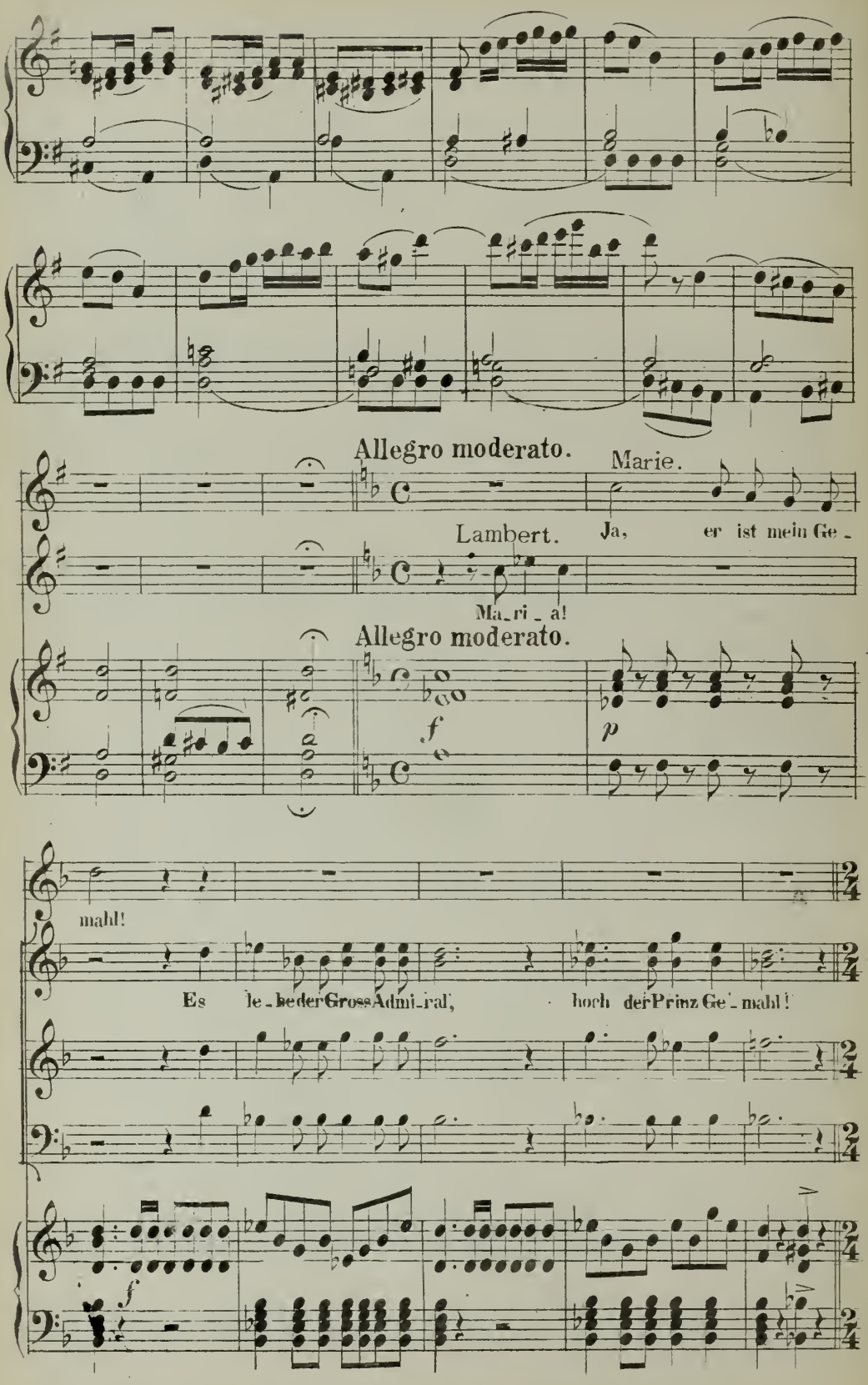

Fanchette.
Dir mein Blut, Dir mein Le - ben! Al - les will ich Dir ge - ben!
p
Marie (für sich)
Nach - sicht, Mit - leid weckt in mir, sol - che Lei - den - schaft da - für.
Ei ne Thrä - ne wei - he mir, wenn ich nicht mehr bin, da - für.
Mir zu Füs - sen
Ja ich will Dir zu Füs - sen auf dem
riten.
sich er - schliessen! er ist zum Tod für mich be -
riten
Fleck mich erschliessen! Macht es Dir nur ein we - nig Freud, ist es mir See - lig -
f colla parte.

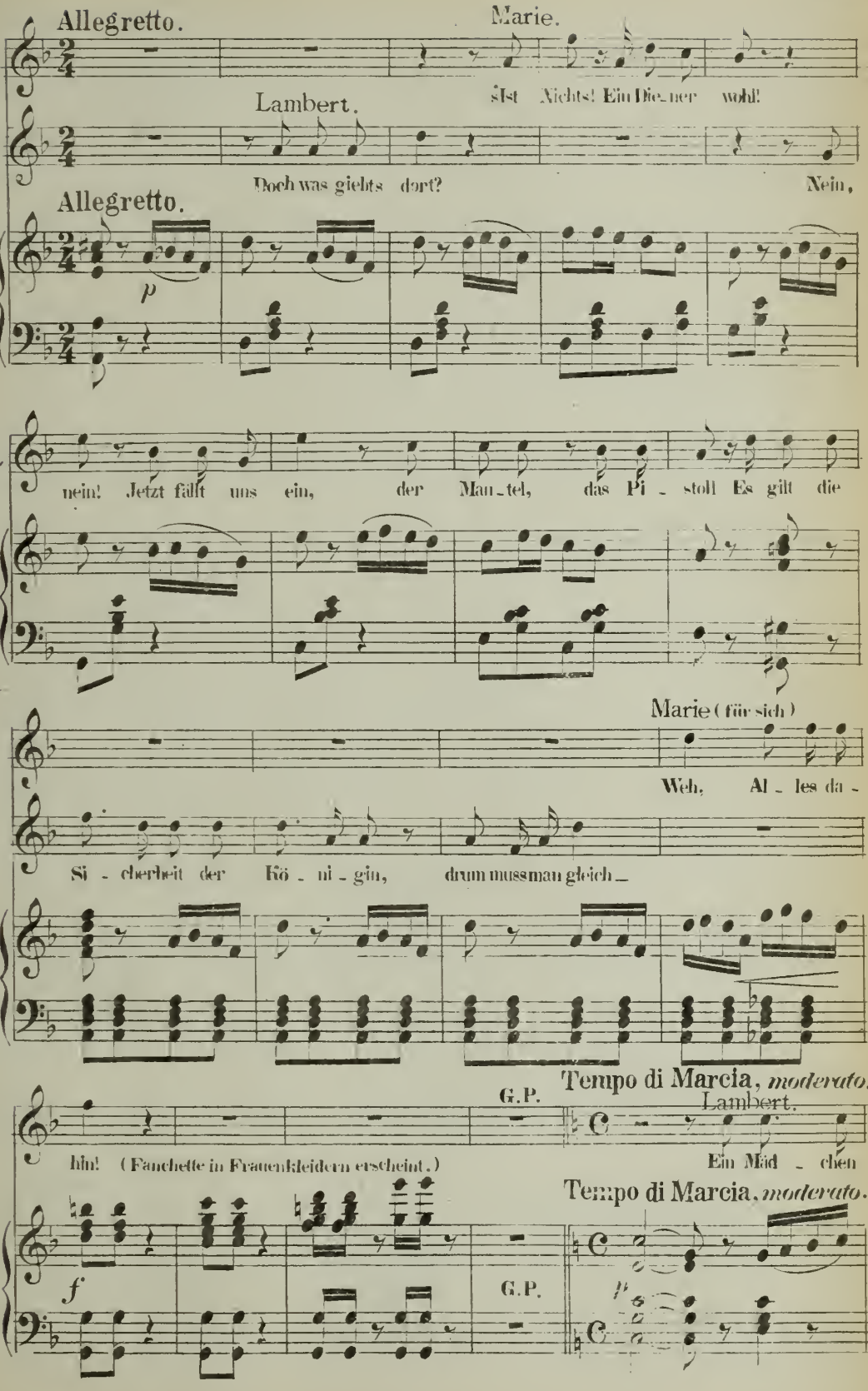

reit.
Ach, nein o nein, o hal-ten Sie
(für sich)
keit! So soll es sein? Jetzt muss sie schrein!
quasi Recitativo ma vivace.
mf trem.
f
ein! Wenn Jemand kä me!
A - ber nicht
Das wäre mir ganz einer lei!
p
mir!
Wenn auch, nein, nein es darf nicht
Du bist ja Kö - ni gin, bist frei!

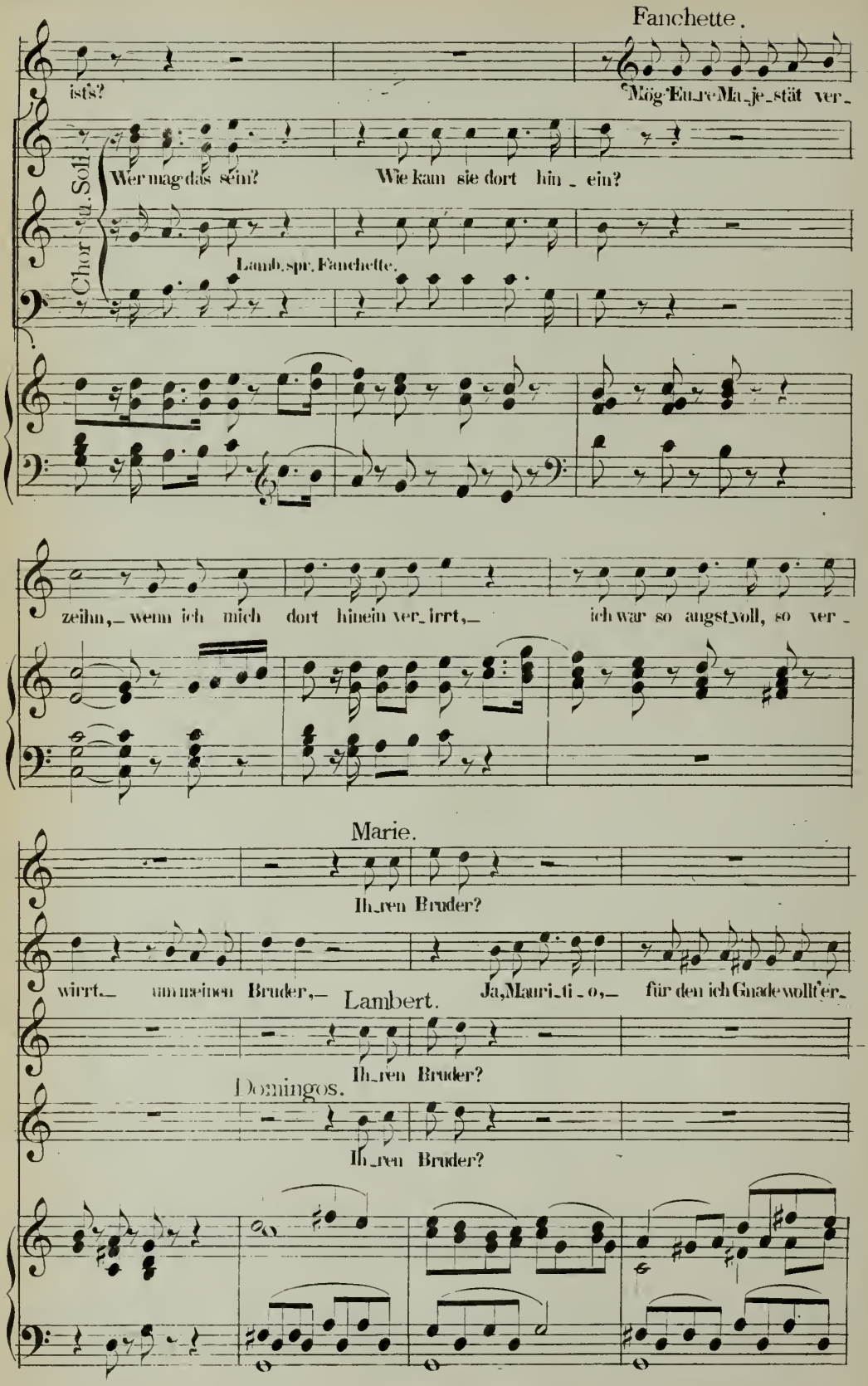

Tempo I.
sein! Weh er will, mir zu Füs_sen auf dem
Ja ich will, dir zu Füs_sen auf dem
Tempo I.
f
Più lento.
rall.
Fleck sicher schiessen, ist zum Tod für mich be reit, und mein Herz ver_zeiht!
rall.
Fleck mich erschiessen, macht es Dir ein we_nig Freud, mir ist's See_lig_keit!
Più lento.
rall.
ff

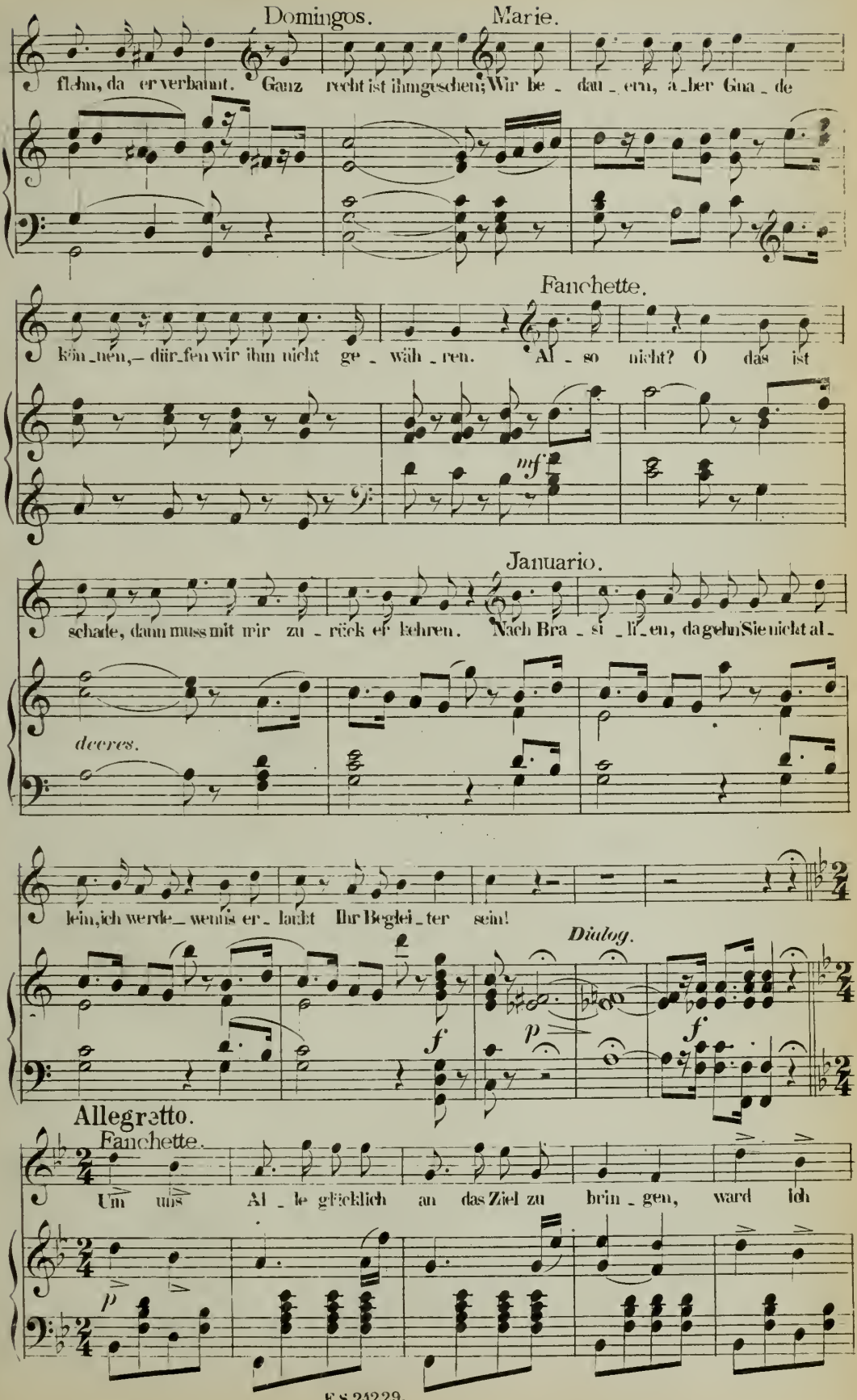
№ 20. Finale III.

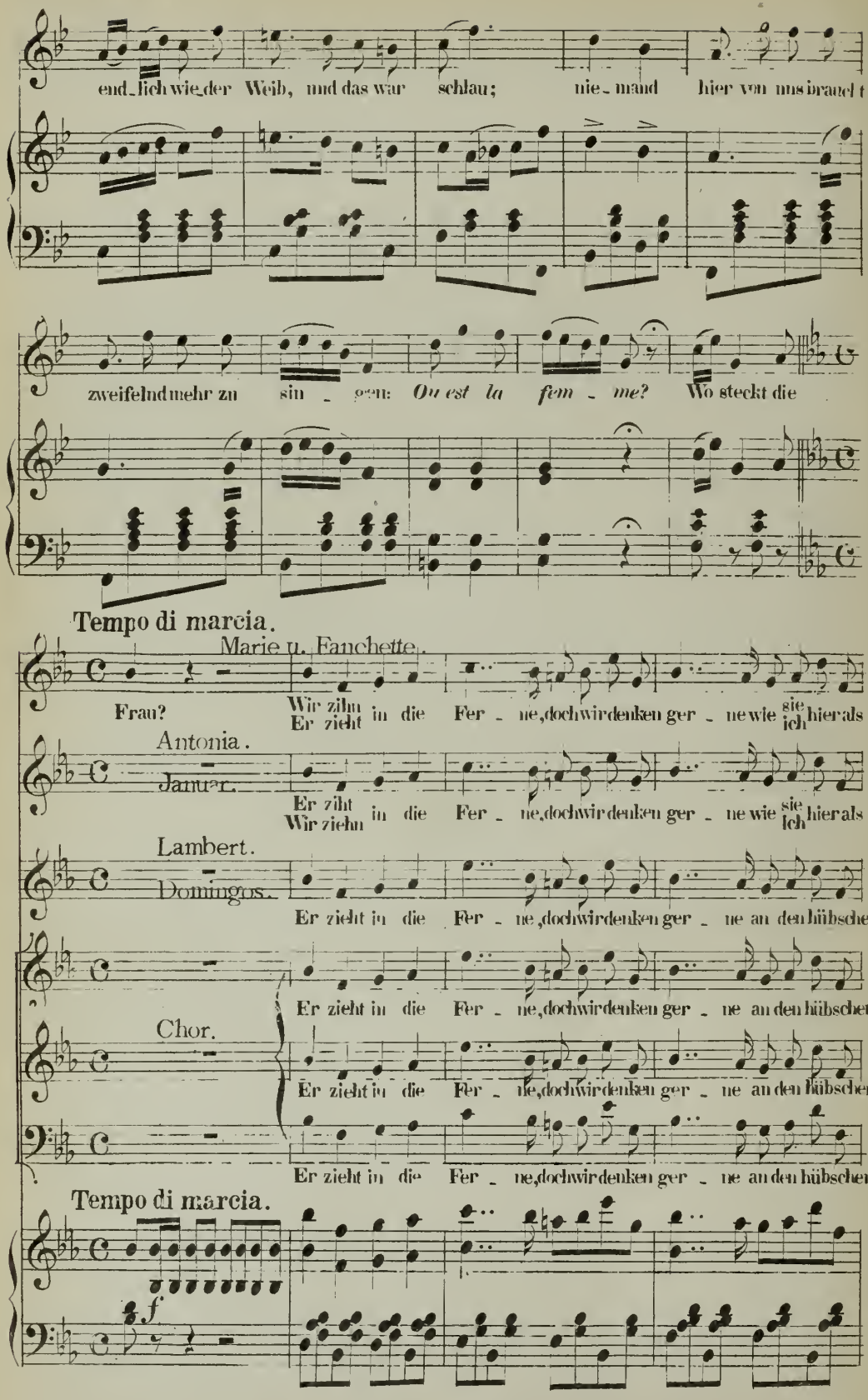


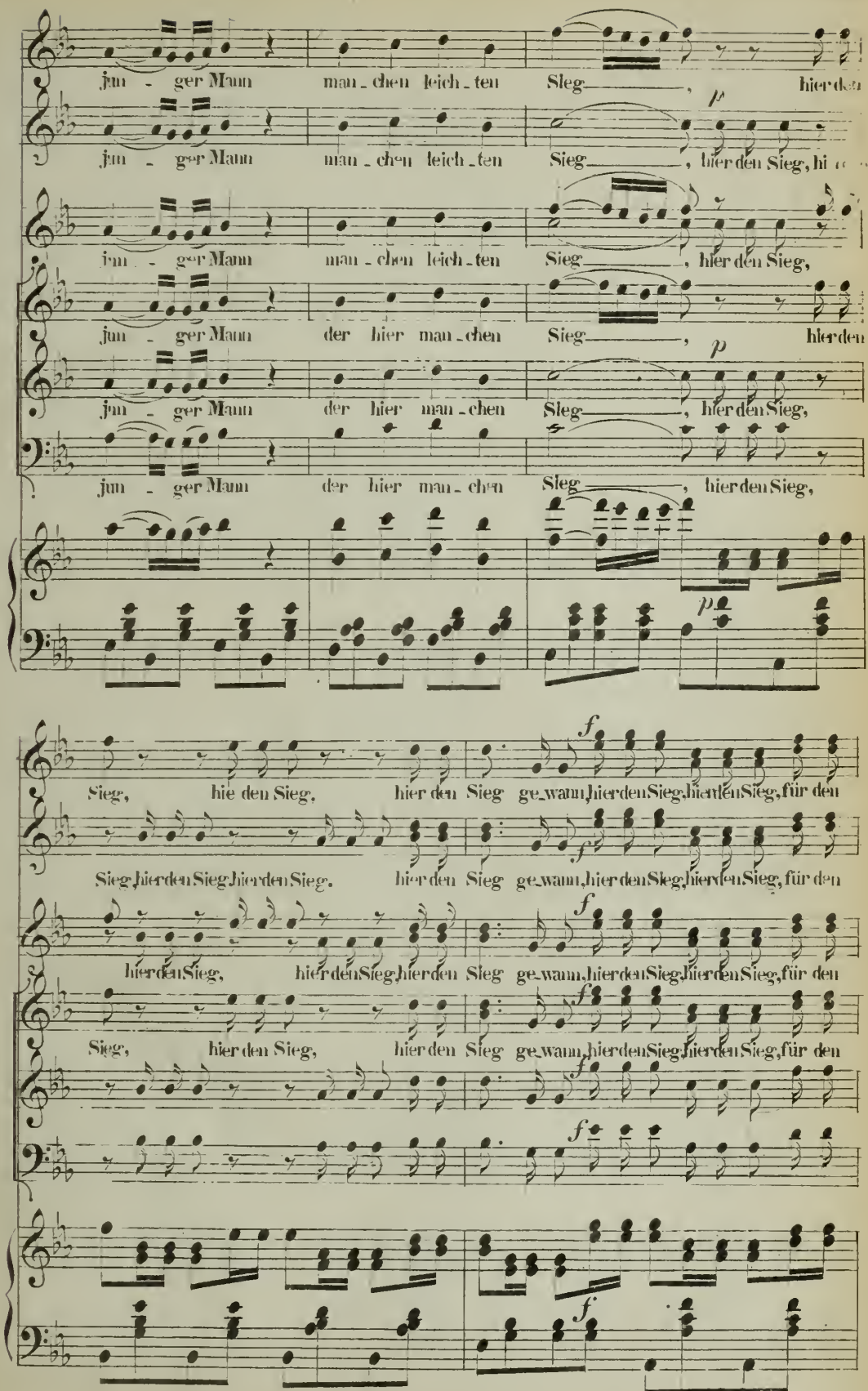

Allegro moderato.
Marie.
Lambert.
Ja, er ist mein Ge -
Ma_ri _ a!
Allegro moderato.
f
p
mahl!
Es le_be der Gross Admi_ral, hoch der Prinz Ge_mahl!
f


Allegretto.
Marie.
ist Nichts! Ein Die_ner wohl!
Lambert.
Doch was giebts dort?
Nein,
Allegretto.
p
L
nein! Jetzt fällt uns ein, der Man_tel, das Pi_stol! Es gilt die
Marie (für sich)
Weh, Al_les da_
Si_cherheit der Kö_ni_gin, drum muss man gleich_
Tempo di Marcia, moderato.
G.P.
Lambert.
hin! (Fanchette in Frauenkleidern erscheint.)
Ein Mäd_chen
Tempo di Marcia, moderato.
f
G.P.
p


Fanchette.
ists?
Mög'Eu_re Ma_je_stät ver_
Chor u. Soli
Wer mag das sein?
Wie kam sie dort hin _ ein?
Lamb. spr. Fanchette.
zeihn,_ wenn ich mich dort hinein ver_irrt,_
ich war so angst_voll, so ver _
Marie.
Ih_ren Bruder?
wirrt._ um meinen Bruder,_
Lambert.
Ja, Mauri_ti _ o,_ für den ich Gnade wollt'er_
Ih_ren Bruder?
Domingos.
Ih_ren Bruder?


Domingos.
Marie.
flehn, da er verbannt. Ganz recht ist ihm geschehn; Wir be - dau - ern, a - ber Gna - de
Fanchette.
kön - nen, - dür - fen wir ihm nicht ge - wäh - ren. Al - so nicht? O das ist
mf
Januario.
schade, dann muss mit mir zu - rück er kehren. Nach Bra - si - li - en, da gehn Sie nicht al -
deeres.
lein, ich werde - wenn's er - laubt Ihr Beglei - ter sein!
Dialog.
f
p
f
Allegretto.
Fanchette.
Um uns Al - le glücklich an das Ziel zu brin - gen, ward ich
p


end_lich wie der Weib, und das war schlau; nie_mand hier von uns brauch t
zweifelnd mehr zu sin_gen: *Ou est la fem_me?* Wo steckt die
Tempo di marcia.
Marie u. Fanchette.
Frau? Wir zihn / Er zieht in die Fer_ne, doch wir denken ger_ne wie / sie ich hier als
Antonia.
Januar.
Er ziht / Wir ziehn in die Fer_ne, doch wir denken ger_ne wie / sie ich hier als
Lambert.
Domingos.
Er zieht in die Fer_ne, doch wir denken ger_ne an den hübschen
Er zieht in die Fer_ne, doch wir denken ger_ne an den hübschen
Chor.
Er zieht in die Fer_ne, doch wir denken ger_ne an den hübschen
Er zieht in die Fer_ne, doch wir denken ger_ne an den hübschen
Tempo di marcia.
f


jun - ger Mann man - chen leich - ten Sieg, hier den
jun - ger Mann man - chen leich - ten Sieg, hier den Sieg, hi
jun - ger Mann man - chen leich - ten Sieg, hier den Sieg,
jun - ger Mann der hier man - chen Sieg, hier den
jun - ger Mann der hier man - chen Sieg, hier den Sieg,
jun - ger Mann der hier man - chen Sieg, hier den Sieg,
p
p
Sieg, hie den Sieg, hier den Sieg ge - wann, hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg, für den
Sieg, hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg. hier den Sieg ge - wann, hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg, für den
hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg ge - wann, hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg, für den
Sieg, hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg ge - wann, hier den Sieg, hier den Sieg, für den
f
f
f
f
f
f

Più mosso.

Sieg, hier den Sieg, manchen leichten Sieg ge - wann_____!

Sieg, hier den Sieg, manchen leichten Sieg ge - wann_____!

Sieg, hier den Sieg, manchen leichten Sieg ge - wann_____!

Sieg, hier den Sieg, manchen leichten Sieg ge - wann_____!

Sieg, hier den Sieg, manchen leichten Sieg ge - wann_____!

Sieg, hier den Sieg, manchen leichten Sieg ge - wann_____!

Più mosso.

ff

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..... Rose Beadel
, Secretary ..... J. T. Sherwood

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precious stone in the eyes
n that hath it."
bear this fact in mind
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house and
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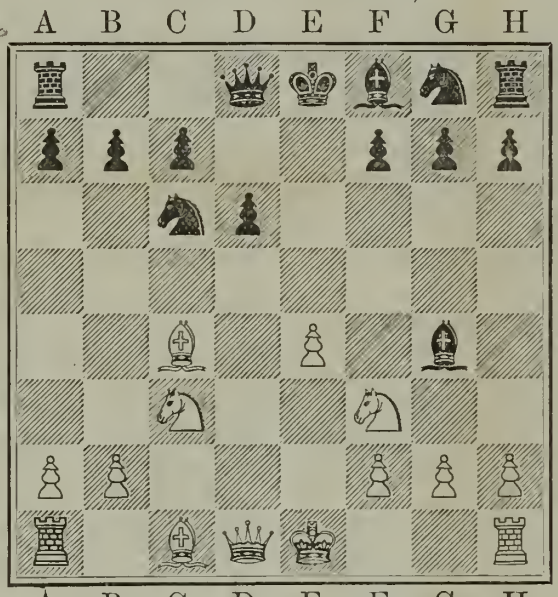
Der Seecadet.

Im zweiten Akt:

„Das Schachspiel der Königin"

mit lebenden Figuren.

tellung der
artie nach
dem
hsten Zuge



Weiß zieht an und setzt mit dem vierten Zuge mat?

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